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THE ROMANCE OF ROYALTY

VOL. II.

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THE ROMANCE OF ROYALTY

By FITZGERALD MOLLOY

Author of "The Sailor King: William IV., his Court and his Subjects," "The Queen's Comrade," "The Most Gorgeous Lady . . Blessington," etc. . .

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VOL. II.

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SOON after midday on January 22nd, 1853, the officers and officials at the Tuileries were thrown into a state of activity by the arrival of carriage after carriage containing the members of the Council of State, the Legislative Body, and the Senate, as well as various other dignitaries, all in full uniform, an air

of excitement animating them as they greeted each other, and speculated on the announcement of the Emperor's marriage which they had been summoned to hear. According to the order of precedence, now being strictly observed in all Court ceremonies, they were ushered into the great gallery at the end of which stood a throne, its crimson velvet draperies studded with golden bees, the Imperial eagle stretching wide its wings above its canopy. Here they were presently joined by the Emperor, followed by his uncle, his cousin, and members of his household. Standing before the throne, dressed in the uniform of a General, his short legs supporting a long body, his large head with its lank hair, his sallow face with its aquiline nose, heavy moustache, and magnetic eyes, slightly bent above the paper he held, he began to read in a slow voice, slightly touched by a German accent—the result of his education in that country—an announcement the terms of which were to provide comment for Europe.

In this he said: "I accede to the wish so often manifested by the nation in announcing my marriage to you. The union which I am about to contract is not in harmony with old political traditions, and in this lies its advantage. France, by her successive revolutions, has been widely sundered from the rest of Europe. A wise government should so rule as to bring her back within the circle of the ancient

monarchies. But this result will more readily be obtained by a frank and straightforward policy, by a loyal intercourse, than by Royal alliances, which often create a false security and substitute family for national interests. Moreover, past examples have left superstitious beliefs in the public mind. The people have not forgotten that for sixty years foreign princesses have only ascended the steps of the throne to see their race scattered or proscribed by war or revolution. One woman alone appears to have brought good fortune, and to have lived, more than the rest, in the memory of the people; and this woman, the good and homely wife of General Bonaparte, was not of Royal blood."

In continuing, he admitted that the marriage of Marie Louise to his uncle had been a great advantage, as it showed that the ancient and illustrious House of Austria, so long at enmity with France, was anxious for an alliance with the elected chief of the new Empire. On the other hand, the nation's pride suffered when the heir of Louis Philippe for several years vainly sought an alliance with one of the reigning Royal families, and in the end gained a princess of the second rank and of a different creed from himself.

Then utilising his inclinations as an appeal to popularity, he said: "When, in the face of ancient Europe, one is carried by the force of a new principle

to the level of the old dynasties, it is not by affecting an ancient descent, and endeavouring at any price to enter the family of kings, that one compels recognition. It is rather by remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by assuming frankly towards Europe the position of a parvenu, a glorious title when one rises by the free suffrages of a great people.

"Thus, compelled as I was to part from the precedents which hitherto have been followed, my marriage became only a private matter. It remained for me to choose my wife. She who has become the object of my choice is of lofty birth. French in heart, by education, by the memory of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having a family in France, to whom it would be necessary to give honours and dignities. Gifted with every quality of the heart, she will be the ornament of the throne, as in the hour of danger she would be one of its most courageous defenders. A pious Catholic, she will address one prayer with me to Heaven for the happiness of France; kindly and good, she will show in the same position, I firmly believe, the virtues of the Empress Josephine.

"I therefore say to France, I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to an unknown woman, an alliance with whom would have brought

advantages mixed with sacrifices. Without showing disdain towards anybody, I yield to my inclinations, after having consulted my reason and my convictions. In fine, in putting independence, the qualities of the heart, and domestic happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the dreams of ambition, I shall not be less strong since I shall be freer. Soon, on my way to Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and the army. The confidence which they repose in me secures their sympathies towards her whom I have chosen; and you, gentlemen, when you have learned to know her, will be convinced that once again I have been inspired by Providence."

As the Emperor saw no reason for delaying his marriage, it was announced that the civil service would take place on the 29th of the month, the religious service on the following day. Meantime, Paris surged with the excitement of preparing for the great event. Along the route of the bridal procession, battalions of workmen were busy in erecting Venetian masts, hanging flags, chaining street to street with garlands, building arches; an army of gasfitters prepared illuminations that were to make night brighter than day; the church of Notre Dame brought out its most gorgeous vestments, hung its grey aisles with the honoured banners of famous victories, and raised Imperial thrones in its sanctuary; at the Tuileries consultations were held as to the precedence and

ceremony to be observed which would give the wedding day its full meed of pomp and splendour; scores of upholsterers were employed in decorating the Flora Pavilion, which had been selected as the private apartments of the bride; the magnificent State coaches of the First Empire were unwrapped, furbished, and sent from Versailles; while the Crown jewels (among them the incomparable Regency diamond which since the flight of Louis Philippe had been in the custody of the Ministry of Finance) were taken from their safe to deck the future Empress. Her photographs crowded the stationers windows, highly eulogistic accounts of her early life were sold by thousands in the streets, milliners and dressmakers worked by day and night, and in every drawing-room and kitchen, café and tavern, nothing was spoken of save this marriage, some laughing cynically at the Emperor's reference to Josephine's virtues which were not known to have existed, others applauding or scoffing at his selection, while many agreed with Lord Palmerston in saying that the Emperor's frank description of himself as a parvenu, was not only his best recommendation to the bulk of the people, but the best explanation of his choice of a wife.

A climax to the excitement and preparation was given by the announcement that the Municipal Council had voted six hundred thousand francs to purchase a diamond necklace for the bride. But no sooner

did she hear of this generous intention than she wrote to decline it, saying that while deeply touched by this proof of their approval of the Emperor's marriage, it was painful to her to think that the first public act connected with her name should entail a heavy burden to the city of Paris. "Permit me then," said she, "to decline your gift, flattering as it is to me. You will make me happier by devoting to charity the sum you had fixed for the purchase of the necklace which the Municipal Council desired to offer me. I do not wish my marriage to be the occasion of any new burden for the country to which I belong henceforth. My only ambition is to share with the Emperor, the love and esteem of the French people." The six hundred thousand francs were devoted at her suggestion to founding and maintaining an orphan asylum for girls. This action secured her the applause of all France, an applause that was increased when it became known that she divided the two hundred and fifty thousand francs presented to her as a wedding present by the Emperor between the hospital for incurables and the maternity hospitals of Paris.

On the evening of January 29th, 1853, a dense mass of restless, excited people had collected round the gates of the Elysée and lined the entire way to the gates of the Tuileries, to see the bride drive from the former palace to the latter, where the civil

marriage was to take place. When, accompanied by her mother and her ladies-in-waiting, she reached the door of the Pavillon de l'Horologe, she was received by the Grand Chamberlain at the head of a glittering host of Court dignitaries, and conducted to the great staircase, at the foot of which the Princess Mathilde and Prince Napoleon awaited her. Taking their places at either side of her, they led her to the Salon de l'Empereur, where surrounded by cardinals, Ministers, the great officers of State, marshals and admirals, Napoleon advanced to meet her, his dark face animated, his broad-shouldered figure seen to best advantage in the scarlet and gold uniform of a General, decorated by the collar of the Legion of Honour, which had been worn by his famous uncle, the Order of the Golden Fleece, which had also belonged to that hero, glittering on his breast.

Her tall graceful figure clad in a dress of Alençon lace, that had been the admiration of all Paris when exhibited in a shop window, her slender waist clasped by the famous diamond and sapphire belt presented by the first Napoleon to Marie Louise, the future Empress looked supremely handsome and dignified. No sooner had the Emperor and his suite greeted her than a procession was formed, when followed by a glittering throng, the bride and bridegroom took their way to the Hall of Marshals and seated themselves on the thrones erected there. Then the

Minister of State, M. Fould, performed the civil rite, the President of the Council of State handing the Emperor and Empress, the Princes and Princesses present, the pen with which the contract was signed. Afterwards all assembled in the theatre of the palace to hear the cantata written for the occasion by Méry, and set to music by Auber. When this ended, the Grand Master of Ceremonies conducted her Majesty back to the Elysée.

Throughout the night the streets blazed with light, and early in the morning the clear sharp air rang with the joyous sounds of hundreds of church bells, while the route of the bridal procession became noisy with the voices and footsteps not only of the Parisians, but of the two hundred thousand visitors that before daybreak had poured into the capital from the railway stations. Already mounted messengers galloped from palace to palace, troops took their places, and the Imperial carriages drove backwards and forwards. One of these at an early hour had carried the Emperor to the Elysée, where he heard Mass, communicated, and breakfasted with his bride. When later she donned her wedding gown and came to him radiant in her beauty, her dark blue eyes glowing with happiness, he placed on her shapely head the crown which the great Napoleon had placed on the head of his second wife on a like occasion.

Before mid-day came the booming of cannon heard

above the growing clamour of bells, the distant shouts of impatient crowds, the clattering of horses hoofs, and the rolling of carriages in the courtyard below. Then the procession was formed. Headed by a squadron of cavalry, came the coaches of all the civil and military officers belonging to his Majesty's suite; of the Ministers, of the ladies and officers of the Households of the Princes and Princesses, and of the Empress's suite. The Princess Mathilde and the Comtesse de Montijo sat in a carriage drawn by six horses, and preceded Prince Jerome and his son Prince Napoleon. Then followed the magnificent and stately gilded coach surmounted by the Imperial crown which had carried the great Napoleon and Josephine to their coronation at Notre Dame, and now conveyed his successor to the same place. On the right-hand side rode the Grand Equerry and General Commandant of the National Guard; on the left the Marshal of France and Grand Master of the Hounds; a gallant crowd of equerries, aides-de-camps, and orderly officers riding behind.

To the sound of frantic cheers, the salute of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the blare of bands, their Majesties coach passed under a triumphal arch in front of the Elysée, when suddenly a crash was heard and the procession halted; for the Imperial crown surmounting their coach had fallen to the ground and lay between the horses feet. To rescue and

restore it could not be done without attracting the notice of thousands of eyes. General Fleury, who mentions the incident in his *Memoirs*, says that an old servitor of the First Empire pointed out that the same accident had occurred under precisely the same circumstances at the time of the marriage of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. "It was," he says, "the same carriage surmounted by the same Imperial crown, and it was the same accident. Napoleon III. inquired the reason of the delay. When I explained it to him, his impassive countenance betrayed as usual no emotion. But in any other circumstances he, who knew the history of the Empire as if he had been part of it, would not have failed to tell me what had happened at the time of the marriage of Napoleon."

Such unpleasant impressions as this incident left on the mind of a man so prone as the Emperor to belief in omens, must speedily have been banished by the sight of surging, gesticulating crowds, of flags and arches, decorated balconies and waving streamers, but above all by clear skies and exhilarating sunshine, that vivified and brightened that throbbing wondrous scene as amid vociferous cheers he drove to Notre Dame. Arriving at this ancient cathedral, which had witnessed such historic sights and received such august worshippers, the Imperial couple were received at the great entrance by the Archbishop of

Paris, surrounded by bishops and canons, and were conducted to their thrones in the sanctuary to the orchestral music of a wedding march.

Already the church was thronged by senators, deputies, councillors, ambassadors, marshals, admirals, and the dignitaries of State, whose official robes and uniforms, blue and scarlet, gold embroidered and decorated with many orders, together with the brilliant toilettes of the women and the magnificent vestments of the clergy, made a blaze of colour in that grey Gothic church through whose high painted windows the sun fell in slanting rays of azure, violet, and orange. When the last notes of an anthem had died away amid the arches, the Emperor and Empress came forward and knelt before the high altar. The Archbishop, assisted by many bishops, performed the marriage service, after which, to the singing of the *Domine Salvum*, they returned to their thrones. A brief sermon was preached, the nuptial benediction given, a *Te Deum* sung, and then their Majesties were conducted to the great portal by the Archbishop. Driving along the quays, densely thronged by cheering crowds, they reached the Tuileries, on the balcony of which—where the brides of French monarchs had been from time immemorial presented to the people—they appeared to receive the congratulatory addresses of a number of deputations and societies, who marched past with flying colours to the blare of bands. A

dinner party and a concert followed, after which the bride and bridegroom drove to Villeneuve l'Étang, a small residence situated in the park of St. Cloud, where their honeymoon was spent.

The new reign began with a prospect of peace and prosperity, that was welcomed by a people whose progress had been marred by successive revolutions. Over four thousand men who had been imprisoned or exiled for the part they had played in the *coup d'état* were pardoned, at the earnest request, it was said, of the Empress. All the European Powers had recognised the new Government, and under the security this afforded, the stocks rose, the public revenue increased beyond all expectations, every department of industry flourished, railways were planned and pushed all over the country. In the capital, old streets, which if picturesque, afforded by their narrowness conveniences for barricades, were pulled down to make room for the stately and imposing Rue de Rivoli, the Boulevard de Strasbourg, and the Rue des Écoles ; while the new central markets and the works at the Louvre were begun, but no new taxes were imposed or loans borrowed to aid them. To lessen expenditure, the army was reduced by thirty thousand men, while its efficiency was looked after by the Emperor, who established a camp outside Paris where he personally and constantly superintended the military manœuvres. Finally, seeing

the success and benefit of the Great Exhibition of London in 1851, he resolved to have a Universal Exhibition in Paris, which should surpass anything of the kind ever seen before.

At the same time grave consultations were being held daily at the Tuileries regarding the establishment of a Court which its Imperial master and mistress, who loved pomp and ceremonial display, desired should become the most brilliant in Europe. But as neither of them knew much about the precedents or customs observed in palaces, hours were devoted to discussions as to the rules regulating certain functions, the wearing of knee breeches or Orders, the nice adjustment of a Garter, the duties of chamberlains, the precise number of bows to be made in the presence of Royalty. But more important and urgent than all such things was the consideration of her Majesty's Household. Just as the first Napoleon had striven to press the women of the old nobility into the service of the Empress Josephine, so his successor was eager to see their descendants take their places in the suite of his Consort. The Empress's desire to gain this point was even stronger than his, but both were not only subjected to disappointment, but to affronts; for with a few exceptions not only the wives and daughters of the ancient *régime*, but also of those who owed their titles to the first Emperor, refused the high places offered them in

the *entourage* of one whose rank, they considered, had been inferior to their own before the caprices of fortune had placed her on a throne. Later on they obstinately refused to visit the Court, even when their husbands and fathers were drawn there by the handsome emoluments held out to them—an insult that made those to whom they were offered secretly wince, while accepting.

Foreseeing that the insolent would be converted by success, the Emperor and Empress began to entertain with a splendour that dazzled the Parisians. Hunting parties, in which all who took part wore the picturesque costumes of ancient times, were organised at Compiègne; and balls were given at the Tuileries, whose magnificence became the talk of Europe. State dinners, receptions, grand reviews, gala performances at the opera, rapidly followed each other, and pleasure and prosperity seemed the dominant phases in the life of the capital.

Gaining such a superlative position, and with such illimitable prospects before him, Napoleon had justified that abiding belief in his destiny which had caused friends and acquaintances to consider him a dreamer. For during the days when a monarchy ruled in France, while he lived in exile in comparative poverty, or when imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, he had constantly spoken of his star, which he relied on to lift him to the Imperial throne. Fortunately

for his peace of mind, he was unaware that his dominant planet was the malicious and treacherous Saturn, that raises only to humble; fortunately for his contentment he was ignorant of the fact that in this year, when his grasp on France seemed unshakable, a prediction had been printed foretelling his downfall. This was the result of a study of his horoscope by Lieutenant Morrison, who on leaving the English navy, devoted himself to life-saving inventions, some of which were accepted by the Admiralty, and to the study of the old-world science of astrology, in connection with which, under the name of Zadkiel, he published his almanacks. In that of 1853, he says, in speaking of Napoleon: "But let him not dream of lasting honours, power, or prosperity. He shall found no dynasty, he shall wear no durable crown; but in the midst of deeds of blood and slaughter, with affrighted Europe trembling beneath the weight of his daring martial hosts, he descends beneath the heavy hand of fate and falls to rise no more."

Up to this time his Majesty's position was one of splendid loneliness. Though the Sovereigns of Europe from political considerations had acknowledged him as Emperor, they regarded him as a parvenu whom they declined to visit, to receive as a visitor, or to enter into friendly personal relations with. Standing coldly outside the Royal circle of Christendom, he

cast longing eyes towards England, the friendship of whose monarch he most desired of all rulers of the world. Though in the days of his exile no notice had been taken of him by the English Royal Family, which was connected by marriage with Louis Philippe, and though the English people at large regarded his accession to power with suspicion and fear, his admiration for both was staunch. Among the continual evidences he gave of such feelings, are those which occurred in a conversation he had with Lord Malmesbury when the latter, being out of office, visited Paris in March, 1853. As an old friend and correspondent of the Emperor, he was invited to dine at the Imperial table on the day of his arrival.

On reaching the Tuileries he was warmly received by Napoleon, who introduced him to the Empress, beside whom he was placed at a great military banquet given to all the marshals, generals, and colonels who had commanded at the review held that day. During dinner the Emperor thanked him in a frank and open manner "pour ce que j'avais fait pour lui," alluding to the recognition of the Empire by England. Flattered by the cordiality of his host, he was fascinated by the loveliness of his hostess, with her "beautiful bust and shoulders and small hands and feet. She spoke English easily, and talked to the Emperor in that language when they wished not to be understood. They did this two

or three times, forgetting my presence, and laughed heartily at the mistake."

The banquet over, the Emperor took Lord Malmesbury into a corner for a confidential talk. One of his first questions had regard to the Queen's disposition towards him. On being assured that beyond the natural feeling for her Orleanist relatives, her Majesty had no sentiments of enmity against him, but was fully convinced of the importance of friendly relations with France, he said that was his earnest wish, "that he had even risked his own popularity by enduring the abuse of the English press for a year; that this press infuriated the officers of the army, numbers of whom knew English perfectly; and that it required the whole power he possessed among the provincial masses, to enable him to exercise his own judgment and not to be obliged to kick the newspaper correspondents out of Paris." He added that he was most anxious to go *bras à bras* with England on every question, not *pour les beaux yeux* of one another, but for solid interest. The safety of the West depended on the alliance of France and England; and although he had been urged to join in a quadruple alliance against England as a focus of revolutionary doctrines, he had refused, because he knew that if England were to sink, France must be sacrificed to the northern Powers.

He was of opinion that England did not make sufficient allowance for the French Revolution of 1848, which had prostrated the country and prepared it for a Reign of Terror instigated by Orsini, Mazzini, Louis Blanc, and other spirits of the same type then enjoying the security which no other country in Europe would give them; and that "it was natural for John Bull, who had never seen a drop of blood shed, and read of 1688 as a romance, to enjoy the diatribes of *The Times* over his breakfast, and calling him a tyrant, not to perceive that whatever he (Napoleon) was, he was the consequence of the events of 1848." The fact of England harbouring refugees would, he thought, sooner or later provoke a quarrel with the other Powers. While admitting that the country would be glad to get rid of such a pack of rascals, Lord Malmesbury feared that it was impossible for any Minister to alter the law which tolerated them. To this the Emperor replied: "I do not care about their meetings, speeches, and proclamations, but they are a nest of assassins. You know I am neither fanciful nor timid, but I give you my word of honour that three men armed with daggers and pistols have been successively arrested within fifty yards of me. The last fired at the gendarme and wounded him. I have taken great pains to have these attempts hushed up. These men all came straight from England, and had

not been twelve hours in France. Your police should have known it and given me notice."

In speaking of the Imperial Court, then in its beginnings, Lord Malmesbury's impressions were that the ladies seemed "very provincial, and not at their ease," and that although the banquet, the courtiers, and servants were as splendid as possible, they gave "the idea that the whole pageant must be ephemeral. I cannot explain this sentiment," he says, "unless it was that I observed that the members of the household appeared not to have perfectly learned their parts, and also that, having seen and known the Emperor for so many years in such a totally different position, his present one looked like a dream or a play; but when each actor becomes acclimatised by time, it will be a magnificent Court, with a Sovereign who will command the attention of all Europe."

The desired opportunity of drawing into closer relations with England, was soon given to his Majesty by the advent of the Crimean War. In 1853, the peace which Europe had enjoyed for forty years, was threatened by the supposed intention of the Emperor of Russia to seize the Turkish Empire. To this the four great European Powers were adverse. England rushed to the fore in its protests against the arbitrary designs of the Czar. Mass meetings were held denouncing his policy, and innumerable petitions were presented to the Government, urging it to interfere

in behalf of the Turks, to which the Cabinet agreed, in case war was proclaimed against Turkey by Russia. Though it was as much in the interest of France as of England that the Czar's design of seizing Constantinople should be frustrated, the French people were not inclined for war, and had no desire to become the allies of England. Their Emperor, on the contrary, was anxious for a union that would strengthen his position as a ruler, and by the establishment of the friendly relations that must follow with the English Monarch bring him within the social circle of the Sovereigns of Europe.

When therefore war becoming imminent, the English Government expressed a wish to act in concert with that of France, Napoleon warmly agreed, and as a result both countries were drawn into the closest alliance that had ever bound them. In deference, however, to the wishes of his subjects, and with the concurrence of England, he endeavoured to avert the slaughter that hostilities must entail, and wrote an autograph letter remarkable for its tact and moderation to the Czar. In this, dated January 29th, 1854, he urged the Czar to withdraw from the militant position he had assumed, while a final effort towards peace might be made through the respective ambassadors of the Powers.

"Let your Majesty adopt this plan, on which Queen Victoria and I are in complete agreement," he urged

in this communication, which had been submitted to the English Government, "and peace will be restored and the world will rejoice. There is nothing in this course which can touch your Majesty's dignity, or wound your honour. But if, through some motive which it is difficult to conceive, your Majesty should reply by a refusal, then both France and England would be compelled to leave to the hazard of war that which might be decided to-day by reason and justice. Let not your Majesty imagine that there is the least animosity in my heart; it is filled only with those sentiments which your Majesty yourself expressed in your letter of January 17th, 1853, when you said, 'Our relations should be sincerely amicable, based on identical intentions, the maintenance of order, the love of peace, respect for treaties, and mutual goodwill.' This programme was worthy of the Sovereign who drew it up; and I do not hesitate to affirm that I have remained faithful to it."

The tone of the Czar's reply may be judged by the last paragraph, which said: "Whatever your Majesty may decide, menaces will not induce me to recede. My confidence is in God, and in my right; and Russia, I can guarantee, will prove herself in 1854, what she was in 1812." Even if the conditions which the Czar had named in his letter had not set aside all attempts to establish peace, his final and stinging reference to France's defeat under the great Napoleon,

in the year mentioned would have done so. Far from feeling disinclined for war, the people were now eager for it, as was shown when Napoleon, unwilling to borrow money necessary for his campaign, made a direct appeal to his subjects for five million francs and received four times that amount; while later on, when three hundred million francs were required, five thousand million francs were immediately subscribed.

In the last week of March, 1854, England and France declared war with Russia "as essential to the peace of Europe"; and on April 10th a convention was signed between the two first named countries, which were thrown into a state of activity in despatching to the East vast numbers of troops, thousands of whom were never destined to return. In England nothing was spoken of but the war, which roused the enthusiasm of all classes. In writing to Baron Stockmar, the Queen declared herself "very enthusiastic about my dear army and navy, and wish I had two sons in both now." Already, on March 10th, her Majesty and Prince Albert had gone in the Royal yacht, the *Fairy*, to Spithead, where the first division of the squadron had mustered preparatory to starting for the Baltic; when, not satisfied in merely seeing its departure, the Queen led the way in the Royal yacht for several miles and then stopped while the fleet defiled past and saluted. The rear was brought

up by the Admiral's ship, the *Duke of Wellington*, whose crew saluted the Sovereign with ringing cheers, she in return waving her handkerchief, her eyes fixed proudly and sadly on the great black hulk as it grew less and less against the grey blue space, and sailed a mere speck into the open sea.

The French ships followed in a short time, and early in April the combined fleets were stationed opposite Sebastopol. In all the churches throughout France solemn prayers were offered up for the success of this expedition; and in reply to a question of the Earl of Roden in the House of Lords, Lord Aberdeen stated that it was proposed to set a day aside for Humiliation and Fast for the success of our arms by sea and land. The following day brought a letter to Lord Aberdeen, then Prime Minister, from her Majesty, saying she was rather startled at seeing his answer to Lord Roden upon the subject of a Day of Humiliation, as he had never mentioned it to her, and it was one on which she felt strongly. The only thing she had heard about it was from the Duke of Newcastle (the Colonial Secretary), who suggested the possibility of an appropriate Prayer being introduced into the Liturgy, with which her Majesty had agreed. She therefore hoped that this would be carefully reconsidered, and a prayer substituted for the Day of Humiliation. With that admirable good sense that characterised the Sovereign, she continues

this interesting letter by saying: "Were the services selected for these days of a different kind from what they are, the Queen would feel less strongly about it; but they always select chapters from the Old Testament and Psalms, which are so totally inapplicable that all the effect such occasions ought to have is entirely done away with. Moreover, to say (as we probably should) that the great sinfulness of the nation has brought about this war, when it is the selfishness and ambition and want of honesty of one man and his servants which has done it, while our conduct throughout has been actuated by unselfishness and honesty, would be too manifestly repulsive to the feelings of every one, and would be a mere bit of hypocrisy."

In reply her Majesty was told that precedents were in favour of the form of prayer and of the naming of the day to which she objected. But she was of opinion that bad or foolish precedents should not be adhered to, and therefore wrote once more to the Prime Minister on the subject, saying: "The Queen had meant to speak to Lord Aberdeen yesterday about this Day of 'Prayer and Supplication,' as she particularly wishes it should be called, and not 'Fast and Humiliation,' as after a calamity. Surely it should not be a day of mourning. The Queen spoke very strongly about it to the Archbishop, and urged great care in the selection of the service. Would Lord

Aberdeen inculcate the Queen's wishes into the Archbishop's mind, that there be no Jewish imprecations against our enemies, etc., but an earnest expression of thankfulness to the Almighty for the immense blessings we have enjoyed, as well as of entreaty for protection of our forces by land and sea, and to ourselves in the coming struggle?" Her Majesty's wishes were obeyed, and the Day of Prayer and Supplication was observed not only throughout Great Britain, but in the Colonies.

While the French army, consisting of twenty-three thousand men, and the English army, that numbered ten thousand more, were waging war against Russia, the Emperor resolved to establish a camp for the summer months between Boulogne and St. Omer, where he would personally superintend the military manœuvres of one hundred thousand men. With a view to establish more fully the friendly feelings between France and England, he desired to invite Prince Albert to visit the camp, but before doing so inquired of the English Ambassador in a friendly way as to whether or not such an invitation would be accepted. In making this wish known to the English Foreign Secretary, Lord Cowley expressed the opinion that by this visit Napoleon hoped to overcome the prejudices he believed to exist against him in England.

As her Majesty and the Government foresaw that

personal relations with the English Court would raise the Emperor in the eyes of his subjects, and strengthen his power as an ally, Lord Cowley was instructed to say that the invitation would be accepted. Accordingly, writing to the Prince Consort from the palace of St. Cloud on July 3rd, 1854, the Emperor said :

"My Brother,—

"Your Royal Highness knows that, putting in practice your own idea, and wishing to show my determination to carry out to the end the struggle we have begun together, I have decided to form an army between Boulogne and St. Omer. I need not tell your Highness how happy I should be to receive you and to show you my troops. I am convinced moreover, that personal ties will contribute to strengthen the union so happily established between two great nations. I beg you to present my respectful homage to the Queen, and to receive the expression of the esteem and of the sincere affection I have for you. With this, my Brother, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.

"Napoleon."

In his reply Prince Albert, addressing him as "Sire et cher Frère," expressed his pleasure at having received this gracious invitation. It would, he added, give him great satisfaction to make his Majesty's

acquaintance, and to express personally the value which the Queen and himself attached to the friendly relations which existed between the Governments of their respective countries. He would also feel intense interest in seeing the concentration of that noble army which was then ranged beside that of England in the defence of the rights of Europe. On September 3rd Prince Albert left Osborne for Boulogne, where he arrived early next morning, clear skies and brilliant sunshine invigorating him, as wearing a full-dress uniform, he stood on the deck of his yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*. As she advanced towards the harbour he was greeted by the ringing cheers of troops lining the cliffs, and by the booming of artillery. The gangway had scarcely been fixed between the quay and the yacht, when the Prince lightly stepped on shore before the Emperor could get on board. They cordially embraced, and while tears stood in his eyes, his Majesty expressed the pleasure he received from this fresh proof of the alliance which England proffered him.

Then amid the shouts of the people, the thundering of cannon, the visitor was led to the carriage waiting for him and driven through the town, gay with banners and garlands, to the hotel, that with its long wings, paved courtyard, and grillage in front, resembled an old French château. The Prince found Napoleon kindly and cordial, "quiet and indolent from con-

stitution, not easily excited, but gay and humorous when at his ease." His household was strictly kept, and in good order, more English than French; the gentlemen composing his *entourage* not being distinguished by birth, manner, or education, as we learn from a memorandum written by the Prince, and given in the Life of his Royal Highness by Sir Theodore Martin. With these his Majesty lived on a very familiar footing, though they seemed afraid of him. "The tone was rather the *ton de garnison*, with a good deal of smoking; the Emperor smoking cigarettes, and not being able to understand my not joining him in it."

For four days, so sweltering that the Prince's fingers stuck to the paper on which he wrote to the Queen, he and his host rode or drove to the camps—some of which were pitched on the dunes five miles from the town, others at St. Omer, thirty-five miles distant—where they inspected "some superb troops," and on the last day held a grand review. Throughout this time they discussed with the utmost frankness, topics of foreign policy and personal interest. "We even touched upon very delicate points," as the Emperor afterwards told Count Walewski, "among others the kind of prejudice, of personal repugnance which existed towards me at the English Court.' Among other things the Emperor said that one o the deepest impressions ever made upon him wa

when, shortly after the death of the Sailor King, he saw the Queen, then in her eighteenth year, going to open Parliament for the first time. The Prince told him they hoped to see him in England, and that "the Queen would be delighted to make acquaintance with the Empress." Though he must have been highly gratified with this friendly intimation, he made no direct answer, but expressed a hope that he would have the pleasure of welcoming her Majesty in Paris during the Exhibition to be held the following year.

The impression left by the Emperor on so keen an observer, so just a critic, as the Prince Consort, was that his Majesty would neither in home nor in foreign politics take any violent steps; that he was decidedly benevolent and anxious for the welfare of his people; that he was greatly attached to the Empress; and that his general education appeared to be very deficient, even on subjects which were of the first necessity to him, the political history of modern times and political sciences generally, with the exception of all that regarded Napoleon, which he had at his finger ends. He had, however, made a thorough study of military matters, and was completely master of them. On the other hand, the Emperor's opinion of his guest, as expressed to Walewski, was that in all his experience he had never met with a person possessing such various and profound know-

ledge, or who communicated it with the same frankness, adding that he had never learned so much in so short a time from any one.

Throughout the terrible winter of 1854, both the French and English nation were filled with excitement pity, and horror at the news of the battles of Balaclava Alma, Inkerman, and the bombardment of Sebastopol where thousands of brave lives were sacrificed; and by tidings that those who still fought suffered inexpressibly from want of food and clothing, as well as from the ravages of cholera brought about by the troops sleeping on the frozen ground, no tent having been provided for them. In the midst o suspense and anxiety felt by both nations, came th exciting rumour that the Emperor intended to se out for the Crimea, that he might personally conduc the campaign. This idea was communicated in a lette dated February 26th, 1855, to Lord Palmerston, wh had just become Prime Minister, in which Napoleo explained in detail a scheme of action he had carefull worked out for the overthrow of Russia, and th ending of this harassing war. He also stated tha the divided command of the two armies, and wan of unity of council, was a serious disadvantage to bot that could only be overcome if—without presumin to rate his military skill higher than that of th generals then in control of the troops—he, th Emperor, took complete command.

This intention of his Majesty was unpopular with the French people, and caused much uneasiness to his Ministers, who feared the danger of his absence; and it was also disliked by the English Government and the English people at large, who regarded it not only as a want of consideration to the feelings of the British army, which would resent being led by a foreign monarch, but also because in case of victory, it would give an undue share of honour and glory to the French troops, and be likely to bring about a rupture of the friendly alliance existing between the countries. As it was thought desirable to save time in discussing the subject by correspondence, the Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon, was despatched to Boulogne in March—where the Emperor was again with his army—in the hope that a quiet and friendly discussion might induce him to remain at home.

The careful notes of Lord Clarendon's subsequent report to the Queen of his interview with Napoleon, which were made by the Prince Consort, and are given in his Life by Sir Theodore Martin, state that one of the Emperor's most confidential officers, Colonel Fleury, was anxious to acquaint Lord Clarendon before he saw his Majesty, that the latter was entirely mistaken in the belief that his intention of going to the Crimea was popular with the army generally, or that he would be well received by the

troops there. "They adhere to him as Emperor," Colonel Fleury said, "but did not like to be commanded by any one but a professional man, and they looked on him as a civilian. The Emperor's plans might be ever so good, they would not carry with them the confidence of the army." It was not until these opinions, which later were corroborated by various officers, were made known to the Foreign Secretary, that he saw the Emperor, who was much gratified by the consideration shown to him by this visit, and who received Lord Clarendon with the greatest cordiality. His Majesty immediately explained his plan of campaign, with whose sagacity, Lord Clarendon said, every one concurred, though it was doubtful if it could be carried out. His lordship added that though as a natural consequence of his Majesty's presence on the spot the supreme command of the armies would be acceded to him, it would be unpopular with the English troops, who would not suffer themselves to act merely as carriers, or to remain rotting in the trenches while success fell to the lot of the French army.

This view had not presented itself to Napoleon, who hoped that nobody thought him capable of entertaining such intentions towards the English troops. "Should he go, he intended to submit his plans to Lord Raglan, whose experience and knowledge would be of the greatest use to him . . . and he

thought it of the highest importance, that wherever the field of glory lay, the two flags should be seen waving together." The peril to which his absence would subject his Government, and the consequences that might arise from his failure to carry his campaign to a successful termination, were arguments Lord Clarendon added to those made regarding England; all of which had the effect of inducing the Emperor to postpone his visit for further consideration. A fortnight after Lord Clarendon's departure, his Majesty inquired of the English Ambassador at Paris if a visit to the Queen from himself and the Empress would be acceptable after Easter. The objections to his joining the army in the Crimea could then be more fully discussed with the English Sovereign and her Ministers. His unwillingness not to postpone his journey to Russia beyond the end of April, was given as his excuse for the suddenness of his suggested visit.

Although a longer time would have been desirable, that due preparation might be made for the reception of the Imperial couple, yet the Queen graciously acceded to his wish, and all that energy and promptitude could achieve was done to make ready the magnificent suite of apartments allotted to their use at Windsor Castle, where they were to be received, and to decorate the streets of London through which they were to pass on their way to Paddington station.

April 16th, 1855, was the date fixed for the arrival of the Emperor and Empress, three days later than that on which the Queen received a visit from Marie Amélie, the Consort of Louis Philippe, both of whom were then living at Claremont. The English Sovereign states in her diary, that her heart was saddened to see this Queen of France drive away in a plain coach with miserable post-horses, and to think that six years previously "her husband was surrounded by the same pomp and grandeur which three days hence would surround his successor."

The Imperial visitors were expected to reach Dover early on the morning of the 16th, but from the hour when the sun was supposed to rise, a dense fog blotted out all traces of sea and land in its universal greyness. While the Prince Consort, the Mayor, the Corporation, and an immense crowd waited to receive them, news was brought that two of the French squadron accompanying the Emperor, had gone ashore near the South Foreland. Fear of a similar fate was entertained for the *Pelican*, the yacht commanded by Smithett, which conveyed them; and considerable danger was risked by steamers that penetrated into the midst in the hope of gaining tidings of the belated visitors. After a weary delay the fog lifted at mid-day, and the *Pelican*, which had had a narrow escape, reached the Admiralty Pier. Then cannon thundered from the scarce visible

English fleet stationed at the mouth of the harbour, and a roaring cheer went up from the damp and patient crowd that had waited and shivered for hours. As soon as possible Prince Albert was on board, when he warmly embraced the Emperor, and was presented to the Empress, who looked charming even in her straw bonnet and dress of Highland plaid, worn to remind the English of her Scottish ancestry.

On reaching London they were received enthusiastically by crowds anxious to welcome their staunch ally, whose troops were then fighting side by side with our own. Arches, flags, and garlands, decorated their route, while windows, balconies, housetops, and pavements were densely thronged by an ardent and excited populace. As his open carriage with its six horses, its outriders in scarlet liveries, and its escort of a squadron of Life Guards, passed along Pall Mall, the Emperor looked with affection at the clubs he had frequented in the days of his exile, in whose windows he recognised some familiar faces. In driving through King Street he pointed out to the Empress the house in which he had formerly lived, and in passing the Horse Guards stood up and saluted the colours, an action which was cheered to the echo by the crowd. Everywhere they received the same warm welcome that was undisturbed by the handbills freely distributed, and probably drawn up

by some of the revolutionary spirits then enjoying the protection of England. One of these, which is preserved in the library of the British Museum, runs as follows: "England's Disgrace. The Real Day of Humiliation. Louis Napoleon the murderer, the oath-breaker, the destroyer of the French and Italian Republics, who bribed the soldiers to massacre peaceful citizens on the Boulevards, exiled the best men of France, and paved his way to power with the dead bodies of honest, inoffensive men, women, and children, is coming to England. Englishmen, do your duty. April 16th, 1855."

The Royal borough of Windsor, made gay with triumphal arches and flags, impatiently expected the Imperial visitors, but owing to the delay caused by that wretched fog, daylight had long faded before their arrival. The Queen, who awaited them in one of the tapestry rooms near the guard-room, found the time pass slowly. At a quarter to seven a telegram announced to her that they had left Paddington, and from that time the general agitation became more intense. At length, as her Majesty states in her diary, she saw the crowd in the roadway begin to move, a groom came dashing up, followed by another, a gun was heard, and the Queen, with the Royal children close behind her, the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Leiningen, her step-brother, near her, her ladies-in-waiting in the background, went to

the great entrance of the castle, and while trumpets sounded and the band struck up "Partant pour la Syrie"—then the national hymn of France—stepped forward as an open carriage drove up with the Emperor and Empress, faced by Prince Albert.

In her diary the Queen states that she was filled with indescribable emotion as she advanced and embraced the Emperor, "who received two salutes on either cheek from me, having first kissed my hand. I next embraced the very gentle, graceful, and evidently very nervous Empress. We presented the Princes and our children (Vicky with very alarmed eyes making very low curtsies); the Emperor embraced Bertie, and then we went upstairs, Albert leading the Empress, who in the most engaging manner, refused to go first, but at length with graceful reluctance did so, the Emperor leading me, expressing his great gratification at being here and seeing me." The visitors were conducted to their apartments by their Royal hosts, and then came dinner, the Emperor sitting by her Majesty, who found him "very quiet and amiable, and easy to get on with—nothing can be more civil or amiable, or more well-bred than his manner—so full of tact." His voice, "low and soft, and *il ne fait pas des phrases*," greatly pleased her. He repeated to the Queen that at first sight of her on her way to Parliament, he had been deeply impressed to see *une jeune personne* in that position; and he wondered

if she knew that in 1848, he had acted as a special constable during the scare of the Chartist riots.

Next morning the visitors, with the Queen and Prince Albert, were up betimes and enjoying the delicious air of early spring, as they walked to Frogmore. In the midst of this peaceful scene of spreading parks and budding trees, the conversation turned on the war, when the Empress seemed as eager as his Majesty that he should go to the Crimea. "She sees no greater danger for him there than elsewhere, in fact, than in Paris" writes the Queen, who adds: "She said she was seldom alarmed for him, except when he went out quite alone of a morning. She is full of courage and spirit, and yet so gentle, with such innocence and *enjouement*, that the *ensemble* is most charming. With all her great liveliness, she has the prettiest and most modest manner." That afternoon a review of the household troops was held in Windsor Park, under the command of Lord Cardigan, who was mounted on the chestnut horse he had ridden at Balaclava. All the Royal personages were present, as was also an immense and excited crowd, whose enthusiasm was indescribable, and whose eagerness to see the Emperor was so great that it broke through the guard, and ran and rode over the grass in the Long Walk, that it might press round him, quite indifferent to danger, as he was riding a spirited horse.

The same evening a banquet and a ball were given, the latter in the Waterloo Chamber. A special train from London brought those honoured by an invitation. Amid the splendour of the scene, with its innumerable wax lights, its fine portraits, its throng of Royal, noble, and distinguished men and women, the Queen could not help thinking it was strange that she, the granddaughter of George III., should dance with the nephew of England's greatest enemy, "now my nearest and most intimate ally, in the Waterloo Room, and this ally only six years ago living in this country, an exile, poor, and unthought of." The next day the 18th, was devoted to business, for at eleven o'clock a Council of War was held in the Emperor's apartments, which was attended by the Prince Consort, the Prime Minister, Ambassadors and Generals. All were unanimous in their opposition to Napoleon's intention of going to the Crimea, notwithstanding which he still clung to that idea. Arguments on the point were yet being urged when the Council was informed that the Queen and the Empress were waiting for lunch, the hour for which, two o'clock, had passed. As none of the members moved, the Empress, after waiting a little longer, went to the Council Chamber door, called out Lord Cowley, and told him how late it was, adding that as there was to be a Chapter of the Garter at four, the ladies would have but a short time for the

necessary preparation of their toilettes. But time passed, and yet no one left the Council, when the Empress suggested that the Queen should go to them, saying, "Je n 'ose entrer, mais votre Majesté le peut ; cela vous regarde." So the Queen went and knocked, and at last stepped in and asked what should be done. "The Emperor and Albert got up and said they would come. However they did not," and their Majesties with their ladies went to lunch without their lords.

The ceremony of investing the Emperor with the Order of the Garter, was marked by all possible magnificence. When her Majesty, attended by the Primate and Chancellor of the Order, and surrounded by its knights in their robes, and the ladies of her Court in full dress, had assembled in the Throne Room, Napoleon was led in by the Prince Consort and the Duke of Cambridge. All rose to receive him. The ceremony then began, incidents in which were her Majesty's buckling the Garter on the Emperor's left knee, and placing the Riband over his left shoulder. When all was over, the newly elected knight expressed his thanks to the Queen for the favour conferred on him, which he said would be an additional link in the happy bond uniting them. He had sworn an oath of fidelity to her which he would keep, and he hoped an opportunity would be given him to show his gratitude ; words which her Majesty thought valuable "from

a man like him, who is not profuse in phrases, and who is very steady of purpose."

At dinner that evening a topic was touched on which he had much at heart, that gave him much uneasiness, and that both he and the Queen were sure to recall a little later. This concerned the revolutionary refugees who found that security in England which every other country in Europe, save republican Switzerland, denied them. The Emperor was of opinion that when they openly advocated assassination, they should be deprived of the hospitality they enjoyed. The Queen referred to the attempts that had been made on her own life, which he said were atrocious; for when a conspiracy was suspected, precautions could be taken against danger, but little or nothing could be done to guard against the attacks of madmen. The following day was that on which their Imperial Majesties were to lunch with the Corporation of London. After breakfast, when the Emperor was alone with his host and hostess, he asked permission to read the speech he was to make that day in the Guildhall. This being given, he read it over to them first in French, that he might have their approval of its sentiments, and afterwards in English, that his pronunciation might be corrected. By the time he had finished, the Royal carriages were at the door ready to convey the Queen and the Emperor with their Consorts, to the station on their way to London.

Her Majesty, who in a short time had come to like her guests, owns that their departure made her melancholy. "Passing through the rooms, the hall, and down the staircase, with all its State guards and the fine old yeomen; the very melancholy tune (which 'Partant pour la Syrie' is); the feeling that all about which there had been such excitement, trouble, anxiety, and expectation was past; the doubtfulness of the future—all made me, I know not why, quite *wehmüthig*; and I hear that the Empress was equally sad at going away from Windsor."

Shortly after the Royal party had arrived at Buckingham Palace, the Emperor and Empress set out alone in full state for the Guildhall. The day, which was gloriously bright, brought out the gay colours of the decorations along the route, and everywhere they were greeted by the warmest enthusiasm, the beauty and grace of the Empress making a strong impression on all. Nothing was wanting that could give stateliness and grandeur to the entertainment at the Guildhall; and the good impression the Emperor created by the simplicity and cordiality of his manner, was emphasised by his speech, which expressed gratitude for the frank and hearty manner in which he and his Consort had been received. "Flattering as your praises are," continued he, "I accept them because they are addressed much more to France than to myself; they are addressed to the

nation whose interests are now everywhere identical with your own; they are addressed to the army and the navy, united with yours in an heroic cause full of peril and of glory; they are addressed to the policy of the two Governments, which is based on truth, moderation, and justice. As for myself, I have retained on the throne those sentiments of sympathy and esteem for the English people which I professed in exile, when I enjoyed here the hospitality of the Sovereign, and if my conduct has been in conformity with my conviction, it is because the interests of the nation which had elected me, as well as of civilisation generally, made it my duty." His final words, that he and the Empress would carry back with them the deep impression made by England, "where virtue on the throne directs the destinies of the country, under a liberty that brings no danger to its greatness," were received with ringing cheers that lasted many minutes.

A reception by their Majesties at the French Embassy followed, and in the evening, accompanied by the Queen and Prince Albert, they paid a state visit to Her Majesty's Theatre, where Beethoven's opera, *Fidelio*, was performed. The way from Buckingham Palace to the opera house was brilliantly illuminated; a common device being the initials of the respective Sovereigns and their Consorts, N. E. V. A., which, as the Emperor pointed out to the Queen,

spelled Neva. The crowds through which they drove were enormous, and their cheering deafening. On entering the theatre, glowing with light and colour, the Queen, taking Napoleon's hand, led him to the front of her box, while Prince Albert in like manner presented the Empress to the people, who rose and amid stirring enthusiasm waved handkerchiefs, fans, and hats. The desire to be present at the opera was so great, that high prices were paid for seats, one box bringing a hundred pounds. The Emperor told the Queen that after her marriage, when she went in state to the opera, he had with great difficulty obtained a box, for which he afterwards had to pay forty pounds, "que je trouvais pourtant beaucoup."

On the following day—which, by the way was devoted to seeing the Crystal Palace—the Emperor reached his forty-seventh birthday. That he spent it in her Majesty's company, he said with graceful courtesy, was certain to bring him luck. The Queen presented him with a pencil-case, while Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, gave him two violets. That evening a Council regarding the war was held, at which the Queen presided. As she afterwards said, she would not have missed it for the world, as she found it one of the most interesting scenes at which she had ever been present.

The next morning the Imperial guests took their

departure. On being asked by the Queen to write his name in her album, the Emperor did so, expressing above it sentiments that greatly pleased her Majesty, saying, as they did, "Je porte à votre Majesté les sentiments qu'on éprouve pour une reine et pour une sœur, dévouement respectueux, tendre amitié." At the leave-taking everybody cried, even the suite, as Lord Malmesbury tells us. "The Queen's children began, as the Empress had been very kind to them and they were sorry to lose her, and this set off the Empress and the maids-of-honour." Embraces were exchanged, a promise was made by the Queen that she would visit her guests in the autumn if her public duties permitted, words of thanks and of farewell were spoken, and the Emperor and Empress left Buckingham Palace. As they drove away, the Queen ran upstairs from the vestibule to one of the windows for a last sight of them, when turning, they saw, and getting up in the carriage, bowed to her.

"We watched them with the glittering escort till they could be seen no more," writes her Majesty, "and then returned to our rooms. Thus has this visit, this great event, passed liked everything else in this world. It is a dream the recollection of which is firmly fixed in my mind. On all it has left a pleasant, satisfactory impression. . . . I am glad to have known this extraordinary man, whom

it is certainly impossible not to like when you live with him, and not even to a considerable extent to admire." No sooner had he reached Paris, than the Emperor wrote to thank her Majesty for her "affectionate kindness," and for the delicate consideration shown to the Empress, "for nothing pleases more than to see the person one loves become the object of such flattering attentions." By all, this visit was regarded as a strong bond that would serve to preserve the alliance between the two countries; and even King Leopold's friend and confidant, Baron Stockmar, in writing to the Queen of Napoleon, was of opinion that "whatever his sins against morality have been till now, the reception he has met with, will for his whole life prevent him from sinning against England."

CHAPTER III

An Attempt is Made to Shoot the Emperor by Pianori—The Carbonari and its Members—Napoleon as a Youth Takes Part in its Movements—His Oath is Unfulfilled—The Universal Exhibition of Paris—The Royal Family of England Visit France—Their Drive Through the Capital and Arrival at St. Cloud—Queen Victoria Visits the Tomb of the Great Napoleon—The Emperor's Birthday Present to the Prince Consort—The English Sovereign's Opinion of the Emperor—Birth of the Prince Imperial—The Emperor's Emotion—The Splendour of the Prince's Baptism—Fears for the Second Empire are Felt by Many—The Rebuilding of Paris—General Dishonesty of Officials—General Dissipation—Cora Pearl, Miss Howard, Marguerite Bellanger—Unpopularity of the Empress and its Causes—The Emperor and his Family—Mr. Nassau Senior Talks with Prosper Mérimée—Two Attempts on the Emperor's Life—Orsini's Desperate Plot—Scene at the Opera House—How Orsini was Captured—How the Emperor Spent the Night—His Nerves Give Way—The Feeling of France Towards England—The Addresses of the French Army—Lord Palmerston and his Conspiracy Bill—Bitterness Towards France—The Trial of Simon Bernard for Aiding Orsini—His Acquittal by an English Jury.

AS he passed through France on his homeward way, the Emperor was warmly received by a populace who in general believed that his splendid reception across the Channel was due to a policy of fear. But however elated he may have been at the honours which had been showered upon him in

England, a few days residence in his capital must have shown him the uncertainty of his position. For various circumstances brought home to him very clearly the facts that the immense expenses of the war, which they had not thought would be of long continuance, and for which no compensation in the way of territory could be gained, was regarded with growing disfavour by the over-taxed *bourgeoisie*; that the old nobility and their followers sympathised with Russia and hated the alliance with England; that his Ministry, who were anxious for peace at any price, exaggerated difficulties instead of overcoming them, and persuaded him to remain satisfied with the annual conscription of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and not to demand from the populace of France further soldiers who were unwilling to fight. The dangers to which his prolonged absence might subject the Empire showed him the wisdom of remaining at home; and accordingly he told the Senate that though he had looked forward to witnessing and directing the brave efforts of his soldiers in Russia, he now abandoned the project with grief.

Nor had he been back many days before an event happened that threw a threatening shadow across his path, for as he was riding in the Champs Elysées on the afternoon of April 29th, attended by his chief equerry and an aide-de-camp, a dark complexioned, determined looking man stepped into the roadway

and before his intention could be suspected, pulled a pistol from his pocket and deliberately fired at the Emperor. As he missed his aim, a second shot was fired before one of the secret agents always in the vicinity of his Majesty, rushed forward and felled the man with a blow. Neither shots touched the Emperor, but their report immediately drew a frightened and curious crowd that ejaculated wildly, cheered Napoleon, and swore at his assailant, who was now surrounded by soldiers and police. In the midst of this sensation the Emperor, who strove to quiet his frightened horse, bowed with the uttermost calmness to the people, and then at a slow pace rode to the Bois de Boulogne, where he knew the Empress was driving, that he might be the first to tell her the news and lessen her alarm.

Rumour of the attempt upon the Emperor's life, in so cool and daring a manner, filled the people with horror, and telegrams of congratulation poured in on him from all quarters. When on the following day the Senate in a body waited on him to express their joy and gratitude at his escape, he said to them: "There are lives which the assassin cannot touch, which are but the instruments of the decrees of Providence. So long as I have not fully accomplished my mission, I can incur no danger." But notwithstanding this professed belief in his mission, and the cold imperturbability he assumed, his nerves were

shaken by this attack, which he knew well had a deeper significance than was apparent on the surface or was suspected by the majority. The would-be assassin belonged neither to the Republicans nor to the Royalists, both of whom resented the assumption of the Imperial power by Napoleon. He was not even a Frenchman, but an Italian named Pianori, believed to be a member of a secret society named the Carbonari, originally founded in Italy but now having active agents in Switzerland, Belgium, and England, in whose capital the movement may be said to have openly and boldly established its head-quarters.

To this society his Imperial Majesty had been affiliated. So far back as the year 1831, when a revolution broke out in the Roman States, Prince Charles Louis, as he was then called, left Naples, where he had been living with his mother, and hurried to Rome, where he took an active part in the insurrection. It was then, when in his twenty-third year, longing for action and enthusiastic for freedom, that he joined the Carbonari, which included among its members a large number of the nobility and of the learned professions, as well as of artisans and peasants. One and all took stringent oaths under circumstances of impressive solemnity, disobedience to, or betrayal of which, was punishable by death, from which neither rank nor power could

save the offender. The chief object of the society was to free Italy from the various powers then ruling its States, and to make it one united empire, ruled over by the King of Naples or Sardinia. Those opposed to the Bonapartes have not hesitated to say that Prince Charles Louis and his elder brother joined the revolutionary movement in the hope that one of them, supported by the splendid traditions of his famous uncle, might win his way to the throne of united Italy.

Whatever their motives, they worked heart and soul for the revolution, in the army of which they held important posts. This army had marched to the very gates of Rome, on which no attack was made, owing to the disunion of its leaders, fostered, it is said, by the treachery of the Duke of Modena. Before harmony or solidity could be re-established, Austria, at the request of the Pope, and for its own political motives, sent its troops to overcome the insurgents, and to take possession of the Papal States.

Prince Charles Louis then became the captain of a guerilla company, and with his elder and only surviving brother fought a gallant battle against the Austrians at Civita Castellana, where his brother received a wound from which he died. The future Emperor managed to escape from Italy, through the contrivance of his mother and the assistance of an Englishman.

Now that he was in a position to keep the solemn oaths he had taken twenty years previously and had made no effort to fulfil, he was marked out for the punishment due to a defaulter. Already several attempts had been made on his life which he had as far as possible hushed up, as this last would also have been but for the publicity that attended it, and the impossibility of avoiding a trial. This was got through as quickly as possible, and within a week of his attempt Pianori was executed. It was known that a little while before he had travelled from Italy to London ragged and penniless, but on coming to Paris he was not only comfortably dressed, but had money as well as three pistols and a dagger in his pockets. That the unfortunate man had but acted in obedience to his chiefs then living in security and comfort in London, Napoleon must have known; but the culprit was not subjected to long examinations that might reveal facts which were best suppressed, and as the living embodiment of a horrible nemesis he was thrust out of sight as speedily and quietly as possible. As the threatened man well knew, danger did not cease with Pianori's life, and the spectre of fear for ever stood behind the Imperial throne.

Excitement that must have banished dread at times, was not wanting during this year, for not only were the splendid entertainments of the Court continued,

but the gaiety and brilliancy of the capital were increased by the opening on May 15th, 1855, of the Universal Exhibition which for several months drew visitors from every country in Europe, as well as great numbers from America. Foremost among these was the Royal Family of England, the Queen and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, who were met at Boulogne by the Emperor on August 18th, and who landed on the site where some fifty years previously the great Napoleon had reviewed his army which was to invade and conquer England—an army vigilantly watched by Nelson's fleet, then anchored in the same spot where the squadron that accompanied her Majesty now lay.

The weather was gloriously bright; the country through which the Royal party travelled flat and green, with poplar shaded roads stretching towards the blue horizon, looked peaceful and productive; the Emperor, proud of conducting to Paris the first English Sovereign who had visited it since Henry VI., was in high spirits. It was past two o'clock before they started from Boulogne, and short halts were made on the way, so that the Emperor became anxious that his visitors should reach Paris, and have their first impression of it while daylight lasted. But it had almost faded before the Queen caught a glimpse of Montmartre rising high and black against a sky flushed with the crimson and gold of

a vanished sun. In another moment they had passed the fortifications, and all Paris opened before them ; a white city of enchantment, intersected by a silver river on whose principal island rose a marvel of Gothic magnificence, the whole scene wrapped in the pale purple of early twilight.

Princes, marshals, generals, senators, troops of soldiers and welcoming crowds met the Royal visitors at the station ; and to the sound of ringing cheers, the music of bands, the tramp of cavalry, the roll of drums and the booming of guns, they were led through a city of fairyland, lined by the picturesque Chasseurs d'Afrique, hung with flags and banners, decorated with arches, inscriptions, flowers, myriads of lights, and animated by thousands of eager faces. Then without pause they were driven to the palace of St. Cloud, itself a magic place glowing with lamps, its court cool with the splashing of fountains and perfumed by the odour of orange-trees, its surrounding park spreading into grey illimitable space. At the entrance they were met by the Empress, the Princess Mathilde, and the ladies of the Imperial household, and led up the magnificent staircase, lined by the Cent Gardes, to their suite of apartments, whose ceilings glowed with paintings by famous artists, whose walls were hung with Gobelins tapestry, and whose splendour the Queen confessed, bewildered and delighted her.

The next day being Sunday, service was read in her Majesty's rooms by the chaplain belonging to the Embassy; but a drive through the Bois de Boulogne followed, and a large dinner-party was given in the evening. It was not until the following morning that "the siege of Paris," as Prince Albert called it, was begun. Then for the next week there were visits to the Exhibition, to the Tuileries and the Elysée, to Notre Dame and the Hôtel de Ville; drives through the city; attendance at splendid banquets, at a grand review, where her Majesty noticed that "the clothes of all the men are infinitely better made and cut than those of our soldiers, which provokes me much"; and at a ball at Versailles, the first given there since the time of Louis XVI. This was arranged after a print of a fête given by Louis XV., by the Empress, whose appearance on this occasion is described by the English Sovereign as being "like a fairy queen or nymph, in a white dress trimmed with branches of grass and diamonds, a beautiful *tour de corsage* of diamonds round the top of her dress, and all *en rivière*, the same round her waist, and a corresponding coiffure, with her Spanish and Portuguese orders. The Emperor said when she appeared, 'Comme tu es belle.'"

The most noteworthy of all her visits, described by her as "the most important act of all in this very interesting and eventful time," was that the

Queen paid to the tomb of Napoleon I. at the Hôtel des Invalides, which the second Emperor had placed under the guardianship of his uncle, Prince Jerome. As the latter had foreseen that a visit would be paid to the tomb by her Majesty, and as he resented the indignities that had rendered miserable the last days of his brother, he absented himself on this occasion rather than receive one who, though in no way responsible for that treatment, represented a Power that had bitterly humiliated its captive. The Emperor himself conducted her Majesty through the Invalides, which owing to various delays, was not reached by them before seven in the evening. Everything concurred to make the visit strikingly impressive. Some venerable survivors of the first Napoleon's wars lined the courtyard, and four torch bearers lit the way through the sombre passages, made more gloomy by a sudden darkness that foretold a storm. Then for a moment England's Sovereign stood in silent reverence beside the remains of England's bitterest foe, her hand upon the protecting arm of his nephew and successor, while the breathless stillness was interrupted suddenly by a crash of thunder and a downpour of rain that sounded on the dome like a discharge of artillery, above which was heard the peal of an organ as it played God Save the Queen.

It was a coincidence that the birthday of the Prince Consort came round while he was in Paris, just as

the Emperor's had during his stay at Windsor. Ever thoughtful and generous, their Imperial Majesties did all that was possible to make the Prince's birthday a jubilant feast. Immediately after breakfast he was saluted by a stirring roll of three hundred drums stationed under his window in the courtyard of the palace of St. Cloud; this special roll being the composition of his Majesty, who allowed it to be played only on New Year's Day. Then, although he had already presented the Prince with a splendid Sèvres vase, pronounced by the Queen to be "a *chef d'œuvre* in every sense of the word," the Emperor gave him on this day a valuable picture by Meissonier, "the finest thing in the Exhibition," while the Empress offered him a beautiful ivory cup, exquisitely carved and mounted. The day, which happened to fall on Sunday, ended with a dinner and a concert of classical music, which, says the Queen, "Albert was much pleased with, but which bored the Emperor."

Both hosts and guests felt sad when the last day of this happy visit came. It ended, as it had begun, with splendid ceremony, princes, marshals, and the municipal authorities, assembling at the railway station to bid them farewell. The Emperor went with them to Boulogne, and did not part from them until the warmest expressions of affection and sympathy had been exchanged, and the Queen had thrice embraced him. In parting from him her Majesty's impressions

were those felt by most persons who came within reach of his magnetic influence. "There is something fascinating, melancholy, and engaging which draws you to him, in spite of any *prévention* you may have against him, and certainly without the assistance of any outward advantages of appearance, though I like his face. He undoubtedly has a most extraordinary power of attaching people to him," her Majesty writes in her diary, adding, "I shall always look back on this visit to France, not only on account of the delightful and splendid things we saw and enjoyed, but on the time we passed with the Emperor, as one of the pleasantest and most interesting periods of my life. The Empress too, has a great charm, and we are all very fond of her."

The visit of the English Royal Family ended on August 27th, 1855, and twelve days later came the glorious news of the fall of Sebastopol, which was received both in England and France with extraordinary joy, as it was known that this victory over Russia was practically the end of a war that had cost horrible suffering, immense loss of life, and had drained the countries of great wealth. On the 25th of the following February, a Congress that was attended by the representatives of the seven great Powers of Europe was held in Paris to deliberate upon a general treaty of peace. These deliberations came to an end on March 30th, 1856, when the treaty was signed; and

no sooner had the last signature been fixed, than a salute of one hundred and one guns fired from the Invalides announced the good news to the people of Paris, who went almost mad for joy that their ardent wish was fulfilled.

Only a few days earlier an event, then believed to be of supreme importance to France, had happened. To complete the glory of his wonderful uprise, the Emperor had eagerly desired the birth of an heir, a wish which was seconded by the Empress, on whom the eyes of the whole nation were fixed in hope and expectation. As time passed bringing with it no promise of that event, the remembrance of Josephine, whom the first Napoleon had loved but divorced because she had failed to give him a son, came to the minds of many; but at length a whisper spread that after three years of marriage the Empress Eugénie was about to become a mother. As the time for her delivery approached, her sufferings filled the Emperor with inexpressible anxiety, for the greatest danger was feared. Prayers were offered up for her in all the churches; a troop of doctors and nurses kept watch and ward over her; and as the hour drew near when the birth was expected, the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Municipality, assembled in the Hôtel de Ville to receive the welcome news.

The day closed and night deepened without bringing

them any other tidings than those of the Empress's severe sufferings, and they had sat well into the next morning—eighteen hours in all—before the birth of an heir to the crown was announced to them. During that time, as M. de Persigny wrote to Lord Malmesbury, "The Emperor, who never left the room, was worked up into such a nervous state that for fifteen hours he cried and sobbed without ceasing; and when the child was born he was so overpowered with joy that he rushed into the next room and embraced the first five persons he met. Then recollecting that his behaviour was not dignified, he said, 'Je ne peux pas vous embrasser tous.'" Early on this morning of March 16th, 1856, the booming of one hundred and one guns told Paris of the great event, and before they had finished came the joyous clamour of innumerable bells from church tower and steeple. Filled with universal delight, the people rushed into the streets, and turning their backs on business for the day, men, women, and children went to the churches to assist at the thanksgiving Masses, and afterwards to visit the cafés, the public gardens, or the theatres. Meantime the telegraph wires flashed the joyful news round the world, bringing in return a special blessing to the child from the Pope; warm congratulations from every Court in Europe; and offers from their monarchs, now drawn into closer relations by the Peace Conference to the Emperor, of

orders for the infant, who was the recipient of eight and twenty while he was yet in his cradle.

Within a few hours of his birth the child was privately baptised, the names given him being Napoléon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph; the Pope and the Queen of Sweden being his godfather and godmother by proxy. Though the Emperor's nerves were strung to tension by the condition of the Empress, by the difficulties attending the Peace Congress then in progress, and by disquieting signs observable on the surface of the ever-restless nation he governed, so that for days he could not speak of the Empress's sufferings or his own sensations without tears—yet he managed to assume his usual impassiveness when on the 18th he received the congratulations of the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State. His reply to them was full of the pride of fatherhood, and of hope for his dynasty, now that heaven had given him this "Child of France"; for as he said, when an heir is born to perpetuate a national system, the child is not only the offspring of a family, but he is also the son of the whole country. A passing reference was made to the ill fate that had befallen the heirs to the throne of France since the days of Louis XVI.; but their misfortune was regarded by the Emperor merely as a darkness that would contrast the glory of his own heir, whose destiny he believed would be happier, "because, relying on Providence,

I cannot doubt of its protection, since it has raised again all that was beaten down forty years ago, as though it designed to strengthen by martyrdom and misfortune a new dynasty that had issued from the ranks of the people. . . . This child, consecrated in his cradle by the peace we are preparing, by the blessing of the Pope, and by the acclamations of the French people—this child, I say, will be worthy of the destiny which awaits him."

To celebrate the Prince's birth, the Emperor and Empress declared their desire to become the godfather and godmother of every child born legitimately in France on the same date as their heir, the same to be taken under their special protection. An amnesty was granted to political prisoners; four Generals were created Marshals; one hundred thousand francs were distributed among the charities of Paris; and with the amount of the national subscription raised as a gift for the Empress, she founded an orphanage for boys. A *Te Deum* had been sung at Notre Dame in the presence of the Court and the Senate on the 23rd of the month; but it was not until June 14th, that the ceremony of the public baptism took place. Loving that display of pomp and magnificence that impressed and diverted the populace, the Emperor made this pageant the most dazzling that had yet marked his reign.

The sun rose upon this summer day to blaze upon

a flower-decked banner-hung city, multi-coloured under a dome of impenetrable blue. Once more Paris kept high holiday, bells rang with deafening joyousness, cannon thundered, and trains discharged their eager thousands into streets, boulevards, and squares already thronged by surging, exuberant crowds. As the time approached for the Imperial procession to pass from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, the excitement grew. Troops of glittering cavalry, of picturesque Zouaves, of Crimean heroes, were greeted with ringing cheers; but enthusiasm rose to a climax when, preceded by an escort of guards and attended by a detachment of cuirassiers, an enormous coach slowly passed in which, held in his nurse's arms was the Prince Imperial, a mass of lace from which emerged a blurred face and clenched fists. Close behind him came his parents, radiant, gracious, and triumphant, their carriage followed by a long train of others carrying their suite, which by this time numbered many of those bearing the most illustrious names in France.

Of the many ceremonies witnessed by this ancient cathedral, it is doubtful if any was more gorgeous than this, when its usually dusky chancel, aisles, and nave blazed with innumerable lights, with the splendour of mitre, cope, and chasuble, with military and naval uniforms, the robes of senators, with the jewels of orders and decorations, and the toilettes of Court ladies—a dazzling spectacle of scarlet, purple,

and gold. Assisted by two cardinals, the ceremony was performed by the saintly Archbishop of Paris, whose fate at the hands of the Commune, was scarcely less tragic than that which closed the life of the child he now blessed. The baptism was marked by an incident that was in unison with the impressive spectacle of the day. When the time came for the Empress to present her son at the font, she was so overcome by emotion that she faltered, on which the Emperor, taking him in his arms, held him high, that all present might see the Child of France. As he did, a sudden, irrepressible, heart thrilling cheer of "Long live the Emperor. Long live the Prince," simultaneously burst from all parts of the church.

That evening a banquet was given to their Imperial Majesties by the municipality of Paris, when amid a scene of unsurpassed splendour the health of the Emperor and Empress was drunk with an enthusiasm and loyalty that seemed to promise unassailable security to their dynasty. But while the nation was stirred to its core by the birth of this Prince, while his parents hearts were brimful of hope for his future, while the Church sent up prayers on his behalf, the story of his fate had been written on the wall; or in other words, Lieutenant Morrison, sitting in his study in London, before a map of the heavens for the moment when this Child of France was born, deducted from its examination the judgment which he printed

in his *Almanack* for 1857, that said: "It may safely be predicted that he will never become a mighty conqueror, nor be deemed a hero. Wealth and honours he will revel in; but yet I doubt that he will ever live to sit on the throne of France."

During the Queen's recent visit to Paris, she had, in the midst of the ostentatious splendour surrounding her, been impressed with the insecurity of her host's position. This intuitive perception was shared by others, who, looking beneath the surface of its stately pageants, its sumptuous and extravagant Court entertainments, the showy marshalling of its troops, were more than doubtful that the Second Empire had taken root in the soil of France. Some of the causes for such doubt lay on the surface. The blood of those slain in the *coup-d'état* bred bitter enmity to the power that had been seized upon, bred intolerance to its continuation. And although an indiscreet reference made by Russia to a former humiliating defeat of France, had in a moment of resentment raised funds for the Crimean War, yet its prolongation, its immense cost, the fearful loss of life it entailed without bringing any adequate return, led to murmurings and dissatisfaction. Then the alliance with England, effected with such display and vaunted as a triumph, was generally regarded as a bid by the Imperial Court for the recognition and friendship of a

neighbouring Sovereign, and was unpopular with a people in whose hearts lay a racial hatred for England, in whose memory was the disaster of their army at Waterloo, and the humiliation of their hero at St. Helena.

Aware of the danger of allowing the populace to brood over galling recollections of the past, or to weigh the fitness of their present ruler for his task, the Emperor had given them not only these gorgeous spectacles that appealed to their love of theatrical display, but he had enormously increased the commercial and social prospects of the capital by the Universal Exhibition. Moreover, by pulling down and rebuilding whole districts on a spacious and elegant scale, by completing the Louvre and the Palais de Justice, by erecting the Napoleon and the Point d'Alma barracks, by restoring the Sainte-Chapelle, by laying out the grounds of the Bois de Boulogne, and by the creation of the suburb known as the Quartier Marbœuf, he was at this time making Paris one of the most beautiful cities in Europe.

But this reconscruction of the capital was not without its serious consequences; and it may be said that the work which gained the Emperor his reputation as the architectural reformer went far to undermine his power. These building projects, carried out under the direction of Haussmann, were conceived and planned at the Court. It therefore

happened that the old buildings singled out for destruction, or sites selected for building, were—long before any knowledge of them could reach the public, and in spite of the privacy it was desirable to maintain regarding them—secretly known to the high officials and special favourites of the Imperial *entourage*; who bought up such sites that they might be sold at an extravagant price to the municipality; or who, when unable to raise money for such purchases, sold their privately gained information to the tenants of shops, warehouses, or mansions, who hastened to renew the leases for whose expiration the municipality was waiting.

Though the Emperor, who never valued money, or Haussmann, who could have become a multi-millionaire but who preferred to die comparatively poor, never benefited by such transactions at the cost of the municipal funds, otherwise the public money, the Empress certainly did, by buying, nominally for her mother, a property over which building operations were soon after begun, a fact that it was impossible to conceal. Her example was followed as far as opportunity permitted, by almost every member of her Court. Such transactions bred in the capital, or attracted to it from other cities a swarm of rapacious adventurers, who by bribery, by favour, or by the general corruption made immense and rapid fortunes at the public expense; among them being not only

the courtiers but those highly placed in the army, responsible members of the municipality, and Government officials, chief among them the Comte de Morny, Minister of the Interior, the illegitimate son of the Emperor's mother, who as his Majesty knew, received an annuity from the Viceroy of Egypt to protect his interests in France.

As birds of prey scent carrion afar, so did the lavish display of newly made fortunes and the extravagant luxury of the Court, attract to Paris from every country in Europe a horde of courtesans, until such an unashamed assembly of their tribe, such a flaunting of their gains as had never been witnessed in any capital of Europe, became part of the daily life of Paris. The red haired, freckled faced, wide mouthed Englishwoman calling herself Cora Pearl, hopelessly vulgar, coarse, and insatiably greedy, drove horses and carriages in the Bois de Boulogne neck and neck with those of the Empress, whom they rivalled; beckoned in the public drives and in open day the lovers who feared to disobey her, from beside their wives or female friends, whom she described as "French cats," to whom she was not going to knuckle under; who was known to drive the representative of a great Power, among others, in her waggonette to the races; and who in cockney English, and with proud disdain, spoke of her male companions in general as *canaille*, her bitterest scorn being reserved for "them Kings

and Princes that I've trampled on, and that have then run for consolation to the Tweeleries—the Tweeleries, that's only my lumber-room."

Miss Howard, otherwise the Comtesse de Beauregard, who, according to the Emperor's private papers already referred to, received from him between March, 1853, and January, 1855, no less than two hundred and seventeen thousand pounds, and who yet demanded more, stared the Empress out of countenance from her opera-box exactly opposite that of her Majesty. The frail beauty of Marguerite Bellanger, another object of the Emperor's admiration, whose letters he kept to the last, was enhanced by toilettes that were the admiration of unrewarded virtue. Pauline Lachman, a German Jewess, once the wife of a French tailor, whose fascination, avarice, and audacity eventually made her Vicomtesse de Pavia, and later still Gräfin von Donnersmarck, held receptions which were attended by the more select and distinguished men of the Imperial circle. The number was legion of these harpies, who by their shameless display of wealth showed their contempt for conventionality or morality. A certain support was afforded them in the example set by those in high places; for the Tuileries, which Cora Pearl described as affording consolation to those she disdained and dismissed, had no reputation for virtue; and though the Empress was above reproach as a wife, those around her in general, and the Princess

Mathilde in particular, showed a laxity of conduct and conversation, and an incredible disregard for the *convenances*, which apparently her Majesty was unable to check, but which she certainly tolerated.

There were other sins than those against morality which were perhaps more harmful to the people at large; for the tribunals were known to be influenced by the Court, and judgments given according to the political tendencies of the litigants. The treatment of the Press was arbitrary; and the Church found cause for complaint with the Emperor, for disputing the right of the Bishop of Moulins to create canons of his cathedral, and for his Majesty's intention to make a youth of three and twenty, who was a son of the Prince of Canino, a Grand Almoner, who would be independent of all ecclesiastical authority save that of the Pope, and have jurisdiction over the Royal Palaces, the army and the navy. On the other hand, a large section of the populace resented the Church's sanction of the man who had mounted to power by the bloodshed of the *coup-d'état*. Another cause of dissatisfaction was the boundless extravagance of the Court, especially at a time when the nation was heavily taxed by war expenses. For this the Empress was largely held to blame; for it was known that being without the intellect that would have given her other occupations, she spent a large share of her life in inventing amusements, and in designing and trying on toilettes.

And not only did she seldom wear the same gown twice, but she expected those who attended the Court to do likewise, and with that wonderful memory for trifles shown by uncultivated minds, would, as a hint to those who failed to imitate her example, assure them she had already admired their dresses if worn a second or a third time.

Never popular with the Parisians, time increased rather than diminished this feeling on their part. Having all the vaulting ambition that frequently supplies the place of ability, she desired to be paramount in the counsels of the Empire; and not seldom showed her influence by the arbitrary dismissal from responsible posts ably filled by those who differed from or displeased her; for she was quick to resent, and never forgave. The ease-loving temperament of her husband, who though clever in many ways, lacked will, enabled her to carry out her own, which was strong and persistent. To her unpopularity was added ridicule when, resenting his *habitudes de plaisir*, that survived the Emperor's bachelor days, she fled enraged from the capital to pay private visits to Scotland and Spain, or vigorously laid an avenging riding whip across the shoulders of a rival suddenly surprised in a sequestered nook of the woods at Compiègne; the Parisians seeing the humour rather than the pathos of such matrimonial differences of opinion.

Her desire to dominate, her excessive vanity, a

natural coldness of temperament that resulted in want of sympathy, and a quick temper made her many enemies, chief among whom were the Emperor's uncle, old Prince Jerome, and his son Prince Napoleon, both of whom were notoriously disreputable and remarkably clever. By every means in her power she showed her unflinching hate of them, and gathered round her a circle who shared her feelings; while they who had opposed her marriage, and who now that she had given an heir to the throne hated her with all their might, spread calumnies regarding her early life. By none were these more strongly resented than by the Emperor, who had personal cause to distrust and dislike his relatives, but for whose ability he was no match, and whose disloyalty and insolence he was compelled to endure.

A quarrel with them, or indeed with any one else, was distasteful to a man naturally kind hearted, fond of those around him, never forgetful of old friends, and extremely liberal to his undeserving relatives, who were a heavy burden on him. This latter he bore, like all things, with a cheerful philosophy, and once only referred to it when temptation was too strong for human nature to resist; for on Prince Jerome reproaching him with having nothing of his famous uncle about him, he quietly answered, "Oh yes, I have his relatives." In private life nothing could be more simple than his habits. Rising at

seven in the morning, he took a cold bath, a cup of coffee and a roll, and then sat down to work in his dressing gown until nine, when he dressed, received his Ministers, and went into the affairs of the hour with them until eleven. Then came his breakfast with the Empress, which lasted until twelve, when he gave audiences or dictated letters until two, when no matter how bad the weather, he rode or drove until four, from which he worked again till dinner-time, possibly returning to his desk once more and remaining there late into the night. "I found him two or three mornings ago with a headache. His candles were on his table burned down to the sockets, and he admitted that he had been writing until three in the morning. The average time which he devotes to business cannot be less than ten hours a day, of which seven or eight are passed with the pen in his hand," said Dr. Evans, who saw more of him than any one else, and who gave these details to Mr. Nassau William Senior, a Master in Chancery, a Professor of Political Economy, a Membre Correspondant de l'Institut de France, and an author of repute who spent much of his leisure in Paris, where his position and social talents gave him opportunities of meeting the chief statesmen, philosophers, courtiers, and soldiers of the time, whose opinions and sayings he recorded and subsequently published under the title of *Conversations with M. Thiers, M. Guizot,*

and Other Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire; a work to which the present sketch is much indebted for many particulars regarding the Imperial Court.

An interesting talk regarding the intimate life of their Majesties, was held by Mr. Senior in May, 1857, with Prosper Mérimée, an intimate friend, it will be remembered, of the Comtesse de Montijo. Now become a senator, he enjoyed the confidence of his former pupil the Empress, and was constantly her guest. Giving some account of a breakfast with the Court at Villeneuve l'Étang, he said that afterwards, hosts and guests amused themselves with *des jeux innocents*, romping. The Empress and her ladies sat on a hill with a steep slippery ascent, which the men endeavoured to scale and were repulsed by nosegays and parasols, till at last the Emperor threw himself when half way up on all fours, scrambled to the top, made way for himself and his followers, and established himself *maître de la position.* Mérimée adds: "The display of pretty feet was charming."

Nassau Senior gave a more serious tone to the conversation by inquiring what truth there was in the hushed up stories of the recent attempts on the Emperor's life, when Mérimée replied that the Empress had told him of both. The first took the form of an infernal machine, fitted into a small box which was covered by a handkerchief and placed in

a passage of the opera house through which he had to take his way. The machine was composed of a piece of fulminating silver with a clock-work wheel like an alarum, which would cause it to explode at the time for which it was set. "As fulminating silver produces perhaps forty times the effect of gunpowder, if the explosion had taken place, as seems to have been intended, while he was passing, it would probably have destroyed him, but it was not wound up; probably the heart of the person entrusted with it failed," as Mérimée explained. The second attempt was made at the Théâtre Français, where bags of gunpowder were found in a mine extending some distance under the house. Though a neighbouring shop had to be hired for this purpose, many persons employed and money expended, yet no trace of the conspirators could be discovered. Some time before this conversation, Mérimée had suggested that the Emperor should wear a light coat of mail capable of resisting a dagger; but the Empress said that though she might persuade him to wear it one day, he would have thrown it off the next, and if they were to take precautions they would have nothing else to think of.

Eight months later than this conversation, a desperate attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor. During the early days of the year 1858, the first of which as the Emperor noticed with misgiving fell on a Friday, the police were busy in

seeking out conspirators who were said to have left London for Paris. One of these men, Giuseppi Pierri, an Italian banished from his own country, was known personally to one of the Parisian police; but little direct or reliable information could be discovered as to their hiding places. Yet such information as could be gained was sufficient to prompt the Prefect of Police, Franceschini Pietri, to warn the Emperor of danger and beg of him not to attend the opera as he intended on the evening of January 14th. To this his Majesty would have agreed, had not the Empress made light of the caution as one of those that previously had been given them by the score, and declared her wish to be present at the opera to be performed that night, which by the way was *Le Bal de Gustave*, that introduces the murder of Gustavus III. of Sweden. As Pietri himself dined out that evening, it is evident he did not think their Majesties risked much danger in refusing to take his advice.

At about half-past eight, when as usual the suite had been waiting some time on the Empress, she left her apartments radiantly handsome and magnificently dressed, and drove from the Tuileries with the Emperor, whose aide-de-camp, General Roguet, was also in the carriage. This happened to be one that formerly had belonged to Louis Philippe, and was made of wrought iron. Preceded by an

escort and followed by a suite, they drove rapidly through the frosty night until they reached the Rue Lepelletier, where then stood the opera-house, already filled with a brilliant audience and blazing with lights, at its entrance a crowd of officials waiting to receive their Majesties, in front a throng eager for a glimpse of beauty and splendour.

Among these were the alert, watchful police, one of whom suddenly raising his eyes to those of a dark skinned suspicious looking individual, recognised in a flash the conspirator he had sought, Giuseppi Pierri, and immediately pounced upon him. As he did so the tramp of the Imperial guard, the roll of wheels, the cheers of the people were heard only to be instantly drowned by the sudden and alarming sounds of exploding bombs flung at the Imperial carriage, by the screams of terrified women, by a crash of glass, the stamping of frightened horses, and the moans of those in their death agony; while at the same time the extinction of the gas lamps flung down by the explosion left the scene in total darkness. When after the first shock lanterns and lights were brought, a sight of incredible horror presented itself. Surrounded by a confused and terrified crowd stood the Emperor and Empress, pale and calm, with scared eyes, the Empress's white satin gown saturated by blood, which was found to have come from a wound General Roguet had received in the neck; his

Majesty's forehead scratched by a projectile from the bombs, one of which had also pierced his hat. The carriage from which they had sprung was a wreck, one of its horses being already killed, while another was dying from its wounds. Two members of the escort lay near, lifeless and with shattered limbs. Of the number wounded—one hundred and fifty-six—twelve succumbed to their injuries.

Probably in the hope of quieting a panic, their Majesties with wonderful restraint entered the opera-house; and coming to the front of the Imperial box bowed as they looked on that sea of faces full of fright and emotion turned towards their own; and without showing the slightest sign of excitement listened to the half-choked sobs, and wild plaudits offered as hearty congratulations on their marvellous escape, word of which had spread through that scared audience. It was still quivering with excitement when the curtain rose and the opera began, and was continued as if the Imperial couple had not just looked Death in the face, and yet dreaded that he hovered near them unseen. Impassive as marble, they sat with ears strained, not to the music, but for the returning steps of the messenger they had sent to the Tuileries to learn if any attempt had been made on the life of their infant son.

At the end of the first act the Emperor's relatives, Prince Jerome and his son, with the Princess Mathilde

and Prince Murat, hastened to congratulate the Empress and himself on their escape, and were received by both with the unshaken tranquillity they had shown from the first, and which they exhibited until the last bars of the opera were sung just as midnight struck. They quitted the opera-house amid the ringing cheers of thousands, and drove to the Tuileries through streets brilliant with illuminations. Awaiting them they found the English Ambassador, the President of the Senate, together with a crowd of courtiers and officials, all eager to express their joy and gratitude for their Majesties extraordinary escape. When presently Pietri arrived, looking scared and confused, the Emperor regarded him sternly, saying, " Retournez à vos plaisirs. Votre police m'obsède et ne me protège pas." This was the only reproach he ever made to the Chief of the Police, whose duty it was to have discovered the miscreants, to watch, and to prevent them from making the dastardly attempt on one life that had ended in taking a dozen.

Pietri had come to tell the Emperor that three men had been arrested. Two of these, Antonio Gomez and Carlo Rudio, had been identified as those who had thrown the bombs, and had been quickly captured, one in a café, the other at his lodgings, when both were found to carry revolvers and daggers while two hundred and sixty pounds in English sovereigns were discovered among the possessions of the latter. The

third and most important arrest, that of Felice Orsini, was made in the dramatic manner that marked several incidents in this outrage. As this man, standing in the foremost rank of those awaiting the Imperial carriage, flung his explosive beneath it, one of its projectiles struck him violently in the left eye, almost blinding him. This accident had been seen by his servant, Zeguero, who in the confusion and darkness immediately following lost sight of Orsini, who quietly slipped away. But this faithful follower overcome by the general excitement, forgetful of caution, and fearing for the precious life of his master, went through the crowd inquiring for him. When arrested by a suspicious policeman, he fainted; on recovering, his address was wrung from him. Going to the number he gave in the Rue Monthabor, the police found Orsini apparently enjoying the sleep of innocence, but with a blood-stained bandage round his forehead. At first he strove to pass himself off as an Englishman, his long residence in that country, where he had lectured to appreciative audiences, giving him facilities for speaking the language of his adopted land. His accent was however thought suspicious, and he was arrested, when he quietly said, "Je suis perdu."

When the last of the senators, officials and courtiers had left the Emperor that night, he stole softly through the silent corridors of the palace till he came to the dimly lighted nursery of his little son, and

noiselessly opened the door that he might not waken the nurse, whom he believed to be asleep, but who stealthily watched him. Then going over to the cot with its gorgeous trappings and Imperial emblems, he knelt down beside the unconscious mite, whom he loved above all things, and burst into bitter tears. Later he went back to his study, where by his orders the papers relating to the attempt on his life by Pianori were placed on his desk, and over which he pored through the long hours of this grey January morning. He had suspected from the first that the attempt just made to kill him had not been the work of his own subjects, and the names given him, especially that of Orsini, not only cleared away all doubts on the point, but assured him he was marked as a victim by the secret society to which he had belonged, and whose objects he had sworn to carry out, but had neglected. The vengeance that would be satisfied only with his death, would be taken by those who had no regard for their own lives when their surrender was required in obedience to the unrelenting rules of their order.

It was true that length of days might be given him if he even now used his power to free Italy by withdrawing his own troops, and forcing those of Austria from that country, where they protected the Papal States—an action that would ensure him the opposition and condemnation of the clergy at home, without

whose support it would scarcely be possible to govern "the eldest daughter of the Church." Uncertainty paralysed his fears, and rose from out the darkness to face him, solitary and incapable of receiving human aid as he was, and as all men are in the great moments of their lives; and though filling the highest position the world can give, it is doubtful if in that hour the meanest of his subjects would have changed places with him.

Next morning as early as seven o'clock he drove to the scene of the outrage and saw for himself the torn-up streets, smashed windows, blackened walls, the blood stains and general wreckage, the results of an act that had failed in its aim. As he examined this havoc, not a muscle of his face showed what he felt. This unnatural passivity lasted three days, during which he drove the Empress about Paris with only one attendant. She had also assumed something of his gravity, for within a few days after her escape Prosper Mérimée "found her calm and resigned, but convinced that she and the Emperor will perish by violence." But at the end of three days the Emperor's calmness, which some had thought stupefaction, completely forsook him, and a reaction set in, during which he, usually so silent, talked incessantly, asked the advice of others which generally had no value for him, and began to take precautions against danger for the first time during his reign. This

sudden change was probably due to the reaction of overstrained nerves, and to the attitude of those immediately surrounding him, whose fortunes were bound up with his life and sovereignty, who excited and alarmed him, and forced him to issue the *loi des suspects*, which led to the arrest, and in many cases to the expulsion from the country of all suspected of revolutionary principles, many of whom though innocent suffered severe loss and hardship.

On January 18th, four days after the attack upon his life, the Emperor opened the session of the Chambers. Having dwelt on the affairs of State, he concluded his speech by referring to the recent outrage. He thanked Heaven for its protection of the Empress and himself, but deplored the injury and death of so many victims, while only one life had been aimed at. Such plots as these brought their lessons with them, he said. "Firstly, they prove the weakness and impotence of the parties who have recourse to assassination and such desperate means; secondly, that no assassination, even if successful, ever served the cause of those who hired the assassin. God sometimes allows the just to fall, but He never permits the cause of crime to triumph. The attempts, therefore, neither shake my security in the present, nor my faith in the future. If I live, the Empire will live with me; and if I should fall, my very death would only tend to strengthen the Empire, for the

indignation of the people and of the army would be an additional support to the throne of my son. Let us then look confidently towards the future; let us attend calmly to our daily work for the welfare and greatness of our country. God protects France." A fact that betrayed fear of that future and provided against dread contingencies, was the appointment on the 1st of the following month of the Empress as Regent, with the French Princes in order of hereditary succession to the crown as her successors.

Addresses and congratulations had meantime poured in upon the Emperor from all classes and from every part of France, some of which contained expressions that seriously threatened to sever the alliance between France and England. As it was known that the bombs had been manufactured in Birmingham, and that Orsini and his accomplices had set out from London with the intention of murdering the Emperor, indignation was naturally felt by his subjects against a country that protected these scoundrels and gave them facilities for carrying out their deadly work. The address of the Senate was restrained, but the fiery spirit of the army was unwilling to conceal its wrath against England, which found expression in such phrases as the following :—

"The army is afflicted that powerful friends whose brave soldiers have so lately fought by our side cover with their protection, under the name of hospitality,

conspirators and assassins who exceed those who have gone before them in all that is odious."

"This odious and cowardly attempt has filled our hearts with indignation and wrath against those who become the accomplices of these sanguinary anarchists by giving them an asylum."

Most violent of all was that which came from the officers of the 82nd Regiment, and said: "Those wild beasts who at periodical epochs quit a foreign soil to inundate the streets of your capital with blood, inspire us with no other feeling than that of disgust; and if your Majesty wants soldiers to get at these men, even in the recesses of their den, we humbly beseech you to choose the 82nd Regiment as part of the advance guard of that army."

These sentences mildly expressed the national feeling of France towards England at this moment of exasperation. The French Ambassador at the Court of St. James, M. de Persigny, who was much alarmed at the state of public feeling in his own country regarding the refugees, told Lord Malmesbury on February 1st, that if England did not make some concession war with France must follow. "The Emperor will do all he can to keep peace, but fears he will be unable to do so should we remain obstinate," says Lord Malmesbury. "This will oblige us to make some alteration in our laws regarding refugees, for at this moment, when our resources are taxed

to the utmost to reconquer India, we are not in a position to have war with any one." Accordingly on February 4th, 1858, Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons gave notice of his intention to bring in a Bill to amend the laws of conspiracy to murder. Before this could be done, the opponents of the Government, and those whose dislike to Napoleon exceeded their desire for the peace of their country, took care to stir up the public mind by bringing before it the expressions given above as contained in the addresses of the army which had appeared for four consecutive days in the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French Government. Much was made of the intentions of the English Government to compromise the dignity of the country by making concessions to the demands of France, veiling this vile scheme under the disguise of a measure for reforming the law.

On introducing his Bill to make conspiracy to murder within the United Kingdom a felony punishable with penal servitude for five years, or imprisonment with labour for three years, Lord Palmerston assured his hearers that the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Walewski, had directed the French Ambassador to state that if out of the several hundred addresses presented to the Emperor, two or three had contained passages that gave offence to England, their appearance in print had been the

result of inadvertence, and he was ordered by the Emperor to say that he regretted such publication. This endeavour to throw oil on the troubled waters of political prejudices failed in its effects. In the debate that followed, Charles Kinglake, who detested Napoleon, declared he was sufficiently old-fashioned to decline to alter the laws of England at the suggestion of a foreign potentate. Mr. Horseman was of opinion that "persons who wade through blood to a throne have no right to ask their neighbours to watch over their safety"; while Mr. Roebuck, speaking in the same spirit, said, "For the sake of mankind, we should do nothing to circumscribe the liberties of Europe." The result was that the Bill was lost by nineteen votes, and the Government defeated, when Lord Palmerston resigned his office as Prime Minister.

Nor did this end in this country the hostile feeling towards France which the injudicious phrases of the army addresses had roused. On February 15th, 1858, Simon Bernard, a surgeon born in France, from which he had been expelled five years previously, was arrested in his Bayswater lodgings on the charge of having conspired with others to assassinate the Emperor of the French. His trial, which began on April 12th at the Central Criminal Court, lasted six days, and created a great sensation, it having been set abroad that it was an action instigated by the Government to soothe the French nation.

On entering the dock, Simon Bernard seemed the true type of a conspirator, for in person he was thin, sallow-complexioned, with restless dark eyes, a receding forehead, long black hair, and a sinister expression. On being asked if he pleaded guilty, he declared that the Court had no jurisdiction to try him, and with a brazen look in their direction, added that he trusted himself with confidence to a jury of Englishmen. Nor was this confidence misplaced. Although it was shown that Bernard was the confidential friend of Orsini, that he had bought from London druggists the nitric acid, mercury, and alcohol with which to charge the shells, that he had helped to have them conveyed to Brussels on their route to Paris, that he had forwarded there the revolvers found on Pierri and Rudio, that he had hired the latter to assist in the intended assassination, and in other ways acted as an assistant of and agent to Orsini, yet his counsel did not despair of obtaining his acquittal.

As it was impossible to prove his innocence, they relied on an appeal to the hostile feeling against the nation that had dared to declare, as the jury was assured, that England was a den of assassins, and against the animosity entertained by many towards the Palmerston Ministry, which had instigated the prosecution. Accordingly Mr. Edwin James, in defending Bernard, summoned up all the theatrical rhetoric and glowing bombast that would appeal to the racial hatred

and party prejudices of twelve honest British jurymen. The prosecution, he informed them, was not intended to vindicate justice, but to gratify a political object; it was not brought "on account of any injury of which her Majesty had to complain, or of which any British subject had to complain, but it was a prosecution directed by foreign dictation, to bring about a state of political subserviency to foreign Governments which the Government of this country had not the courage to submit to the English House of Commons and to the English people."

The recent struggle in Parliament over the Conspiracy Bill was set out in glowing language, that cunningly exposed the wicked ways of those who, "not content with the blood of Orsini and Pierri, asked them to stain an English scaffold with the blood of the prisoner at the bar." Italy, once the birthplace of liberty, whose freedom it was attempted to restore by an organisation against a tyrant; France, which had been betrayed by one who had turned drunken soldiers "loose upon an unresisting mob, when men, women, and children were indiscriminately slaughtered," were referred to and contrasted with the glorious liberties of England, which would not now be sacrificed by the jury. The flames of the Inquisition and the Edict of Nantes were flaunted before them; and though it was not denied that Bernard had assisted Orsini to bring about an *émeute*, they were

implored to discharge their duty uninfluenced by the threats of French invasion, and to tell the Emperor that he could not intimidate an English jury, resting in the safety of the jury box which was the sanctuary of English liberty.

They were also advised to "tell him that though six hundred thousand French bayonets glittered before you, though the roar of French cannon thundered in your ear, you will return a verdict which your own hearts and consciences will sanctify and approve; careless whether that verdict pleases or displeases a foreign despot, or secures or shakes and destroys for ever the throne which a tyrant has built upon the ruins of the liberties of a once free and mighty people." With their blood stirred by such burning and original eloquence, the sanity of the Lord Chief Justice's remarks must have seemed poor and commonplace to the jury. "If you believe that Bernard, as there is strong evidence to show," said his lordship, "had assisted in having the grenades transported to Brussels; if you believe that he bought in this country the materials for making the fulminating powder with which those grenades were charged; if you believe that, living in this country and owing a temporary allegiance to the Sovereign of this country, he sent over the revolvers with the view that they should be used in the plot against the Emperor of the French; and if you believe that he incited Rudio to assist

the three others assembled in Paris, knowing what their design was, and that he gave him money for that purpose, then it will be a fair inference to draw that he had a guilty knowledge of that plot."

After deliberating for over an hour the jury found that Bernard was not guilty, a verdict that was received by the crowd in court with vehement cheers, to the sound of which the prisoner waved his handkerchief above his head, which according to all laws of justice, he had forfeited for being accessory to the deaths of twelve persons.

CHAPTER IV

Felice Orsini the Descendant of a Noble Family—Condemned for Life to the Galleys and Pardoned by Pius IX.—Imprisonment and Escape from the Fortress of Mantua—The Emperor Wishes to Pardon and the Empress Admires the Man who Endeavoured to Kill them—Orsini Writes a Letter to his Majesty who Sanctions its Publication—The Last Day of Orsini's Life—A Fresh Plot against the Emperor—He Loses his Nerve—The Secret Police at Lady Cowley's Ball—Conditions Given the Emperor by the Carbonari—War or the Dagger—Count Cavour and the Emperor—The Alliance between Plon Plon and the Princess Clotilde—Why the Marriage Took place—Unpopularity of the Italian Campaign—Reasons why it was Undertaken—The Emperor and Empress are Fatalists—War with Austria—The Princess Clotilde and the Empress—The Princess and her Ladies-in-Waiting—She Declines to Attend Court Festivities—The Princess Mathilde and her Majesty—Prince Napoleon Publicly Slights the Empress—The Princess Metternich's Insolence and Love of Notoriety—Her Ill-bred Behaviour—Tolerance of the Empress—At Compiègne—How the Court Amused itself—Prosper Mérimée's Practical Joke—State Banquets and Balls at the Tuileries—Fancy-Dress Balls—The Costume of the Comntesse de Castiglione.

BEFORE Simon Bernard had been tried, Felice Orsini was condemned to death. The widest interest was centred in this man whose life was a chapter of adventures, and whose final act was one of the most daring the modern world had seen. Descending from a noble family that had given to Italy statesmen, scholars, and Churchmen, among

whom were Pope Nicholas III. and Benedict XIII. he was the son of one of the great Napoleon's officers, who later becoming a member of the Carbonari, had fought side by side in the Italian Revolution of 1831 with Napoleon III. when known as Prince Charles Louis. Born in 1819, Felice Orsini had before reaching manhood joined Mazzini's society of Young Italy, in which his activity soon earned him condemnation for life to the galleys. From this horrible fate he was released by the amnesty of Pius IX. on swearing to forsake all secret societies for the future.

Coming to England he joined Mazzini, and in 1854 reappeared in Italy, where his labours to incite an insurrection led to his imprisonment in the fortress of Mantua. From this he made his escape in 1856 aided by the devotion of a woman; but not before he had filed away five iron bars, hung suspended above a precipice, and dropped some forty metres to the ground, where he was found insensible by shepherds, who hid him through bitter days and nights in the reeds of frozen marches. After other hair-breadth adventures he reached England, where he lectured and carried on his propaganda, and where he remained until he left for Paris with intent to kill the Emperor. While in prison he was visited by Pietri, the Chief of Police, who told Kossuth, as the latter relates in his *Memoirs of my Exile*,

that Orsini was not a ruffian, "but a fanatic who carried patriotism to the verge of passion for martyrdom." Pietri's sympathetic treatment softened Orsini. Apart from the punishment of Napoleon for breaking faith with the Carbonari, of which nothing was permitted to be said publicly, Orsini, echoing Mazzini's opinion, stated that the Emperor stood in the way of Italy's freedom; for his death would be followed by another Republic in France, which would help Italy to gain independence. In reply Pietri said "that if his murderous attempt had succeeded, he would have killed the one man amongst all the crowned heads of the world from whom the Italians could expect support and help"; an explanation that had a considerable effect on Orsini, who rumour said was secretly visited by the Emperor soon after.

It is probable that he wished to see Orsini, and learn from him the terms on which he might escape assassination, and which he might be willing to accept. Although the Imperialists execrated Orsini, and would have broken him on the wheel instead of sending him to the guillotine, the Emperor regarded him with compassion, and were it in his power would have pardoned him. Whether this was due to a desire to conciliate the Carbonari, or to his natural kindness of heart, or from the friendship he had borne the elder Orsini, it is difficult to say, and the probability

is that it was a combination of all three motives. His desire to pardon his intended murderer was shared by the Empress, not from fear, as Mérimée told Nassau Senior, "for she sees too clearly that neither his pardon nor his execution will influence the Italian conspirators. She knows that they wish to destroy the Emperor, because they think his life an obstacle. But she admires Orsini. She sympathises with his devotion, and as one of the persons whose life was aimed at, she thinks that she has a right to forgive."

Short of pardon, every clemency was shown to Orsini, who was permitted to communicate with his relatives, to receive visits from his sister, to make his will and dispose of his property, and to have for his counsel one of the most brilliant advocates in France, Jules Favre, himself a Republican with whom the Emperor had always kept in friendly touch. According to Nassau Senior, it was Jules Favre who persuaded Orsini to write his famous letter to the Emperor, to whom it was taken immediately after it was penned, and who having altered one or two passages, gave it back to Favre with permission to read it at the trial. This letter, which was a stirring appeal to Napoleon to free Italy, ended with the sentences, "Let your Majesty remember that the Italians, of whom my father was one, shed with joy their blood for the great Napoleon, and that they

remained faithful to him to the last. Bear in mind that the tranquillity of Europe, and of your Majesty, will be a chimera, so long as Italy is not independent. Set my country free and the blessing of fifty five millions of men will follow you through successive generations." The Emperor's sanction of the publication of this letter can only be construed as a motive to rouse in his subjects a desire for war with Austria which could bring them no advantage, but which he contemplated as the price of his life.

Orsini's trial at the Cour d'Assises was conducted with every indication of fairness and moderation. His adventurous career, his strikingly handsome presence, his personal sacrifice to his country, drew the most distinguished men, and the most fashionable women of France to see and hear him.

As he stood self-confessed of his offence, his counsel merely dwelt on the prisoner's ardent patriotism, his eagerness for the freedom of Italy, for which the Emperor, a fellow-conspirator with this man's father, had fought. The cause of Italy was then pleaded, and a dramatic moment was reached when Favre producing Orsini's letter to the Emperor, told the frowning President of the Court that he proposed to read it, "having the permission of him to whom it was addressed." The result was that Orsini and Pierri were condemned under Article 13 of the Penal Code to be led to the scaffold

with a black veil concealing their faces, a white shirt covering their clothes, and their feet naked, and being there exposed to the view of the people while an officer read the sentence of the Court, condemning them to be guillotined; which sentence was then to be carried out. The other two individuals concerned in the attempted assassination, Gomez and Rudio, were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Not feeling strong enough in the face of his Ministers and of the Church, which was well aware of Orsini's intentions regarding the temporal power of the Pope, to pardon one who had been instrumental in killing twelve persons, the Emperor authorised the Chief of Police to canvass personally each member of the Council of State, which included the archbishops, and endeavour to win their sanction to Orsini's pardon. In this Pietri failed, the general opinion being that the instigator of this terrible crime must suffer death. As no date had been fixed for the execution, many feared lest it should be deferred until March 16th, the birthday of the Prince Imperial, when the Emperor might take advantage of the date to exercise his clemency by overruling his Ministers and forgiving his intended assassin.

Eventually the 13th was fixed as the last day of Orsini's life. Two days previously he wrote from the prison of La Roquette, a letter in which he called on the youth of Italy "to prepare itself for

fighting out the liberty of their country, by practising the virtues of citizens, which alone could free Italy, and make it independent and worthy of its past greatness."

The morning of the last day he was to see was drear and cold. A light shower of snow had fallen the previous night, shrouding the shivering earth, while slow-moving mists floated across a sad grey sky. The streets, white, silent, and dimly lit by endless chains of yellow gas flames, were deserted save in the vicinity of the prison of La Roquette, where before five o'clock a dark mass of humanity, vague, without form or outline, ghoul-like in their morbidness, had gathered. While waiting in this atmosphere that held something of the coldness and greyness of death, their eyes were inevitably drawn to the seaffold erected in front of the high walled prison, in the space known as the Place de la Roquette ; where emerging from the misty gloom, grim and gaunt in its indistinctness, its dark red colour, its triangular-shaped knife, and its yawning basket beneath suggestive of tragedy, it was faintly perceptible.

As the crowd waited, stamping their feet and drawing closer for warmth, a clock struck five, and immediately after sharp and brisk came the sounds of bugle and drum in the distance, followed by the heavy tramp of advancing cavalry, who presently were seen riding into the square from every side

street, the men rigidly upright, wrapped in their blue or white cloaks, their helmets glittering faintly as they passed the lamp-lights, their number not less than five thousand in all. Drawing together in the centre, the word of command was given, when wheeling round and separating, they quietly but firmly swept the crowd back and back until the space in front of the scaffold was clear of all but themselves.

Meantime as the crowd waited—some eating the breakfasts they had brought with them, others smoking, serious and sad or mirthful with ghastly jokes according to their temperaments, none expressing sorrow for the men about to die, and all satisfied that the final punishment should take place—the principal figures in the tragedy were roused from sound sleep to hear that their last hour had come. With composure and reverence they heard Mass and received the Holy Communion, after which they were taken to the *salon de la toilette* to change their dress, have their hair cut short, their faces veiled by hoods, and their feet bared. The cold touch of the scissors on Pierri's neck sent a shiver through his frame and roused him to excitement, when he talked and gesticulated feverishly, notwithstanding that Orsini begged him to "Be calm, my friend, be calm." To overcome the fear that shook him, the Abbé Hugon, who kept close beside him, spoke of the pardon that awaits repentance, to which the shivering man replied, "Oh,

I am not afraid ; we are going to Calvary," and with feverish excitement he repeated over and over again, "To Calvary ; to Calvary." Then slowly and sadly the prison clock struck the hour long dreaded ; and scarce had the seventh stroke ended when the procession to the scaffold was begun ; Pierri leaning heavily on the Abbé as they ascended the steps ; the thin penetrating voice of the priest begging of him to collect his thoughts, to calm himself, and to commend his soul to his Maker ; in answer to which his shaking voice broke out into the patriotic hymn, "Mourir pour la Patrie."

Orsini, whose self-control never deserted him, and who had spoken only to thank the prison officials for their kindness and to bid them farewell, followed, attended by the chaplain of the Conciergerie. The condemned men, sombre and hooded figures, stood side by side while an usher trembling from cold and emotion, read the death sentence. After this they embraced their respective chaplains and kissed the crucifixes held to their lips. The hood was then removed from Pierri, who excitedly cried out, "Vive l'Italie. Vive la République." In another moment he was silenced for ever. When the hood was lifted from Orsini's face it showed no emotion. Looking towards the dawn where the sun was struggling with the mists, his dark eyes brightened as if in recognition of a symbol ; and in a clear voice he called out,

"Vive l'Italie." His head fell amid profound silence that for several seconds held all present as if by a spell, and was broken only by the ringing sound of a bugle, the tramp of horses, and the dull thud of sabots as the people hurried down the side streets to their daily work.

Within a month of Orsini's execution, suspicion of a fresh plot against the Emperor's life was roused by the discovery that not less than twenty men had secured a house in the new Boulevard de Sabastopol, which his Majesty was to open in state, and under the windows of which he would pass. As they were unwilling or unable to give any account of the motives for which they had secured the house, they were banished to Cayenne. Little wonder that he began to take precautions. Experiments made with bombs showed that though they exploded on wooden floors or against plate glass, they were harmless if thrown on carpets, cushions, or soft substances. All the rooms and passages of the Tuileries were therefore thickly matted or carpeted; and the houses opposite the palace bought, lest they should harbour anarchists who would fling explosives from their windows into the Imperial carriages. On going to a ball at the British Embassy, his Majesty had the route from there to the Tuileries kept clear and guarded by a line of soldiers on either side; but instead of taking this protected way he drove at a gallop down the Rue de Rivoli, and gained

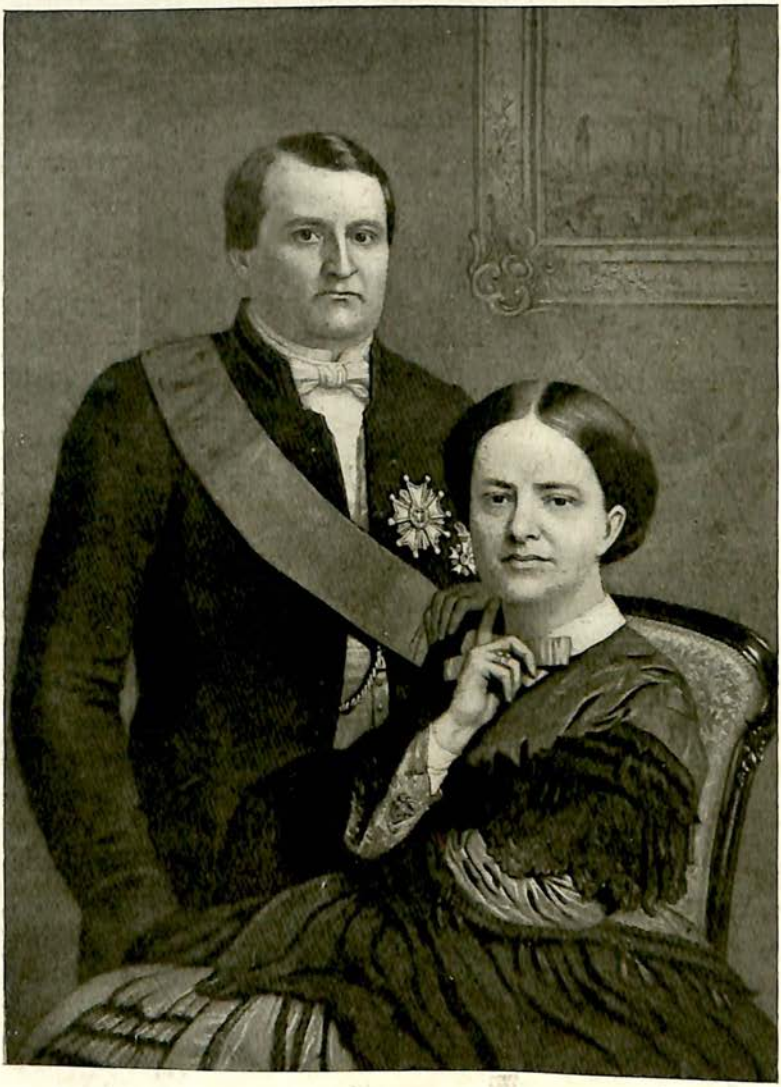
the Embassy by another entrance than that which was guarded. On arriving he told his hostess, Lady Cowley, it had been thought necessary that about twenty police officers should attend her ball. "They are very well dressed, many wear ribbons and crosses, but you will distinguish them by their silence," he said; adding, "They know nobody, and they will speak to no one."

Later on, Lord Cowley told Nassau Senior, who relates the above details, that his attempted assassination had given the Emperor a severe shock, and all that succeeded had aggravated his excitement. "His situation is frightful," said the Ambassador; "every day he receives letters threatening death to the Empress, to the Prince or to himself. He can never leave his apartment and be sure of returning to it. He can never let his wife and child go out and be sure that he will see them again. The strongest mind, and his is a strong one, may well be weakened by such constant shaking."

According to Victor Cousin, the Emperor was given two years by the Carbonari to comply with their demands of driving the Austrian army out of Italy, though whether this concession was communicated to him through Orsini, or through the Italians who at all times had private access to him, is not stated. That he had decided to make war on Austria in order to save himself from the vengeance of the Carbonari is

certain; though difficulties in taking such a step would have to be faced, such as the reluctance of his subjects to further taxation and conscription, and the probable opposition of other nations to the disturbance of the peace of Europe. But as it was a case of "war or the dagger," as the Prince Regent of Prussia wrote to Prince Albert in summing up Napoleon's dilemma, shortly after his attempted assassination, he had taken his resolution. The first step in carrying it out was the conference he held in July, 1858, with Count Cavour at Plombières. A man of immense ability and sturdy patriotism, Count Cavour gave his whole life to the interest of his country, and at this time was Prime Minister of the little kingdom of Savoy, ruled over by Victor Emanuel.

His meeting with Napoleon had been arranged by his Majesty's friend and physician, Conneau, and was so secretly conducted that Count Walewski, then Prime Minister of France, knew nothing about it until it had ended. From what Pietri, Cavour, "and still higher authorities," told Louis Kossuth of the conference, it resulted in an offer of the Emperor to give Savoy armed assistance to rid Italy of the Austrians; but his Majesty reserved to himself the right of fixing the time for beginning the war. Meantime Savoy was to foster politic agitation in Italy, was to prevent all revolutionary outbreaks, and refrain from provoking Austria overmuch. "A united Italy



PRINCE BONAPARTE AND THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

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was not mentioned," continues Kossuth. "It was settled that the temporal power of the Holy See should be preserved, but within very narrow limits. Both parties spoke with the utmost caution as regarded Tuscany and Naples; but it was agreed that for the House of Savoy a kingdom of twelve million inhabitants in the north of Italy should be formed. As compensation for the promised military help, Savoy was to be ceded to France. It was decided that the question with regard to Nice should be settled later, when the war was over."

It was also agreed at this conference that in order to strengthen the alliance between France and Savoy, the Emperor's cousin, Prince Napoleon, generally known as Plon Plon, should marry Victor Emanuel's only daughter by his Queen, the Princess Marie Therese Louise Clotilde. At first Victor Emanuel hesitated to make such a sacrifice as this to his ambitions; for Prince Napoleon, though possessing great mental ability was a man of despotic temper, brusque to offensiveness in manner, notoriously profligate, undignified, and generally repulsive; while the Princess Clotilde, who at this time had just passed her fifteenth birthday, and was more than twenty years his junior, had been reared with the greatest care, was rigid in her principles, devout, a gentle and simple child, knowing little of the world and dreading its defilements.

To thrust her into the arms of such a husband was a crime the enormity of which no one was better aware than Victor Emanuel, himself a man of gross appetites; which had been pandered to and shared by Plon Plon when his Majesty of Savoy had visited Paris. He therefore knew from personal experience what the world at large did by repute concerning the vile character of this Prince. Only a little while previously, when the idea of an alliance between him and the Princess Mary of Cambridge, afterwards Duchess of Teck, had been broached by the Emperor to Lord Palmerston, his Majesty was immediately given to understand that such a proposal would not be listened to, and had better not be mentioned to the Queen. However, though Victor Emanuel was fond of this only daughter of his dead Consort, the girl's moral views were a constant reproach to the acts of his private life; and it is probable that a desire to rid himself of her reprobation was largely mixed with a desire to benefit his kingdom, when he forced her into this repulsive union. It must be admitted that in after years his conscience was not sufficiently tough to prevent him suffering bitterly for this act, for which he used to say he could never hope to be forgiven.

On January 23rd, 1859, General Neil, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, officially demanded her hand at the Court of Savoy, and the marriage took place on the

30th. As a result the Princess gave birth to three children who are yet before the world: Prince Victor, born July 18th, 1862, who is the present head of the Bonaparte party; Prince Louis, born July 16th, 1864, who is an officer in the Russian army; and the Princess Letitia, born December 20th, 1866, who on September 14th, 1888, married her maternal uncle, Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, who for a brief while was King of Spain.

Meantime the Emperor's alliance with Savoy and his threatening attitude to Austria caused general uneasiness. Writing on January 12th, 1859, Lord Malmesbury speaks of a great panic in Paris, and the unpopularity of the projected war. "The Emperor," he says, "is getting alarmed at the feeling in France and the extraordinary fall in the funds; also at the unpopularity of the marriage between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde. Lord Cowley writes that he was much depressed at his ball; but I believe it is his fear of assassination, which haunts him perpetually, and has robbed him of all his former courage and coolness. It is driving him on to war, thinking that by supporting the cause of Italian nationality he will disarm those men who, in his earlier days, were his confederates in Carbonarism, and to whom he is pledged by former promises, and perhaps oaths. Cavour, knowing these facts, works upon them to induce him to take part openly with Sardinia."

The war was unpopular not only with the clergy, with the parents whose sons were pressed into the army, with the majority of taxpayers, but also with the English Government. In April, 1859, our Ambassador, Lord Cowley, plainly told the Emperor in speaking of it that "if he attempted without reason any scheme so iniquitous, he would have both the moral and material elements of England arrayed against him. I gave him all the reasons in my power to show that no Government in England would ever assist in a deliberate and uncalled-for attack upon an unoffending ally. If his Majesty wanted to incite Great Britain as one man against him, he had only to take the course he had hinted at." But for all his power and splendour the Emperor was the slave of a secret society whose orders he was bound to obey as implicitly as any ordinary member who was directed to assassinate; and though Lord Cowley might warn, threaten, and beseech him "for God's sake not to make war," yet he knew well enough his words were idle, and as he told our Minister for Foreign Affairs, that no matter what concessions Austria might make, his Majesty would not be satisfied with them. "It is said," writes Lord Malmesbury, "that the Italians have again threatened his life if he draws back. If so, which I believe is the case, such an existence must be misery; and no wonder he tries to escape

from it. The chances of death on the field of battle would be nothing compared to the hourly expectation of the dagger of an assassin."

Against the belief or knowledge that he was driven to war by the Carbonari, which was the talk of every Court and Government in Europe, there was but one dissenting voice, that of the Empress, who assured her mother's old friend, Prosper Mérimée, that the fear of assassination was not the motive which led the Emperor to disturb the peace of Europe. "He and the Empress are both of them fatalists," Mérimée said to Nassau Senior. "The strange events of their lives have created this feeling in her and strengthened it in him. What after all is fatalism? It is merely the belief, logically carried out and acted on, of a special Providence, which is common among devout people. And if there be such a thing as a special Providence, if the world is not arranged like the planetary system, to go on without interference, the lives of Sovereigns, at least of the Sovereigns whose existence affects the interests of nations, are likely to be its peculiar objects. You know that more than a year ago I tried to persuade the Emperor to wear a light cuirass. I made another attempt not long ago. I was laughed at by him and by her. The day before yesterday at the reception I had a long conversation with her, quite unreserved, as it was

in Spanish. She expressed no alarm at the dangers to which the campaign may expose him. 'I am happier,' she said, 'than I have been for months. Our cause is good, our army is excellent, and he is full of confidence and energy. The suspense of the last three months affected his health and spirits; now he is as happy as I am.'"

The delay during which the Emperor seemed to hesitate about making war, was utilised by Savoy to arm herself. Aware of the purpose for which this was done, Austria demanded its disarmament, and threatened disobedience with invasion. The time then came for the Emperor to act. On May 3rd he issued a proclamation to his subjects, saying that Austria, in causing her army to enter the territory of the King of Sardinia, his ally, declared war against France, violated treaties and justice, and menaced the French frontiers. The object of the war, he explained, was to restore Italy to herself, not to make her change her masters. "We are entering Italy," he continued, "not to foment disorder, nor to shake the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon his throne, but to free him from that foreign pressure which weighs upon the whole peninsula, and to help to establish order there upon the satisfaction of legitimate interests. . . . I am about to place myself at the head of the army. I leave in France the Empress and my son.

Aided by the experience and enlightenment of the last surviving brother of the Emperor, the Empress will understand how to show herself equal to the grandeur of her mission."

By this time the French troops had with some difficulty crossed Mont Cenis, a roadway through whose snow was made for them by four thousand men. On May 12th, 1859, Napoleon entered Genoa, when joining Victor Emanuel, both commanded their armies. Eight days later the battle of Montebello was fought and proved a disastrous defeat for Austria. Ultimate victory for France and Sardinia would, it was thought, threaten the power of Prussia and Germany, and in these countries the success of the allies was regarded with fear. The English Sovereign and the Prince Consort, as Lord Malmesbury tells us, also "felt very strongly the defeat of the Austrians, and are anxious to take their part, but I told her Majesty that was quite impossible; this country would not go to war even in support of Italian independence, and there would not be ten men in the House of Commons who would do so on behalf of Austria. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness are quite aware of this."

The victory of Montebello was followed by that of Palestro, Magenta, Melegnano, and terminated with that of Solferino, when the Austrians were driven out of Piedmont. This was not achieved

without immense loss to the French army, not less than seventeen thousand of its men being slaughtered at Solferino, while a fever scarcely less deadly than the battle raged among the survivors. Germany and Prussia, it was thought, were now anxious to join Austria, so that Napoleon became desirous for an armistice, and a meeting took place between him and the Emperor of Austria at Villafranca on July 11th, when an agreement was arrived at by which Austria was to retain the province of Venetia, while surrendering Lombardy to Napoleon, who handed it over to Sardinia; the duchies of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany to be forced to the allegiance of their rejected Sovereigns; and the Pope to be the head of an Italian Confederation.

This peace was regarded by Cavour and the whole of Italy with indignation, and Napoleon was hated and cursed for not having freed Italy, as he had promised, from the Alps to the Adriatic. As this had not been done, Cavour declared that his Government was not bound to pay the expenses of the war. "It was impossible for me to return to Paris with a loss of fifty thousand of my soldiers, and ask the French to pay thirty million pounds without any equivalent," the Emperor said to Lord Malmesbury. "There would have been one in the glory and political and national influence of my victories if Piedmont paid the cost; but as that was refused,

I was obliged to take the material compensation of annexing Savoy, which might be considered by France to be worth the price of her men and money."

Though Napoleon had grievously disappointed Cavour, his freeing Lombardy from the Austrians gave an impetus that had its effects. Disregarding the treaty of Villafranca, the kingdoms of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany annexed themselves to Sardinia, and acknowledged Victor Emanuel as their King, an example followed by other States. Those that stood apart from this movement were conquered by Garibaldi, when Italy became a united kingdom under Victor Emanuel. It is probable that Napoleon's action satisfied the demands of the Carbonari, for during the remainder of his reign no attempt was made to assassinate him.

In writing to Queen Victoria regarding the marriage of the Princess Clotilde, the Emperor said he had no doubt it would "help to create for the Empress a companionship at once intimate and agreeable." In this he was disappointed, for from the first it was evident that no sympathy or friendship could exist between temperaments so widely different. This diversity extended to outward appearance; for the Princess, who resembled her father, was excessively plain, rather short in figure, and with no taste in dress. Though her habits were simple and her manner to those immeasurably beneath her assumed all the

humility which she believed piety and charity required of her, she never for an instant forgot that she was the daughter of a King; and her bearing to one who so often failed to remember that she was the wife of an Emperor was distant, cold, and not without a touch of hauteur. In refusing to regard her Majesty as an equal, she was probably supported by her husband, who as the son of a Princess of Wurtemberg, regarded with disdain his cousin the Emperor, whose mother was merely the daughter of Josephine by her marriage with her first husband, General de Beauharnais.

Before utter loneliness closed round the unhappy Princess Clotilde, some understanding might have been arrived at between her and the Empress had not an unfortunate reply of the former made that for ever impossible; for shortly after the arrival in Paris of the young bride, when her Majesty sought to instruct her in some point of etiquette, the Princess with penetrating iciness said, "You seem to forget madame, that I was born at a Court." This speech with its bitter inference was never forgiven by one who, though occcasionally unmindful of her position, at the same time, by a not unusual mental attitude, desired its importance to be ever remembered by others; and who considered herself a second Marie Antoinette, for whom she professed profound admiration, and whom she sought to imitate in matters where her conscience permitted.

On arriving at her new home at the Palais Royal, the Princess Clotilde had been accompanied by ladies-in-waiting who were the friends of her childhood, her countrywomen, rigidly devout like herself. It was probably their prudence and piety that rendered them obnoxious to her husband, whose brutal manners, coarse speech, and violent temper, compelled them to fly from a mistress who was less happy than themselves in being unable to escape from him. Their places were filled by those he selected, friends of his own. The qualities which won them his favour may be surmised. Could one so grave, self-contained, and reserved be suspected of humour, it might be thought that the Princess Clotilde exercised it when she compelled these vivacious persons, in their duties as ladies-in-waiting, to spend hours at a time in some silent, gloomy church where she paid her devotions while they cooled their heels on the marble floors; or when she took them to the poorest, most malodorous quarters of the city; to hospital wards where they came face to face with disease and death; to convents where the sight of admiring man was not to be hoped for; to reformatories and charitable institutes, as if they were mere sisters of charity, or penitents weary of sin.

For this pious Princess the frivolities of the Imperial Court had no attraction; and she avoided it as much as possible, appearing there only on state occasions

when the Emperor's family were expected to gather round him. While but a few weeks in Paris she had attended a fancy-dress ball, at the end of which she expressed her resolution—faithfully kept—of never being present at another. What it was she had seen or heard at this festive scene to lead to such a determination, she was too discreet to say; but it is probable her decision was the result of the appearance of the Princess Mathilde, as already described by Lord Malmesbury, together with the ways of that exuberant woman on the same occasion.

Between her and the Princess Clotilde there was even less sympathy than between her and the Empress. Heavy featured, brusque in manner, liking her jokes highly flavoured, delighting in the society of painters and writers, whose emotional nature and love of latitude were the best commendations to the friendship with which many of them were favoured, the Princess Mathilde regarded with pity and contempt this sister-in-law whose views of enjoyment were so restricted. But if she laughed at the Princess Clotilde, she hated the Empress, who filled a place she might have held if fate had been kinder, her father less blind to the future. Sarcastic, vindictive, and capable of framing an epigram that at times had as much wit as broadness, she could sting the woman whose refinement and dulness did not permit her to repay in the same coin.

Resembling her brother Prince Napoleon in many ways, in none was their disposition more in harmony than in their common dislike to the Empress. Nor did he care to conceal this feeling, to which on one occasion he grossly and publicly gave vent. This was on her fête day, November 15th, 1863, speaking of which one who was present, Prosper Mérimée, writes to his friend, Sir Anthony Panizzi, at one time Principal Librarian of the British Museum, "At dinner," writes Mérimée, "Prince Napoleon, courteous as ever, would not propose the health of the Empress. He was seated on her right, *pro consuetudine*, and the Emperor told him to propose a toast and make a speech. He made a face instead. The Empress in her turn said to him, 'I am not particularly anxious for a speech. You are very eloquent, but your speeches occasionally alarm me.' In reply to a second appeal from the Emperor, he said, 'I am not accustomed to speak in public.' Everybody rose without having any very clear idea as to what was going on in the centre of the table. At last his Majesty said, 'You do not wish to propose the health of the Empress?' 'If your Majesty will excuse me, I would rather not.' Prince Joachim (Murat) then proposed the toast, and we left the table rather upset. However, the host and hostess preserved their wonted composure, and the Empress even took his arm to the drawing-room. There the Prince stood isolated,

everybody shunning him, whilst he assumed a sulky, ill-tempered air, which made him look very like Vitellius. This morning there has been much journeying to and fro, the result of which appears to have been a reconciliation. I never saw any man so wanting in courtesy. As for me, I would not have put up with such a wanton insult, but you know the Emperor's long-suffering disposition; he looks upon him as a spoiled child, and takes no notice of his bad tempers."

The insolence suffered by the Empress was not wholly confined to the Imperial family. The old nobility, when they condescended to remember her existence, invariably spoke of her as Mademoiselle de Montijo, and the Spaniard; while at least one of the women who frequented her Court treated her with tolerance. This was the wife of Prince Metternich, who had been appointed Austrian Ambassador to the Tuileries shortly after the war with Italy. A square face and high cheek-bones, flat nose and a long upper lip, could give her small claims to beauty, but her eyes were sparkling, and her golden hair, contrasted by her dark complexion, made some compensation for her strongly marked features. Tall and graceful, she dressed with an extravagance that out-rivalled that of the Empress; with a dominant will and love of notoriety, she indulged in pranks and whims that were graciously set down to originality; an Austrian

and a patrician, she posed as a *grande dame*, a position which her freedom of manner and *abandon* did nothing to support.

It was the Princess Metternich who introduced masked balls into the society of the Second Empire, with no good results; it was she who smoked cigars at a time when few women of her cast smoked even cigarettes; it was she who invited Thérésa, the notorious *café-chantant* singer, to dine at her table and to give her lessons in interpreting certain doubtful songs with brazen effrontery described as spirit, that she, the Princess, might amuse the Court by her imitation of this model; it was she who in this and other ways broke down a barrier that until then existed between women of her own class and those of whose existence they are supposed to be unaware. "In Paris I consider myself as in a tavern," she used to say, probably by way of excusing herself from such actions as tripping up in schoolboy fashion and laying flat on her back one of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting, in the presence of her Imperial mistress, merely by way of diversion, as is related by an intimate of the Court, Anna L. Bicknell, in her *Life in the Tuileries*. This amazing lack of respect to the Empress could only be shown by one who, on being remonstrated with for having recommended her Majesty to walk abroad in short skirts, then unknown in France, and being questioned as to whether she would give

the same advice to her own Empress, replied, "Oh no, but the case is quite different; she is a real Empress," a speech which like everything she uttered, was supposed to be witty, and as such was repeated at large until it came to the ears of her it most concerned.

But the good-natured tolerance of the Empress—which went so far, as Lord Malmesbury tells us, as to suffer one of the ladies of her suite, Madame de Pierre, an American, *née* Thorn, to smoke in her face, "notwithstanding her plain hints against the proceeding," in the railway carriage that carried her from St. Cloud to Paris—overlooked the ill-bred manners of this high and mighty Princess, who could be amusing as well as audacious, and who often brightened a dull Court by her conversation, her eccentricities, and her acting, for which she had a decided talent. These were generally brought into requisition when the Court stayed at Fontainebleau in spring, at St. Cloud towards the end of summer, and at Compiègne in the autumn. Batches of guests numbering from fifty to eighty were invited to stay at either place for a week, when a series of entertainments followed that allowed no rest to host or hostess.

The least exclusive and most amusing of these entertainments were those which took place at Compiègne, where, added to the high officials, the ambassadors and their wives, were artists, composers,

and authors without their wives, among them Edmond About, author and journalist; Arsène Houssaye, biographer and romance writer; Prosper Mérimée; Octave Feuillet, the dramatist and novelist; and the poet, critic, and historian, Saint Beuve, whose death in 1869, the Princess Mathilde so frantically deplored until her letters to him were recovered by a threatened action at law. Reaching the station at Compiègne, the guests were met by aide-de-camps and grooms-in-waiting, who conducted them to brakes and carriages painted in the Imperial colours, and driven by powdered postilions. Followed by waggons containing mountains of luggage, they arrived at the château, whose brilliantly lit windows shone from the deepening shadows of autumn afternoons. Here they were received by the Prefect of the Palace, and shown to their apartments by the servants appointed to wait on them.

Before seven o'clock they were expected to assemble in the great drawing-room, where they were presently joined by their Imperial hosts, who passing from one to another welcomed all, assuring them they would not be expected to join in any excursion or amusement for which they might feel disinclined, and that they were to make themselves thoroughly at home. No restraining etiquette was observed, and a pleasant unconventionality became the order of the day, one item of which was that each woman

was at liberty to select the man who should take her in to dinner. The Emperor and Empress led the way into the dining-hall, the former taking his place between two of the most distinguished ladies of the party, while her Majesty sat opposite him, the most important of her male guests on each side of her. A band played during the meal, which was magnificently served; and at its close the hosts rose and followed by their guests, re-entered the drawing-room.

Conversation followed, the Empress spending a little time with each group, while the Emperor, as the Comte de Maugny tells us in his *Souvenirs*, paid his court to the prettiest and wittiest women, beside whom he would seat himself in succession, "and while conversing with his fair neighbour, he would break off now and again to address some remark to those ladies who happened to pass by, or who were seated within sound of his voice. Nothing was more amusing than to watch the tactics of the fashionable coquettes to attract his attention. I have seen some change their seats ten times in five minutes, and follow the Emperor's movements from the corner of one eye for hours at a time in order to intercept him at a favourable opportunity."

Occasionally dances were improvised, when the music was supplied by a mechanical organ, the Emperor, who hated music, good-naturedly taking his turn

at the handle, on one occasion at least. Charades were also acted and *tableaux vivants* arranged. These at times afforded more amusement than those who took part in them intended; as for instance, when the Princess Metternich, who delighted in such amusements, selected Watteau's "Déjeuner Champêtre" for representation. The Duchesse de Persigny, wife of a former Ambassador to England, and granddaughter of Marshal Ney, an extremely handsome and eccentric woman who was to have been one of the principal figures in the scene, declared that she would wear her own beautiful hair hanging down her back. The Princess told her that such an incongruity could not be tolerated, and that she must wear her hair powdered and raised above her head; but the Duchess insisted that she would please herself. At that the Princess hastened to the Empress to ventilate her vexation. "Let her do as she pleases; it will be a novelty," said her Majesty, anxious for peace. "No, no," replied the determined Princess, "it will spoil everything." "Don't quarrel with her; be indulgent," pleaded the Empress. "You know her mother is mad." But the strong willed woman would not be pacified. "If her mother is mad, so is my father, and I will not yield," she said, at which the Empress laughed, and the Princess gained her way at the expense of her father's reputation for sanity.

The host and hostess usually retired before midnight, when the men gathered together in the smoking-room. "Moreover," says the Comte de Maugny, "certain very select cliques held clandestine meetings in the private apartments of one or other of the lady associates until the small hours of the morning, and these after-soirées were characterised by no want of gaiety or high spirits. Indeed, some of them, as far as I remember, were very rompish. . . . But we must be discreet." That the host and hostess sometimes joined in the midnight fun may be gathered from a story told by Prosper Mérimée in his letters. One of the guests present at Compiègne at the date he speaks of (October 1865) was a man whom France was for ever to remember, Bismarck; another was a German lady whose admiration for him was so unconcealed that her friends used to tease her and threaten her with the boldness of the great man whom she seemed to encourage. "A few days ago," says Mérimée, I carved and painted a striking head of M. de Bismarck, and their Majesties and I went to her room, where we arranged it in the bed, making the figure of a person asleep, by placing a bolster under the clothes. The Empress tied a handkerchief round the head like a nightcap; when in the dusk, the illusion was complete. Then their Majesties concealed themselves at the further end of the corridor, and we all pretended to withdraw

PRINCESS METTERNICH.

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to our respective rooms. Presently Madame entered hers, where she remained but a minute before rushing out in hot haste, and crossing to Madame de Lourmel's door, called out in a pitiable voice, 'There's a man in my bed.' Unfortunately Madame de Lourmel could not keep her countenance, and the laughter of the Empress from the other end of the corridor spoiled everything. The best joke of all we heard subsequently. One of the Emperor's footmen went into the bedroom, and seeing the head, retired precipitately, mumbling profuse excuses. Then he went and told everybody there was a man in the bed."

Besides the charades and *tableaux vivants*, plays were frequently performed at Compiègne; Octave Feuillet bringing out some of his comedies there before they were seen by the Parisian public, in one of which, *Les Portraits de la Marquise*, her Majesty personated Madame de Pons. The Comte de Morny and the Marquis de Massa also wrote plays for private representation, which were acted by the courtiers under the direction of M. Viollet le Duc. And now and then professional actors and actresses were brought from Paris to play in the burlesques or comedies which were the rage at the moment.

But above all things Compiègne was famous for the stag hunts that took place every fifth day, and

that presented a splendid, animated, and picturesque sight. These were attended by the Empress as well as the Emperor, who were surrounded by a throng of courtiers mounted on splendid horses; the men in eighteenth century costume, doeskin breeches, and green cloth coats turned out with crimson velvet; the women in coloured habits and broad brimmed hats with waving plumes; the servants gorgeous in liveries of green and gold, the whole cavalcade reminding one of the hunting scenes painted by Claude Lorraine. Other days were spent in driving to famous spots in the neighbourhood, to walking in the woods, to shooting, or to indoor amusements, all being free to act as they pleased. Every morning one of her Majesty's maids of honour invited a few of the more select and witty of the guests to drink tea in the Empress's apartments at five o'clock. Here she delighted in hearing the sallies of literary men, the criticisms of artists, the opinions of scientists, and the latest, most amusing scandal of the courtiers.

The unconventional life led by their Majesties at Compiègne was regarded by them as a relaxation from the strenuous days passed at the Tuileries, where took place that continuous and magnificent round of festivities and ceremonies which the Emperor considered necessary to the support of his dignity, and the maintenance of an Imperial pomp that would impress his subjects. Every Thursday throughout

the winter a grand banquet was given to the Ministers, Ambassadors, generals, prefects and deputies, and was followed by a reception to which official personages of all degrees together with their wives were invited. Among these the Empress passed smilingly with a graciousness that was long remembered; recognising many faces, speaking of their families and personal affairs to those with whom she was more familiar, and playing her part as hostess to perfection. Between January and Lent four State balls were given, to which, by way of courting popularity, from four to five thousand invitations were issued.

Than these nothing more splendid could be imagined. Arriving at the Pavillon de l'Horloge, the guests ascended the grand stairway whose balustrades were covered with tropical plants, and on each of whose steps stood, immovable as statues and of magnificent physique, two of the Emperor's bodyguards, helmet on head, sabre in hand, their steel cuirasses glittering above a uniform of crimson and blue. Ascending the staircase, the guests found themselves in the Galerie de la Paix, where they awaited their Imperial hosts, who at about ten o'clock left their private apartments, and side by side entered the Salon du Premier Consul, where they were received by the members of the Imperial family, the representatives of the foreign Powers, the high official dignitaries, and the members of the house-

hold then in waiting. Here presentations were made by the Ambassadors or by the Grand Chamberlain.

Then the great doors of the Salle des Maréchaux were flung open, when the Empress, supremely beautiful, magnificently dressed, and flashing in the light of the Crown jewels, and the Emperor, dressed as a marshal of France and covered with orders, entered the salon to the sound of music, and followed by those already mentioned. When the Imperial couple had taken their seats in chairs of state placed on a raised daïs, to which the Princes and Princess with the Diplomatic Corps were also admitted, the guests were introduced to this vast apartment, on whose walls hung the portrait of the great Napoleon's marshals, whose high windows were hung with crimson velvet, whose decorated cupola was supported by statuary, and from whose ceiling hung crystal chandeliers blazing with lights.

In this resplendent framework moved a kaleidoscope of gorgeous colour, composed of women in brilliant toilettes, men in military and official uniforms that not only included those of France, England, and Spain, but of Russia, Poland, Hungary, Persia, and China; his Majesty's chamberlains in their scarlet swallow-tailed coats; his equerries in green and gold; the Prefects of the Palace in amaranth and gold; the Masters of Ceremony in violet and

gold; the orderlies in sky-blue and silver. Dancing began about half-past ten, not only in this apartment but also in the Galerie de la Paix, where a second band played. Soon after eleven o'clock the Imperial couple, leaving the daïs, made a tour of the salons, walking between a double row of guests who eagerly pushed forward to gain a smile, a bow, or a word from them. Before one o'clock their Majesties retired to their private apartments, by which time the Empress was thoroughly fatigued by the glare and noise of the last few hours, and so anxious to relieve herself of the weight of her crown and jewels, that she began to take them off as soon as she was out of sight of her guests, and before her maids could be summoned to her assistance.

Dancing was continued for a couple of hours longer, and a substantial stand-up supper was served for all in the Galerie de Diane. Though the courtiers looked on these festivities with disdain because of their mixed character, they seldom failed to attend them; and each clique of friends having selected a meeting-place beforehand, they assembled there and enjoyed themselves in flirting and commenting on the figures passing and repassing before their critical gaze.

At carnival time a fancy-dress ball was given by the Court, the memory of which was sufficient to distract the devotions of the ensuing Lent.

Invitation to these were more limited and discreet than those issued for the State balls, none being admitted who had not been presented to their Majesties. Under shelter of mask and domino bold flirtations took place, unwelcome truths were spoken, and scathing remarks were made. Their principal attraction were the quadrilles, minuets, and cotillions that were first rehearsed under the direction of the ballet-master of the opera, and afterwards danced under the direction of the lively Marquis de Caux, for some time husband of Adelina Patti. These were intended as a surprise to their Majesties, and were often extremely graceful and original. Among them were the dance of the four sphinxes, who equal in height, were dressed as Egyptians, their faces being covered by long veils of coloured stripes. Not less admirable was the quadrille of the bees, who flew from golden hives and darted backwards and forwards in a maze of graceful evolutions, humming softly. But the Empress was specially delighted by a minuet whose dancers were dressed as courtiers of Louis XVI.

At these balls neither the Emperor nor the Empress donned mask or domino; though they wore such disguise when they attended the fancy-dress balls given by the Ministers or Ambassadors. There they heard and saw much that amused if not edified them. On such occasions it was not unusual for some of the

gayer spirits who were of the same height and build as the Emperor, to imitate his walk and gestures, and accidentally to allow a glimpse of a waxed moustache to be caught beneath their masks; when they became the recipients of ardent admiration, not to say persecution from fair *intrigantes*, whose whispered confidences and panting aspirations were oftentimes made the joke of the Court, which none enjoyed more than his Majesty. The Empress also had confessions and protestations made to her by those who had no suspicion of her identity, and whom she had not suspected of such volcanic emotions.

At the fancy-dress balls given by their Majesties, the Emperor always wore a uniform, but the Empress appeared in costume, and looked regal in the crimson robes of the wife of a Doge, or as Marie Antoinette, as represented in the picture by Madame Lebrun. Many and strange were the costumes that were seen at these festivities, but all ever devised or imagined sank into insignificance in comparison to that in which the Comtesse de Castiglione appeared. This superlatively beautiful Florentine, whose figure and face seemed the living embodiment of some noble Greek statue, was so enraptured with her own perfections that she considered they entitled her to indulge in any eccentricity, no matter how defiant of convention or good taste.

One of the earliest of the caprices which her suffer-

ing husband had to endure was her absolute refusal just after her marriage to call on his mother. When he exerted his authority sufficiently to drive her there one day, she hastily pulled off her boots as they crossed a bridge and flung them into the water, saying, "You will not at least compel me to go barefooted." Imperious and disdainful, she received as her due the ardent admiration of many men, beginning with the Emperor. And it may have been her desire to fascinate those not yet under her spell, that induced her to appear at one of the costume balls at the Tuileries as a Roman lady of the Decline; her flowing, gauzy gown, open down one side from shoulder to ankle, affording a glimpse of an incomparable form clad in flesh-coloured tights, the toes of her tiny feet glittering with rings. Leaning on the arm of the Comte de Flammarens, and preceded by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Comte Walewski who cleared the way, she made a tour of the salons with an indulgent slowness of pace so that a sufficient view of her perfections might be obtained by those who, greedy to gain it, jumped on chairs and sofas, wildly excited, loudly murmurous, and defiant of all etiquette.

This entry had been arranged to take place after the Emperor and Empress had retired, but news of it reached their ears next morning; when tolerant as they were, they could not overlook such

an outrage on decency, and the Countess was given to understand that in future she would not be expected to grace with her presence any festivity at the Tuileries. For a whole year she absented herself from them, and then uninvited she presented herself at a fancy-dress ball looking bewitchingly beautiful in the costume of Marie de Medicis. But scarce had she entered when one of her Majesty's chamberlains advanced to her, and politely offering her his arm led her to her carriage. This was the last act of her social life, for she at once left Paris and thenceforth lived in retirement.

Brilliant as these festivities were, joyous as the scenes where pleasure was most keenly pursued, like all things in this world they had their sombre side ; for at State balls or Imperial receptions, amid the revels of maskers, among the audiences of private plays or the crowds at stag hunts, in the shades of the forest at Fontainebleau, in the woods round Compiègne, were always to be found a number of figures, silent, soft-footed, and alert, ever ready to hinder the approach of strangers near his Majesty, ever watchful for the gleam of dagger or revolver, and, like himself, never forgetful of the cruel and sudden death that threatened him.

LIBRA

CHAPTER V

Daniel Home Arrives in Paris—His Birth and Youth—Singular Occurrences—The Visit of Three Wise Men—Home is Turned Out of Doors—Becomes the Wonder of the Age—His Visit to Europe—His First Séance in England with Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster—Sir David's Letter to his Daughter—The Athenæum Club Hears of Spritualistic Wonders—Sir David Reconsiders his Statements—Robert Browning Attends a Séance—What Happened on that Occasion—Browning Desires that Helen Faucit may See the Wonders—Home Describes his Visit to Browning's House—"Sludge the Medium"—Home Goes to Florence—On Reaching Paris he is Summoned to the Tuileries—The Empress is Displeased—The Emperor Assists at a Séance—A Mysterious Hand—Questions are Answered—Sir William Crookes Investigates the Strange Phenomena—Some Account of his Experiences—The Séances at the Tuileries—An Offer from the Union Club—Home's Many Friends—What the Emperor Thought of Spiritualism.

SUCH distractions and amusements as those just described were varied for a while by the attendance of their Majesties, with some of the more intimate members of the Court, at spiritualistic séances. As at this time few scientists believed it possible for laws and forces of nature to exist of which they had no knowledge, and considered it easier and safer to ignore rather than to investigate facts, all occult manifestations, when not ridiculed or denied, were

regarded with mystery not unmixed with fear. That this feeling has since been dispelled, that the examination of psychic phenomena has resulted in placing the dual nature of man in a new light, is due to the labour and courage of a few distinguished scientists in England, France, Germany, Italy, and America; who in this way have been fortunate enough to earn for themselves the ridicule of their more obtuse contemporaries and the gratitude of all who welcome wider knowledge.

At a time when little was known of psychology, there arrived in Paris a man whose peculiar nervous organisation and hereditary gifts enabled him to give irrefutable demonstrations of the existence of disembodied intelligences, and of forces governing gravitation that were absolutely opposed to all known physical or mechanical laws. This was Daniel Dungal Home, who as the medium of some unknown power was the most remarkable man the Western world had seen. As hostile prejudice and irresponsible press gossip have presented a blurred, distorted, or repulsive portrait of him, a few brief sentences showing the man as he really was may be given as an introduction to his appearance at the Tuileries.

For parentage he had a father who was a natural son of Alexander, tenth Earl of Home, and a mother, Elizabeth McNeill, who was a member of a Highland family remarkable for generations for its gift of

second sight. This power was not only inherited by her, but handed down to her son, who when barely able to talk gave astonishing proofs of his foreknowledge of events. Born on March 13th, 1833, he grew up a fragile boy with an abnormally nervous temperament. That his life must be brief seemed plain to all save his mother, who was made aware of certain experiences he must pass through in manhood, and that eventually happened as she had foretold some twenty years in advance. The clear pallor of his face, contrasted by yellow hair, and the introspective expression of his grey-blue eyes, that seemed to have stored in them the accumulated sadness of a weary existence, made his neighbours consider him uncanny.

At an early age he was adopted by a maternal aunt, Mrs. Cook, who had no children of her own; and with her and her husband he emigrated to Grenville, in Connecticut. From time to time he gave proof of his clairvoyance; but it was not until he was fourteen that he, no less than his aunt, was startled by hearing raps on the ceiling, floor, and walls of the rooms in which he happened to be. Though acknowledging the truth of second sight, his aunt was shocked at what was then known as "spirit-rapping"; and as a pious woman she exercised the charity of her kind by assuring the boy that his wickedness had led the devil to take possession of him. As her nephew could give no special reason

for being selected as the host of his Satanic Majesty, he doubted his aunt's assertion ; but sure that her surmise was correct, she sent for a Baptist, a Wesleyan, and a Congregational minister to banish the Evil One from her virtuous home.

Though it could scarcely have been from personal acquaintance with him, yet the presence of the devil was immediately recognised by those three wise men, who for the moment forgot their bitter antipathy to each other in a common endeavour to banish one whom they described as their enemy. That he derided them was to be expected as a tribute to their sanctity ; for to their measured utterances time was kept by raps that had all the characteristics of unseemly levity. One closed his severe lips in indignation, the second shook his head in despair, while the third declared the boy was veritably a lost sheep. Emboldened by triumph, the supposed devil then began to move furniture. As one day a heavy table was slowly crossing the room, Mrs. Cook ran for the family Bible, and returning, flung it violently at the possessed piece of furniture, saying, "There, that will drive the devil away," when to her horror it became hilarious in its antics. Though this excellent woman was willing to harbour her nephew she was unwilling to entertain her soul's enemy, and accordingly Daniel Home was there and then turned out of doors,

Kindly neighbours took him in, for the strange occurrences that happened in his presence irrespective of his wishes, sometimes against his will, and frequently while he slept, interested them in his behalf; his fame spread, and distinguished churchmen, politicians, and scientists entreated him to be their guest. Later, offers of adoption were made and refused. His supposed intercourse with the devil cannot be held accountable for the suggestion made by several clergymen that he should become one of them. The fact that he developed a marvellous power of healing led him to decide on becoming a doctor. Meantime the power acting through him manifested itself in various ways. Heavy articles of furniture were lifted without human contact in mid-air; the appearances of those long dead, though invisible to others, were accurately described by Home, and messages purporting to come from them regarding their private life were spelled out by means of raps; an accordion was played while he held it with one hand, and by the end farthest from the keys; and he himself was raised to the ceiling, much to his own terror; all of these occurrences taking place in full light, and in the presence of scores of intelligent and trustworthy persons.

Always delicate, he suffered great physical prostration from these manifestations; for as Sir William Crookes put it years later after careful observation,

"the evolution of psychic force was accompanied by a corresponding drain on vital force." It is probable that his life was prolonged only by the fact that his psychic powers occasionally left him for months at a time, and at one period for a year. So ill did he seem in the winter of 1854, that his doctor advised him to give up his medical studies and to take a sea voyage to Europe. To this he consented with some reluctance, and he left a country where he had many friends to land unknown and lonely at the Liverpool docks one bleak morning in April, 1855.

Furnished with a few introductions, he soon made many acquaintances. One of the earliest of these was Lord Brougham, famous alike in political and social circles, not merely for his ability, but for his eccentricities. His desire to have a séance with Home was readily granted, as was also his request that he might be allowed to bring with him a friend, Sir David Brewster, then regarded by himself and some others as one of the greatest scientists of the day. The séance took place at Cox's Hotel in Jermyn Street, where Home was staying; its proprietor, who was on friendly terms with Lord Brougham, making one of the party. It may be mentioned here that neither at this nor at any other time in his life was payment for his séances received by Home, who had private means of his own, to which he subsequently added by giving lectures both in England and America.

On arriving at Cox's Hotel, his visitors found a man of two and twenty, tall, raw-boned and delicate in appearance, with a sandy complexion, long yellowish hair, and eyes whose peculiarity was as apparent as it was indescribable. His manner was quiet, nervous, and unpretending. In full light of day the four men sat down at an ordinary table. A letter written by Sir David to his daughter Mrs. Gordon, and published by her in her *Home Recollections of Sir David Brewster*, will probably be regarded as the most reliable account of what took place on this occasion. Telling her that he went to "a séance of the new spirit-rapper" in company with Lord Brougham, "who invited me to accompany him in order to assist in finding out the trick," he proceeded to give a description of what followed.

"We four sat down to a moderately sized table, the structure of which we were invited to examine. In a short time the table shuddered, and a tremulous motion ran up all our arms; at our bidding these motions ceased and returned. The most unaccountable rappings were produced in various parts of the table, and the table actually rose from the ground when no hand was upon it. A larger table was produced, and exhibited similar movements. An accordion was held in Lord Brougham's hand, and gave out a single note; but the experiment was a failure; it would not play either in his hand or

in mine. A small handbell was then laid down with its mouth on the carpet; and after lying for some time, it actually rang, when nothing could have touched it. The bell was then placed on the other side, still upon the carpet, and it came over to me and placed itself into my hand. It did the same to Lord Brougham. These were the principal experiments. We could give no explanation of them, and could not conjecture how they could be produced by any kind of mechanism. Hands are sometimes seen and felt; the hand often grasps another, and melts away, as it were, under the grasp. The object of asking Lord Brougham and me seems to have been to get our favourable opinion of the exhibition; but though neither of us can explain what we saw, we do not believe that it was the work of idle spirits."

That these manifestations were not caused by those who had once lived is the opinion held to-day by a large number of investigators, who have satisfied themselves of the genuineness of the phenomena; but in not seeking for explanations and causes, Sir David lost his opportunity of becoming a leader in biological research—a position he left to more eminent scientists of a later generation. As it was, he was puzzled and amazed, feelings he freely expressed to his associates at the Athenæum Club, his expressions being that what he had seen "was marvellous—quite unac-

countable." The time-honoured suggestion of the superior intellect that he was deluded, was received with the emphatic assertion that such a thing was out of the question. To Lord Dunraven, whom he met one day on the steps of the club while he was yet full of the subject, he stated, as his lordship has left on record, "that the impression left on his mind from what he had seen was that the manifestations were to him quite inexplicable by fraud, or by any physical laws with which we were acquainted, and that they ought to be fully and carefully examined into."

Home remained but a short time at Cox's Hotel, which he left to stay with a family named Rymer living at Ealing. Here Sir David had another séance, when according to T. A. Trollope, who was present, Home urged him to look under the table while it was being moved, that he might convince himself that no machinery or trickery was being used; and "that while he was so looking, and while the table was moving, he avowed that he saw the movement."

Sir David's opinions soon got noised abroad, and were commented upon by writers of the press whose utter ignorance of the phenomena best enabled them to deride and condemn them. In mental strength necessary to face ridicule, Sir David was lacking. To acknowledge a belief in the evidence of his senses, when such was opposed to general prejudice, was to injure his scientific reputation. Accordingly, when

accused of believing that raps were made and that tables rose without human agency, his language concerning them altered; and in writing to the press he now gave it as his opinion that the raps were produced by Home's toes, and he "conjectured" that the tables rose, the bells floated were rung and placed in his hands "by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home." In making this statement, Sir David, who went to the first séance "in order to assist in finding out the trick," and yet failed to discover the machinery attached to Home's hands and feet, cast a serious implication on his own powers of observation, on which as a scientific man he relied for his conclusions.

These statements brought letters from several men to whom Sir David had expressed contrary opinions. Though he declined to ask Lord Brougham to prove that the views he expressed in the press were identical with those he had entertained after his séances, Home requested his lordship to state what those latter were. Probably out of charity to his friend, Lord Brougham remained silent, which was considered unfavourable to Sir David by *The Spectator* which, commenting on this controversy, continues: "Nor does the passage at arms between Sir David Brewster and Mr. T. A. Trollope concerning the séance at Ealing seem to us quite creditable to Sir David. If we may trust Mr. Trollope (uncontradicted by Sir David), there also

Sir David had testified to facts which, on reconsideration, he modified to square with a theory subsequently elaborated. We say this, though disbelieving entirely the genuineness of all phenomena of this sort, simply on the evidence of Sir David Brewster's own letters, and that of the other witnesses of two séances which he criticised. The controversy is not of any great importance one way or the other; still, justice to this celebrated medium obliges us to admit that on the face of published correspondence, the hero of science does not acquit himself as we could wish or expect."

This correspondence, which enlivened the dull tenor of *The Morning Advertiser*, roused in many an eagerness to satisfy their curiosity without any cost, save of the medium's vitality, which to the egotistical was unworthy of consideration. Home was therefore inundated with letters from those who unknown to him and unintroduced, were good enough to express their willingness to give the manifestations their consideration. Though he knew that to decline such proffered favours was to incur the charge of a fear to meet the astute, yet he was obliged to suffer this terrible inference. On the other hand, there were many distinguished men and women to whom he was willing to prove that there were laws, forces, and intelligences in the world surrounding them of which little was known or suspected.

Among those in England who at this or a later time assisted at his séances were Thackeray, who while editing *The Cornhill Magazine*, allowed to be published in its pages an article called "Stranger than Fiction," which gave a fair statement of the manifestations through Home's mediumship, written though unsigned by Robert Bell, for whose good faith and honourable character the author of *Vanity Fair* vouched; Robert Chambers, the famous writer and publisher, who became an ardent believer; Lord Dufferin; Nassau Senior, through whose influence with Longmans, Home was able to publish his book, *Incidents in my Life*, to which this chapter is indebted; Lord Lyndhurst; Lord Houghton; the first Lord Lytton, a student of the occult, and at this time the author of *Zanoni*, who invited Home to stay with him at Knebworth Hall; Sir William Crookes, whose prolonged and careful investigations led to a belief in the genuineness of the phenomena, which he had the courage to state in his contributions to *The Journal of Mental Science*; Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; John Bright, who in company with Mr. Lucas of *The Morning Star*, attended séances at the house of Mr. S. C. Hall; John Ruskin, who was visited by Home at Denmark Hill, and to whom the art critic, though he had "little feeling or affection left, being worn out with indignation as far as regards the general world,"

signed himself "ever affectionately yours" in the letters written to Home when he paid a visit to "that wild country," America; Sir William Huggins, the astronomer; Serjeant Cox; Lord Dunraven and his son Viscount Adare, the present Earl, who in his evidence before the Dialectical Society appointed to inquire into the phenomena of spiritualism, and in his privately printed *Experiences in Spiritualism*, declared that while rigid and entranced, Home floated out of one and in at another window in the third story of Ashley House, and at a distance of seventy feet from the ground, his witnesses being Captain Charles Wynne and Lord Lindsay, both of whom wrote an account of this manifestation, corroborating the statements of Lord Adare.

Among all these men whose names are a guarantee of their intelligence and of their veracity, it remained for one of them only to charge Home with fraud, and to describe him as an impostor. It is true that this charge was not made regarding any particular act discovered at any special time, or based on any communicated fact; but was the result of a personal antipathy conceived by Robert Browning against Daniel Home, whom he described as "Sludge the Medium" in lines that are stated to be a poem. An account of the one séance which Browning had with Home and its consequences is given in *Incidents in my Life* by the latter, which is confirmed by

William Martin Wilkinson, a solicitor, and by the Rymer family, who were present, and was never contradicted by Robert Browning.

Stating that the first time he ever saw the poet was when he came with his wife to the Rymers' at Ealing, Home says: "Mr. Browning was requested to investigate everything as it occurred, and he availed himself freely of the invitation. Several times during the evening he voluntarily and earnestly declared that anything like imposture was out of the question. Previously to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, some of the children had been gathering flowers in the garden, and Miss Rymer and I had made a wreath of clematis. This wreath was lying on a table at a little distance from that at which we were sitting. The wreath was afterwards put on the table at which we were sitting, but whether naturally or by spirit hands I do not remember. During the séance this wreath was raised from the table by supernatural power in the presence of us all; and whilst we were watching it, Mr. Browning, who was seated at the opposite side of the table, left his place and came and stood behind his wife, towards whom the wreath was being slowly carried, and upon whose head it was placed, in full sight of us all, and whilst he was standing close behind her. He expressed no disbelief; as indeed it was impossible for any one to have any of what was passing under his eyes, whilst

Mrs. Browning was much moved; and she not only then, but ever since, expressed her entire belief and pleasure in what then occurred. It was the remark of all the Rymer family that Mr. Browning seemed much disappointed that the wreath was not put upon his own head instead of his wife's, and that his placing himself in the way of where it was being carried was for the purpose of giving it an opportunity of being placed upon his own brow.

"Shortly after this a communication was made, requesting that all would leave the room, excepting Mr. Rymer and me, as something was to be told of an important matter private to Mr. Rymer. During Mr. Browning's absence with the rest of the family, I was afterwards told by them that he seemed quite hurt at being sent out of the room, and said he was not aware that spirits could have secrets. Still, he indicated no doubt of anything he had seen. On returning to the room he appeared to be very much out of temper, but I paid no attention to him, as Mrs. Browning was so kind and attentive to me. All that was done was in the presence of eight persons, besides Mr. and Mrs. Browning, all of whom are still living, and are ready to testify to the truth of every word here written if it should be gainsaid by Mr. Browning."

As already said, these statements were never refuted by the poet who, it is evident, did not consider

his first and only séance with Home the performance of a juggler; for two days later he wrote to Mrs. Rymer asking if he might be permitted to attend another séance, and bring with him a friend, Miss Helen Faucit, who it will be remembered, had played the heroine of his tragedy *Stafford*, when produced by Macready at Covent Garden in 1837. To this Mrs. Rymer replied that owing to Home's ill-health and her own preparations for a visit to the seaside, she was unable to receive him before leaving Ealing.

"A few days subsequently," says Home in continuing the story, "I came to town with Mrs. Rymer and her eldest son, to make some farewell calls, the first of which was to Mr. and Mrs. Browning. We were shown into the drawing-room, and he advancing to meet us, shook hands with Mrs. Rymer, then passing me shook hands with her son. As he was repassing me I held out my hand, when with a tragic air he threw his hand on his left shoulder and stalked away. My attention was now drawn to Mrs. Browning, who was standing nearly in the centre of the room and looked pale and agitated. I approached and she placed both her hands in mine, and said in a voice of emotion, 'Oh, dear Mr. Home, do not, do not blame me. I am so sorry, but I am not to blame.' I was wonder-struck, not knowing in the least what the curious scene meant—indeed it would have been comical but for

the deep emotion from which Mrs. Browning was suffering. For a moment all was confusion, but at last we were seated, I scarce knew how, when Mr. Browning began in an excited manner saying, 'Mrs. Rymer, I beg to inform you that I was exceedingly dissatisfied with everything I saw at your house the other night; and I should like to know why you refused to receive me again with my friend?' I replied to this, 'Mr. Browning, that was the time and place for you to have made objections regarding the manifestations, and not now. I gave you every possible opportunity and you availed yourself of it, and expressed yourself satisfied.' He said, 'I am not addressing myself to you, sir.' I said, 'No, but it is of me you are speaking, and it would only be fair and gentleman-like to allow me to reply.' Mrs. Rymer said, 'Mr. Home is quite right; and as regards not being able to receive you and your friend, we could not do so on account of our engagements.'

"Mr. Browning's face was pallid with rage, and his movements as he swayed backwards and forwards on his chair were like those of a maniac. At this moment I rose to leave the room, and passing him, shook hands with Mrs. Browning, who was ready to faint. As she shook hands with me she said, 'Dear Mr. Home, I am not to blame. Oh dear, oh dear.'"

The sequel of these occurrences did not appear for many years later, when Browning published his lines entitled *Mr. Sludge the Medium.* So far as the ordinary intelligence can understand the story, occupying sixty-eight pages, it relates how the poet, indignant with a medium detected in cheating, flies at his throat. The entreaties of this drunken rogue for mercy are vain, until he offers to disclose the tricks by which the credulous are duped if these murderous hands are removed from his windpipe. In keeping the bargain he begins his tragic confession with the line, "Fol-lol-the-rido-liddle-iddle-ol," and then goes on to tell how he rapped with his toe-joints, set sham hands to work, wrote down names in sympathetic ink, rubbed odic lights with ends of phosphor match, and all the rest of the tricks that deceived the ordinary observer.

Some idea of the delicate vein running through these verses may be had from the following lines, which if taken as prose may more readily be comprehended: "I got up from my gorge On offal in the gutter, and preferred Your canvas-backs: I took their carver's size, Measured his modicum of intelligence, Tickled him on the cockles of his heart With a raven feather, and next week found myself Sweet and clean, dining daintily, dizen'd smart, Set on a stool buttress'd by ladies' knees, Every soft smiler calling me her pet, Encouraging my story

to uncoil And creep out from its hole, inch after inch, How last night, I no sooner snug in bed, Tuck'd up just as they left me—than came raps. . . . Curse your superior superintending sort, Who, since you hate smoke, send up boys that climb To cure a chimney, bid a 'medium' lie To sweep your truth down; curse your women too, Your insolent wives and daughters, that fire up Or faint away if a male hand squeeze theirs; Yet, to encourage Sludge, may play with Sludge As only a 'medium,' only the kind of thing They must humour, fondle. . . . Oh, to misconceive Were too preposterous."

It is scarcely conceivable that the "insolent wives" mentioned referred to Mrs. Browning, whose belief in spiritualism was perhaps the only subject on which she and her husband differed; the discussion of which in his presence led him to "stamp on the floor in a frenzy of rage," as Miss Frances Power Cobbe relates in her biography. In extenuation of Robert Browning's attitude regarding the phenomena, two things may be considered; that he was one of a type who cannot possibly believe in matters outside the limits of their senses, who, no matter what evidence of unknown forces might be given them to-day, would on the morrow set such down to deception or delusion; and that at the time when these verses were published, the literature of psychology did not exist, to remain

unacquainted with which nowadays is to neglect an important branch of education.

It may be added that during her life Mrs. Browning was spared the pain of seeing a belief that was sacred to her ridiculed, and a man vilified whom she held blameless; for though *Mr. Sludge the Medium*, was possibly written while Browning's hostility to Home was at its height, it was not published until after her death.

Among those who attended the séances at Ealing was another literary woman, Mrs. Trollope, who not satisfied with writing novels, became the mother of two novelists. Chiefly residing in Florence with her son Thomas Adolphus, she invited Daniel Home to stay there with her as her guest in the winter of 1855. This he did, and while in Florence met with a host of foreign nobility. As the guest of one of these, Count Branicka, he went to Naples in the spring of 1856, and later, to Rome, where he remained some time; so that it was not until early in the following year that he arrived in Paris, where the fame of his mediumship had preceded him, strange stories regarding its wonders having been told by eyewitnesses to the Emperor and Empress, whose curiosity was roused concerning such marvels. To see them became the eager desire of the Empress, whose life was one long fight against ennui, and in which every excitement was welcomed

as an ally. As her will was law at the Tuileries, an immediate effort was made to gratify her wishes. Accordingly the Marquis de Belmont, one of the Emperor's chamberlains, called on February 11th, 1857, to inquire for Home, who was then a patient of Dr. Louis, a great authority on diseases of the lungs.

This visit resulted in Home receiving a command to appear at the Tuileries two days later. Arriving at the palace he was conducted to the Salon d'Apollon, where he was presented to their Majesties. As was customary with him, he explained that he was unable to say if any manifestations would take place; that he was merely an instrument through which certain phenomena occurred over which he had no control; that he never professed to have the power of evoking spirits of deceased persons, or of putting other persons in communication with them; and that he invariably cautioned people against being misled by any apparent communications from them.

These remarks were calmly listened to, but when he went on to say it had been found from experience that manifestations were more readily obtained and were more satisfactory when the number who sat for them was limited to six or eight persons, the Empress, who regarded a spiritualistic séance as a theatrical performance at which the number that attended could make no difference, and who desired

that not only her *service d'honneur*, but others whom she had invited for the occasion should be present, expressed some displeasure. Indifferent to explanations regarding conditions and influences, and forgetful that Home was giving his services gratuitously, she hastily said that if her circle was not allowed to be present at the séance, she would withdraw. At that, Home expressed his regret that he could not accept the conditions on which her Majesty offered the honour of her presence; hearing which she impulsively swept from the room followed by her disappointed suite.

While Home was contemplating a retreat, the Emperor turned to him, and in his usual calm and kindly tone said he agreed to his wishes, and asked if there were any other suggestions he desired to make. Home had none to offer, but said that with his Majesty's permission they would take their places at any table he selected, adding, "I promise nothing, for I have no power over the manifestations; but should any occur, the first party of sitters may be replaced, whenever your Majesty chooses, by an equal number of persons. I make this suggestion to prove my great desire to comply as far as possible with the wish of the Empress, although it is always a pity to interrupt a good séance."

The Emperor then selected five persons to form a circle at a table which he selected. No sooner

were they seated at this, than it began to vibrate under the hands lightly placed on its surface, then to move, and finally to lift itself from the floor. Calmly and suspiciously the Emperor fixed his eyes on Home, while Prince Murat, dropping on his knees, laid hold of Home's feet, declaring he would find out the trick, and behaving as he afterwards penitently said, "like a saucy little dog." Undetected by scrutiny, the phenomena continued, raps being heard on the table. By repeating the alphabet, words and messages were spelled out; when the Emperor was told that answer would be given to his questions asked mentally. This having been done with a directness and intelligence that startled him, he said to Home, "I should very much like the Empress to see something of this. Will you consent to my going to her, and bringing her here?"

"Certainly sire, and should your Majesty desire it we will change the circle," Home answered.

This the Emperor was unwilling to do, saying that as they had got on so well, they had better remain as they were. He then left the room to return in a few minutes with the Empress, who yet showed her displeasure with Home, to whom she said, "I am here only on the condition that all my party shall be present next time." Home then asked that their Majesties would take every means to

satisfy themselves that no machinery or trickery was made use of, when the Emperor taking him at his word, looked under the table and watched his hands and feet when the movements and raps began. The mental questions of the Empress were then answered, showing an intimate knowledge of her life that astonished her. Presently she started and screamed, when as she said, her dress had been pulled. Home assured her there was no need for fear, and asked her to place her hand under the table, saying that if a hand touched hers it would not alarm her.

This she consented to after some hesitation, the Emperor and those present closely watching Home's hands as they remained motionless on the table. Presently an expression of joy flashed over her Majesty's face and tears came into the eyes of one who was little accustomed to show emotion. On the Emperor asking what had happened, she told him her father's hand had been placed in hers. "How could you know it was his?" was the natural inquiry. "I could distinguish it from a thousand, from a defect in one of the fingers—just as it was in life," she said; for as will be remembered, her father had been maimed at one side. As the Emperor was still incredulous, the hand was put into his, when he also felt the defect spoken of. This ended Home's first séance at the Tuileries. As

the Empress rose, she frankly held out her hand to him, saying, "You will never again have reason to complain of me. We shall have at your séances only those you select, and they shall always be the same persons." The Emperor's opinion of Home was made known to him long after by Prince Murat, in the presence of Mrs. Senior, who records it. "When you left the room," said Prince Murat, "the Emperor leant forward with his arms on the table, and said in the most impressive manner, 'Whoever says that Home is a charlatan is a liar.'"

The personages selected to assist at the future séances held at Court were the Duchesse de Bassano, *dame d'honneur* to her Majesty; the Comtesse de Montebello, a friend to whom she was much attached; Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, who was a connection of the Emperor's, and Grand Master of the Empress's Household; and the Marquis de Belmont. Occasionally these were joined by other personal friends of their Majesties. The second séance at the Tuileries was held in a smaller apartment, the Salon Louis Quinze, the opening manifestations being similar to those already witnessed by the Emperor. A heavy table not only rose several feet from the floor, but by turns made itself so light that it could be lifted by a couple of fingers, or so heavy that the united force of all

present could not move it. A handkerchief held by the Empress was gently taken from her and floated in the air; raps communicated messages; and finally a luminous vapour was seen to gather on the surface of the table, and to form itself into the shape of a child's hand. As this came towards the Duchesse de Bassano, she started back, on which her Majesty said, "Moi, je n'ai pas peur," and taking the little hand in hers, held it until it melted away in her grasp.

It was at the third séance attended by their Majesties that an incident occurred which became the talk of Paris. Like all others it was held in full light, as Home strongly objected to sit in darkness. A sheet of paper and a pencil were placed on the table, over which a luminous haze was seen to hover, and presently to shape itself into the semblance of a man's hand. As it grew more defined the fingers grasped the pencil and wrote one word—Napoleon. Examining this, the Emperor declared it the facsimile of his uncle's signature; when as if to confirm his opinion, the hand slowly raised itself to his lips, and afterwards to those of the Empress before it dissolved into mist.

Those who have not witnessed such phenomena cannot be expected to believe them on the testimony of Home's wife, who gives an account of these séances in her book *Daniel Dunglas Home, His*

Life and Mission. They may, however, be accepted on the evidence of Sir William Crookes, to whose trained observation and careful research modern science is indebted for some of its most marvellous discoveries. Believing, as he said, that we have by no means exhausted all human knowledge or fathomed the depth of all the physical forces, he considered it the duty of scientific men "to examine phenomena which attract the attention of the public, in order to confirm their genuineness, or to explain if possible the delusions of the honest, and to expose the tricks of deceivers."

The announcement that such a task was about to be undertaken by one so able "to conduct the investigation with rigid philosophical impartiality" as Sir William Crookes, was hailed with satisfaction by the press, that later treated his deductions with scepticism or ridicule. For these investigations, carried on in his own laboratory, special testing apparatuses were constructed. Eminent scientific men were invited to join him in his systematic examination of the phenomena, but almost all of them—the two secretaries of the Royal Society, Professors Sharpey and Stokes, among others—declined to lend themselves to such research. Sir William owned to being "surprised and pained at the timidity or apathy shown by scientific men in reference to this subject," and soon found "that to obtain a scientific committee

for the investigation of this class of facts was out of the question, and that I must be content to rely on my own endeavours, aided by the co-operation from time to time of a few scientific and learned friends who were willing to join in the inquiry." These included his brother, Mr. Walter Crookes, Sir William Huggins, Edward William Cox, serjeant-at-law, and a chemical assistant.

An account of these experiments was submitted to the Royal Society, but fuller details of them are given in the contributions to *The Quarterly Journal of Science*, from 1871 to 1874. Than these, nothing more interesting in literature exists for those who desire to study the nature of man and his place in the universe. Passing over their attestations to Home's floating in mid-air and other occurrences contrary to the known laws of gravitation, we come to Sir William's account of the manifestation similar to that just described as having taken place at the Tuileries.

"In the light," he writes, "I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about. . . . A beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower; it appeared

and then disappeared three times at intervals, affording me ample opportunity of satisfying myself that it was as real in appearance as my own. This occurred in the light in my own room, whilst I was holding the medium's hands and feet. At another time a finger and thumb were seen to pick the petals from a flower in Mr. Home's buttonhole, and lay them in front of several persons who were sitting near him. A hand has repeatedly been seen by myself and others playing the keys of an accordion, both of the medium's hands being visible at the same time, and sometimes being held by those near him. . . . To the touch, the hand sometimes appears icy cold and dead, at other times warm and life-like, grasping my own with the firm pressure of an old friend. I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapour, and faded in that manner from my grasp."

Having heard that one of these hands had written a name in the presence of their Majesties at the Tuileries, Sir William greatly desired to witness the same phenomenon. An account of the effort made to gratify him is given in the following words: "A good failure often teaches more than the most successful experiment. It took place in the light, in my own room, with only a

few private friends and Mr. Home present. Several circumstances had shown that the power that evening was strong. I therefore expressed a wish to witness the actual production of a written message such as I had heard described a short time before by a friend. Immediately an alphabetic communication was made as follows: 'We will try.' A pencil and some sheets of paper had been lying on the centre of the table; presently the pencil rose up on its point, and after advancing by hesitating jerks to the paper, fell down. It then rose, and again fell. A third time it tried, but with no better result. After three unsuccessful attempts, a small wooden lath which was lying near upon the table slid towards the pencil, and rose a few inches from the table; the pencil rose again, and propping itself against the lath, the two together made an effort to mark the paper. It fell, and then a joint effort was again made. After a third trial the lath gave it up, and moved back to its place, the pencil lay as it fell across the paper, and an alphabetic message told us, 'We have tried to do as you asked, but our power is exhausted.'"

The séances at the Tuileries were continued for about six weeks, at the end of which Home suddenly quitted Paris. Writers for the press who had given garbled and ridiculous accounts of his manifestations readily accounted for his departure in a manner that seemed probable and desirable to themselves. Ac-

cording to one, the hand which he had passed off as that of the great Napoleon, was a stuffed glove that had been found on the medium's person; a second was able to relate that he had accidentally dropped from his pocket the machinery he had used to move tables, and was in this way exposed as a cheat; while a third was able to state on the most reliable authority that his mesmeric influence over the Emperor had become so great, that the Ministry had insisted on Home's instant expulsion from France. More amusing still were the caricatures that pictured him as a magician evoking the spirit of Cæsar to black his boots, to the wonder and admiration of a crowd of courtiers; as Faust attended by a most obedient Mephistopheles, and as Manfred commanding legions of imps. Cleverest of all was the sketch showing him on the eve of his decampment, with a sorrowful devil kneeling at his feet begging him to stay a little longer, and saying, "Ah, my dear master, if you would but consider how much I like Paris, and how perfectly the society here suits me."

The real reason for his leaving Paris was less sensational than any of those given. As no compensation was accepted by him for the use of a power through which these manifestations took place, the Empress offered to defray the expenses of his sister's education at the convent of the Sacred Heart.

This was gratefully accepted by Home, who hastened to America where the girl was then living, that he might bring her to France. Returning in May, he found that the Court was at Fontainebleau, to where he was summoned in haste, as a visitor of their Majesties, the King of Bavaria, had postponed his departure for his own country until he had an opportunity of witnessing the wonders of Home's mediumship. This Sovereign was the father of Ludwig II., the Mad Monarch, who in this way must have heard of spiritualistic séances, such as years later he held with mediums less gifted than Home.

The manifestations that occurred in the presence of the King were similar to those that had already taken place before their Imperial Majesties. One of them however was new, though at a later date it was frequently seen by Sir William Crookes, who among others attests its genuineness. While Home held an accordion in one hand, at the end farthest from the keys, the latter were manipulated without visible contact, and played an air ; and on Home withdrawing his hand, the instrument continued the melody without the aid of visible agency. He returned to Paris in the company of their Majesties, whose friendship for him increased.

It is needless to say he was besieged by requests for séances, for which in many cases he received

offers of large sums that were invariably refused. One of these was made by the Union Club, whose members included the wealthiest and most aristocratic youth of Paris. Desirous above all things of seeing for themselves the marvels much talked of, and hearing that Home had declined to accept considerable sums for the privilege of witnessing them, they resolved to tempt him by the offer of fifty thousand francs, or two thousand pounds for a single séance. Great was their surprise when this was instantly rejected. As this act was not credited by those who had no knowledge of him, and as it was afterwards repeatedly stated by the press that he made money by his séances, Home asked a member of the Union Club to testify to his refusal of the sum offered for his services as a medium. The result was the following paragraph :—

"I first met Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home at the Hôtel de Vouillemont, Paris, where my father-in-law, Count Alexander Komar, resided. He lived with the family, and I myself had ample opportunity of studying his private life and character, as well as the extraordinary phenomena occurring in his presence; and I can frankly state that nothing in natural principles can explain what I and others have witnessed hundreds of times. There never was any mercenary motive to incite him to call attention to his wonderful gifts, and to my own knowledge he refused

many offers of payment, among which was one from the Union Club of fifty thousand francs for a séance. A relative of my wife offered to settle a life annuity on him, which he likewise refused.

"B. Bodiska."

A great number of persons however, were permitted to assist at Home's séances, among whom were not only the courtiers, the old nobility who held the Imperial dynasty in disdain, and the yet more interesting aristocracy of talent. These included Alexander Dumas the elder, who in the following year (1858) accompanied Home to St. Petersburg that he might be present at his marriage with Mademoiselle Alexandrina de Kroll, sister of the Russian Countess Koucheleff-Besborodka, and god-daughter of the Czar; Alexander Dumas the younger, who became a confirmed spiritualist; Victorine Sardou, the dramatist, who subsequently developed mediumistic powers; Madame Ristori, the great actress; M. Herbert, the famous painter; Mario and Grisi; together with Madame de Balzac, widow of the novelist, and the Countess Guiccioli, once the mistress of Lord Byron, now the wife of the Marquis de Boissy.

In the autumn of the year 1857, Home was invited to join the Imperial Court at Biarritz, where the séances were continued, no record of which however has been kept. Sought for everywhere, he gave

séances to the Emperor of Russia, whose guest he became; to the Queen of Holland; the King of Prussia, afterwards the first German Emperor; the King of Wurtemberg; the Prince of Nassau; so that he travelled continually, was welcomed everywhere, and never was charged with cheating by those who had experience of his powers. So long as the French Empire lasted, his visits to Paris were welcomed by the Emperor and Empress, who remained his friends to the last.

That the Emperor believed these manifestations were due to the spirits of the departed—as was then the general opinion—is pretty certain. Some light is thrown on the subject by Lord Malmesbury, who knowing nothing of it, fell into the commonplace blunder of regarding Home as a wizard who could at will "call up" spirits, a phraseology that presupposed them to dwell in underground regions. While staying with M. de Persigny at his country place, Chamarande, near Étampes, in October, 1862, their Majesties drove over one day from St. Cloud. After dinner the Emperor, Morny, Pietri, Persigny, and Lord Malmesbury smoked together, when, as the latter tells us, the conversation fell upon painters and pictures, "about which the Emperor professed complete ignorance, and indeed showed it by confusing, in his usual unaffected and natural manner, the names of the most famous.

In the same way he spoke of the great French national vice of vanity, which would admit of no merit equal to their own in all things, and their general mediocrity in every art, excepting mechanics, physics, and chemistry. We then got upon Home and spiritualism, which I saw he half believed in; and as he had been speaking of the many doubtful pictures in the Louvre, I suggested that it was desirable that Mr. Home should call up Titian's spirit and ask him whether he really painted the portrait of Francis I. which is in that gallery. Morny and Pietri took advantage of this to laugh at his belief, upon which he looked displeased, saying that if we could explain all we believed, our religion would be a very easy task."

CHAPTER VI

The Prince Imperial's Infancy—His Personal Appearance—His Love for Military Shows—Worshipped by his Father—His Talents as a Sculptor—Illness and Operation—Placed under a Governor and Tutor—His Daily Life—The Second Paris Exhibition—Growing Dissatisfaction with the Empire—The Emperor's Failing Health—His New Policy—Opposition of the Empress—The Republican Spirit Spreads through Paris—Attitude of the Republican Press to the Sovereign—His Increasing Illness—The Empress Wishes to Open the Suez Canal—Reasons for and Against her Journey—The Journey is Attended by the Uttermost Magnificence—She Enters the Sublime Port and Stays in the Sultan's Palace—Her Letter to the Emperor—A Sensational Tragedy—Prince Pierre Bonaparte shoots Victor Noir—Scenes that Followed—Letter of Prince Lucien in London to his Brother, Prince Pierre—State of the Government—The New Plebiscite and its Results—Lord Malmesbury Dines with the Emperor—Their Remarkable Conversation—His Majesty is Prematurely Old and Broken—Bismarck is Bent on Provoking a War with France—His First Movement—Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern a Candidate for the Spanish Throne—The Opposition of France—The Rashness of the Duc de Grammont—Unwise Diplomatists—European Powers Endeavour to make Peace—The King of Prussia and the French Ambassador—Cabinet Councils in Paris—The Emperor Helpless against Opposition—Bismarck makes Peace Impossible to France—The Empress Insists on War—Her Words at a Memorable Council—Hostility is Declared—The Emperor Leaves for Metz.

ALTHOUGH no heir born to the Throne of France had lived to ascend it since the days of Louis XIV., the parents of the Prince Imperial

believed that their son was to prove the exception. The health and spirits of the child seemed to promise him a long life, his sweetness of temper and winning disposition to ensure him popularity. At his birth Madame de Bruat, widow of an admiral, was appointed his chief governess, under whom were Madame Bizot and Madame de Brancion, widows of French officers, and Miss Shaw, an Englishwoman who had been recommended for that position by Queen Victoria; while his nurse was a strong peasant woman from Burgundy, who dressed in velvet corset, crimson skirt, and white lace coiffure.

With these he drove out daily from the Tuileries, at whose entrance crowds always gathered to see him, his carriage drawn by four horses, driven by servants in the Imperial liveries of green and gold, and preceded and followed by an escort of lancers, which was thought necessary to protect him. For these members of his suite the child felt a deep affection; as an instance of which it may be told that on parting from his nurse he kept as his chief treasures a piece of velvet belonging to her dress and her silk handkerchief; and for years he refused to go to sleep unless this handkerchief was under his head, and the velvet covered his face.

As if to fit him for the position of leader of a great and militant nation, his tastes were from infancy directed to all things concerning warfare. While in

his cradle he was made a corporal in the Grenadier Guards, and as soon as possible he was dressed in the uniform befitting that position, of which he was exceedingly proud, when he toddled, a miniature soldier, across the waxed floors of the palace, to the pride and delight of his parents. And as if to familarise him with the army, his first playmates were selected from the orphans of the Grenadiers, tiny men dressed in the uniform of that regiment, who were encouraged to treat the Prince as an equal and to address him as Louis. And from the time he was able to manage his black pony, Bouton d'Or, he rode by his father's side at reviews and military manœuvres, undisguisedly delighted by the ringing cheers that everywhere greeted him.

The discharge of musketry or the roar of cannon had no terror for him; though the same could not be said regarding the sea. While staying at Biarritz one summer, when he had just passed his fifth year, he was given his first bath in the sea, into which he was flung head foremost by way of teaching him courage. This action very naturally had the opposite effect, when he was reproached for his timidity by his mother, who asked him how it was that he who would not flinch before a loaded cannon, was afraid of the sea. He replied without prompting, says Mérimée, who tells the story, "Because I command the cannon, but I don't command the sea."

With his fair complexion, deep blue eyes like his mother, and bright brown hair, he was a handsome boy, whose good manners and affectionate ways furthermore helped him to win the hearts of all around him. Worshipped by his father, he repaid his affection with the tenderest love, and a perfect sympathy existed between them; but though he was also loved by his mother, she treated him with a strictness that at times amounted to severity, this being due to her natural coldness of temperament, as well as to a desire to counteract the Emperor's excessive indulgence of the boy; for good natured to all, his Majesty could refuse nothing to Loulou, as he called him; and whether he wished to stay up during the hours when he should have been asleep, to be present at the *tableaux vivants*, to act in the charades at Compiègne, or to romp about the salons of the Tuileries at times when the Emperor was engaged in serious conversations with Ministers or marshals, the Prince had his way. "It is impossible to bring him up properly," the Empress would say angrily; but his father had not the heart to deprive him of the innocent pleasure he desired. "If I do, he will not love me," he used to say.

The most effectual way to punish him for any childish fault was to deprive him of his epaulettes, when he would bitterly cry at being reduced in rank, and strive to conceal this disgrace from his

boy comrades or the officers of his regiment. When on one occasion this chastisement had been found necessary because of an act of disobedience to his mother, a report of it, exaggerated out of all proportion, found its way into the press. A couple of days later—as Miss Barlie relates in her Life of the Prince Imperial—while walking in the Bois de Boulogne with Miss Scott, he met a captain of Grenadiers, when, mortified at being shorn of his epaulettes, his cheeks burned and he held down his head; but immediately after, turning round he addressed the officer saying, "I suppose, monsieur, you have seen in the newspapers that I have been degraded in the regiment because I was disrespectful to my mother. I assure you this is not true, for I love her too much to be disrespectful to her, and I beg of you to tell my comrades in the regiment that it is false;" and then he burst into sobs and was only pacified by a promise that he should be set right in the eyes of his fellow soldiers.

From an early age he loved the sound of drums, the sight of marching troops, and took an interest in all scientific inventions, especially those concerning implements of warfare. The experiments he saw for photographing military manœuvres from a balloon, impressed him as much as those made with spherical movements of conical balls distressed him, for as was afterwards seen, like his father he was sickened

at the sight of mutilation and suffering on the battlefield. He developed a remarkable talent for drawing when only a mere child; that for sculpture was shown later, and quite unexpectedly.

Soon after he had reached his ninth year the Empress wished to have a bust of her son executed, the commission for which was given to Carpeaux. After carefully watching the artist at work for some days, the Prince at the end of one of his sittings took the modelling clay, and manipulating it, presently produced a little bust of his father, which says Mérimée, "is atrociously like him; but though it is put together like a doll made out of breadcrumbs, the regard to proportions is remarkable." His next effort in this direction was a statuette representing a combat between a cavalryman and a foot soldier, full of movement, and showing his knowledge in the management of a horse and the niceties of bayonet exercise. Though secretly admiring his boy's cleverness, the Emperor pretended to regard it with coldness, as he did not think it advisable that the future ruler of France should be an artist.

However, the boy was allowed to amuse himself in this way, especially when recovering from the tedious illness from which he suffered in his tenth year. The origin of this was traced by some to the indiscretion of his medical attendant on his recovery from measles. At one of the balls at the Tuileries

which he had been permitted to attend, he had danced with a girl of twenty, who was suffering from this ailment, a fact she had carefully concealed from her mother, lest she should be prevented from enjoying her dance. Next day she was dead, and the Prince was in bed suffering from a severe attack of the illness that had killed her. Throughout this he was carefully and devotedly attended by his mother, who with the Emperor and the whole nation was in a state of the greatest anxiety. When it was supposed that the lad had quite recovered, his chief medical attendant, Dr. Barthez, allowed him to drive out on his birthday, when there happened to be an east wind. The boy returned suffering from a chill, prostration followed, and it was said that he was never afterwards so free from debility as before.

Some twelve months later he began to complain of a pain in his hip, which was treated lightly. As it continued and increased, M. Nelaton, the most famous surgeon in Paris, was consulted, when he declared an abscess had gathered on the hip joint, and that if the Prince's life was to be saved an operation must be performed immediately. When this was told to the patient, he said, "As for me, I don't mind; only I hope there will be no scar, for if so it will be behind, and my enemies might one day say I ran away from them." It will be

remembered that when his body was recovered at Itelezi, the seventeen assegai wounds it bore were all in front, showing that he had died with his face to the foe.

While the operation was being performed, his mother, unable to endure the sight, remained in the adjoining room on her knees, while his father, with twitching features and fingers drumming nervously on the glass, looked out of the window, unable to see the steel cut into the flesh of the son he loved with the uttermost tenderness. Two wishes of the boy had been disregarded—that he should not be put under chloroform, and that his mother should be kept in ignorance of the day on which the operation was performed.

While recovering, the Prince was for long weeks confined to his bed, when the Emperor, dismissing the nurse, would sit beside him, playing his favourite games of patience while the boy slept, or performing wonderful card tricks for him when he woke. It was at this time that the Prince's talent for modelling became his great recreation. Hours were passed by him in shaping figures that were presented to his doctors or other friends. One of the busts he executed, that of M. Monnier, was considered to show extraordinary cleverness. "Not only has he hit off the features, but he has caught the expression. The genius of the man is thoroughly

revealed in his eyes, nose, and moustaches," says Mérimée in writing to Panizzi, adding, "I am certain there are few professional sculptors who could have succeeded so well. You would recognise the likeness from one end of the British Museum to the other."

By this time the Prince had been taken from the hands of his governesses and placed under the charge of General Frossard as his governor, with M. Monnier and afterwards M. Filon as his tutors, and M. Bachon as his equerry. For some time their Majesties had been undecided as to the selection of his governor, a post on which much depended. Accident eventually led them to a decision. One day when the Emperor was talking to his aide-de-camp, General Frossard, the door was burst open and the Prince impetuously ran to his father to ask if he might ride out that day. As he had again been disobedient to the Empress, he had been deprived of this pleasure as a punishment. Thinking that his father could refuse him nothing, he begged to be allowed to take Bouton d'Or into the Bois de Boulogne, but the Emperor assuming an air of severity, told him to leave the room. Refusing to obey, the Prince continued to urge his request, believing from experience that he would eventually gain his wish. But for once the Emperor, firm with his son, rose to put him out, when the lad

clung to his legs and prevented him from moving. At this General Frossard, who had looked on in silence, got up, and in a tone of severity said to the Prince, "What, monseigneur, do you refuse to obey his Majesty? I must ask you to leave the room at once," and opening the door he waited for him to pass out. Unused to be addressed in this authoritative manner, the boy stared at him in surprise, but meeting an unflinching firm gaze, he drew himself up and quietly obeyed. So impressed and pleased was the Emperor by this show of authority and its effect, that he immediately offered the post of governor of the Prince to the General, who accepted it only on one condition, that he should have full authority over the boy. This being agreed to, he undertook the charge, and exercised it with discretion and wisdom.

From this time the Emperor's excessive indulgence of his son was curtailed. Did he, during the Prince's hours of study, send for him that they might ride out together, or to introduce him to some distinguished visitor, word came back that General Frossard respectfully begged to inform his Majesty that the Prince's studies could not be interrupted, to which decision the Emperor good-naturedly submitted. The author of that deeply interesting volume, *Life in the Tuileries during the Second Empire*, relates that on some occasions when the Prince desired to remain

with his father when duty claimed him elsewhere, he would say, with reference to his governor, "I wish I could stay, but he won't let me"; to which the Emperor would reply in an aside, "Give me your cap and I will put it in my pocket; you can't go without it, and that will cause some delay." But at this the lad would only shake his head, saying, "It's no use; I have tried that before, and he has another one ready."

Once at his studies, he devoted himself thoroughly to them, and his quick intelligence easily mastered their difficulties. The author just referred to, Anna L. Bicknell, tells us that the Emperor promised to reward the good marks given by the tutors with money which was to be devoted to the poor. This was kept in a special box. When it held but little at the end of a month, the Prince was told that the poor suffered through his fault, which touched him deeply; but when it was full, he rattled it delightedly, and eagerly gave its contents to the miserable people whom General Frossard took care he should have an opportunity of seeing in their walks through the most wretched parts of Paris.

Rising before seven o'clock, the Prince began the day by praying in the oratory attached to his bedroom, immediately after which his lessons were begun, and continued until half-past five, with interruptions for the meals which he shared with

his parents, and the riding and gymnastic exercises taken under the direction of his equerry. These were shared by Louis Conneau, a boy of his own age, the son of the man who had helped Napoleon to escape from the fortress of Ham. Two other companions of the Prince were the sons of Generals Fleury and Espinasse.

As the Emperor desired whenever it was possible to bring his heir prominently before the people, he made him President of the Exhibition of 1867, a year when Paris may be said to have reached the height of her splendour under the Second Empire. To this capital, magnificent in its stately boulevards, far-stretching streets, noble public buildings, beautiful gardens and parks, all due to the Emperor's taste and ability, came crowds of visitors from all parts of the world; barbarous men in strange and bizarre costumes, the meditative Indian and superb Arab, civilised artisans anxious to see the arts and crafts of this wonderful exhibition, sightseers and pleasure-seekers, heirs to powerful thrones, Royal dukes, princes by the score, and sovereigns, among whom were the Emperor of Russia, the King of Greece, the Pasha of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, and the King of Prussia, accompanied by his Prime Minister, Bismarck, and his greatest general, Moltke, observant and sinister figures among that teeming, joyous and polyglot crowd, who had no hint of the

ruin and horror soon to fall upon this shining city of delight.

Throughout this glorious summer festivities and ceremonies succeeded each other in dazzling splendour. Military reviews were held where the armed force of France in multi-coloured uniforms and glittering accoutrements proudly displayed itself to the roar of cannon and the blare of bands; State banquets were held in the Salon d'Apollon of the Tuileries, magnificent in its mythological paintings of the sun god and the muses, where the famous service of vermilion Sèvres glowed beside candelabra of gold; in the Salle des Maréchaux balls were given whose brilliancy was beyond description; while the gala nights at the opera, where the most famous singers in the world sang to the world's most famous men, were scenes long remembered by those who took part in them.

The pomp and glamour, the excitement and frequency of these fêtes, served for a while to distract the people of France from their anxiety regarding the Imperial dynasty. For such anxiety there were many causes, that must be summed with brevity in these pages, which touch on politics only when they act as motive springs of social occurrences. It was already felt by his subjects that the Emperor's interference in Mexican affairs had brought humiliation on France; it was seen that in permitting his troops to defend the Papal States from the invasion of

Garibaldi he had estranged himself from Italy, a country for which he had made sacrifices in his endeavours to save her from a foreign yoke; it was realised, when too late, that he had been tricked by Bismarck into preserving a neutrality while Prussia fought Austria, by which he had earned the antagonism of the latter, and helped to found the empire of the former, which now regarded France with scarce concealed hatred and watchful jealousy; worse than all, it was evident that notwithstanding the prosperity to which he had raised the country, a feeling of republicanism was gradually and irrepressibly rising around him and threatening his throne.

At a time when he most needed mental and physical strength to fight the dangers of his position, both failed him. Though always inscrutable of feature, calm, and self-possessed, the Emperor could no longer conceal the malady that attacked him. An imprisonment for years in the damp fortress of Ham resulted in rheumatism that now racked him; while the freedom of his later life predisposed if not induced an internal malady, that made his days an unendurable agony. Robbed of the force that had enabled him to raise himself from an adventurer to an Emperor, and to hold with a firm grasp the reins of State, he now became weary of the responsibility of being sole head of the Government, a post for which he believed his

increasing physical weakness would soon render him incapable.

To relieve himself from strain, as well as to meet the growing demands for greater liberty, he resolved, as he stated in his letter to the Minister of State dated January 19th, 1867, to allow the Ministers to the Senate and the Legislative Body to take part in the debates, and become associated with the policy of the Government; to refer all press offences to the Correctional Tribunals, instead of to the discretional power of the Government; and to give more latitude to the expression of general opinion at public meetings.

This policy was opposed by the Empress, who had always declared herself a Legitimist and who, since she had acted as Regent during the Emperor's campaign in Italy, had taken her place at the Councils, where she delighted in making her influence felt in state affairs. For the post of adviser or director she was singularly unfitted because of her impetuous and imperious will; her personal friendships for those who flattered her to gain their own policy; her antipathy to those who opposed her in their endeavour to serve their country, and by her belief in her own superiority, shown by the vigour with which she expressed her opinions. In her present opposition she was backed by the Prime Minister, M. Rouher, an advocate of absolutism, together with

other followers who came to be described as the Empress's party. As they had predicted, unfair advantages were taken of the liberties granted. Bitter dissensions arose in the Senate; two journals, the *Lanterne*, under the editorship of Henri Rochefort, and the *Rappel*, under the direction of Victor Hugo, distinguished themselves above others for their blind hatred of and their brutal attacks on the Emperor and his family; republicanism was preached at public meetings; Thérésa varied her vocal interpretations of inuendoes by singing the Marseillaise; and the capital seethed with agitation.

One incident will serve to show the height to which the republican feeling ran. On August 10th, 1868, the Prince Imperial went with his governor to distribute the prizes at the Concours Général. He had followed the same course of studies as the pupils of this school, though under his own tutor, and had sent in his examination papers, which had gained a high award, which was thought to be the cause of his cold reception by the pupils. When however he came to distribute the prizes, one of the boys, Cavaignac, a son of the man who had opposed the Emperor Napoleon as a candidate for the Presidency, put his hands behind his back and refused to take his awarded prize from the Prince. At this audacious act there was a cry from his fellow pupils of "Vive Cavaignac; vive la

République," during which the Prince remained so impassive, that his tutor believed he had not grasped the meaning of the scene; and it was only when he reached the Tuileries, that General Frossard discovered his mistake on seeing the lad break down and burst into tears. "Yesterday," says Prosper Mérimée, "he was still so upset that he could not appear at dinner. His mother was not less so when she was told of the occurrence." The Emperor, always calm and philosophic, merely remarked, "Louis must sooner or later learn to meet with opposition, and the sooner the better."

As the tide of Rupublicanism continued to rise with the decline of the Emperor's health, a further effort was made by him to stem the evil, and bring relief from a strain that had become too heavy to bear. Therefore in January, 1869, he transferred to the Legislative Body, the right to frame laws and remove restrictions. In April the existing Legislative Body was dissolved, and a general election took place the following month. The Republican press attacked Imperialism with vigour and venom; it was denounced at public meetings; it was opposed in the newly elected Assembly by a number of clever men, among whom were Jules Favre, who had defended Orsini; Henri Rochefort, who on being condemned to imprisonment for abominable libels in his newspaper had fled to Belgium, but was

now allowed to return through the clemency of the Emperor; Leon Gambetta who had distinguished himself for his attacks on the Emperor; and Thiers whose hostility to the Second Empire was even more notorious.

The first work of the new Assembly was to draw up a petition to the Emperor asking for a completion of the rights and liberties already conceded when his Majesty granted them a constitutional government. One of the earliest uses made of this power, was the granting of an amnesty to all offenders against the Imperial dynasty, when they returned in numbers to France, determined to bring about the downfall of the Emperor. In all directions clouds seemed gathering round him. Public speakers openly eulogised the Republic, and regretted that the guillotine had ceased its operations in the last century; the press outrageously distorted or misconstrued his words and actions; while the prospect of war between France and Prussia was made more and more evident by the hatred and jealousy ever growing between the two countries. And at a time when he most needed strong men and devoted friends around him, they were taken from him by death. The shrewdest, most energetic of these, who had helped to place him on the throne was his half-brother Morny, created a duke in 1862, who quitted life suddenly in March, 1864, to the great grief of the Emperor. Another

relative equally devoted to his Majesty's service, Comte Walewski, died in September, 1868; while a trusty adherent of the Bonaparte cause, M. Berryer, passed away two months later. Finally the death in August, 1869, of the Minister of War, Marshal Niel, deprived the Emperor of a friend and counsellor at a moment when he could least be spared.

His Majesty's health now became so bad that the Republican papers spoke of his approaching death, which they hailed with indecent triumph. One can imagine how severely trying such comments were to a man who strove to hide his illness from all; not merely from his natural reticence, but from his unwillingness to grieve his wife and son, and to prevent the injurious financial effects which such reports had on the Bourse. By way of showing how false they were, he often appeared abroad, when every movement must have brought him intense agony, looking at such times somewhat worn and aged, but with an artificial tinge on his swollen cheeks that hid their deathly hue. Anna L. Bicknell tells us that "after the most intense suffering the Emperor appeared at balls and theatres to pacify the public. His rheumatic pains alone were so violent that he was known to hold his arm to the flame of a candle before going into the ball-room, that a change of pain might bring a sort of relief." A consultation of doctors had urged him to have an

operation performed as the only means of preserving his life, but not only did he refuse to take this advice, but he strictly forbade them to speak of it to the Empress, knowing well that her strong will would insist on having it carried out.

It was at this time when—the almost insurmountable opposition raised by scientific men, and the political jealousy of England being overcome—the Suez Canal, described as "the greatest and grandest work connected with maritime commerce either in ancient or modern times," was completed. Owing to the state of his health, and the condition of the country, it was impossible for the Emperor to be present at the opening ceremony. Fond of excitement, ambitious, and ever anxious to play a great part, the Empress was desirous of taking his place. For this there were feasible reasons; as it was largely due to her unfailing support, that the enterprise had been carried to a successful termination by her maternal cousin, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose Spanish mother, *née* Catherine de Grivégnee, was aunt of the Comtesse de Montijo, the Empress's mother. There was also strong reasons for her remaining at home. Though the urgent necessity for an operation on his Majesty was kept from her, she could not have remained unaware of his intense suffering, of the consequences it entailed on his health, or of the anxiety it caused his Ministers;

she had heard from various sources, that the presence of a woman taking the leading part in such a ceremony, would have an undesirable political effect on the minds of the Mahomedan races through whose country she must pass; while the Republican press, that had already advised the sale of the Crown jewels for the benefit of charities, circulated a rumour that ten hundred thousand francs had been borrowed from England to defray the expenses of her journey.

For a time it seemed as if the Empress had abandoned the project on which she had set her heart. Writing on September 7th, 1869, Mérimée says: "The health of the Emperor is giving rise to serious anxiety. . . . His being ill is quite enough to set people thinking what might happen if he were dead. I am assured that the journey to the East which the Empress was meditating will not take place, and a good thing too." Such hesitation as her Majesty may have felt regarding this trip, was of brief duration; for, ever unwilling to take advice that opposed her wishes, she was soon preparing for a voyage whose expenses, amounting to nearly seven hundred thousand francs, were paid for by the Emperor out of his civil list.

From first to last this state visit to Egypt, the final event of magnificence in her life of surprising and sudden changes, was marked by an Oriental splendour that blazed with tragic contrast against the

dark disasters that speedily followed. Setting out in November in the Imperial yacht *Aigle*, accompanied by a splendid suite, she reached Venice, the waters of whose grand canal were turned to crimson, turquoise, and gold, under the lights of innumerable lanterns: while from surrounding gondolas came choruses of serenaders, whose ravishing music rose and fell with the rhythmic motion of the sea beating against the green-grown marble of the palaces. Her visit to Athens was celebrated as a national holiday. As she approached Constantinople, twenty vessels of war slowly and majestically advanced to meet her; while as she entered the Sublime Porte, fifty men-of-war lining the way, manned, and flagged, thundered a Royal salute. She was conveyed from her yacht in a caique whose prow was of solid silver, whose canopy of scarlet velvet was emblazoned with gold, and that was rowed by forty oars.

Received with homage by the Sultan who was dazzled by her beauty, she took up her residence in his palace, an act that was censured by many. While in the capital of the Turk, she was delighted by day, by the ever-changing panorama presented by crowds of Eastern people in the multi-coloured clothes of their tribes and sects, who thronged from far and near to see her; while by night the Bosphorus blazed as a river of fire under the brilliant illuminations in her honour. Alexandria and Cairo

also honoured her; but the supreme height of her triumph was reached when on November 17th, 1869, her yacht, on board of which were the Emperor of Austria and the Crown Prince of Prussia, sailed through this great highway to the East, to the roar of cannon, the cheering of countless throats, and the music of military bands playing the national anthem of France.

In the midst of all this exultation the Empress did not forget the husband whom she had left in illness and uncertainty at home. Among the *Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale*, already referred to, is a letter from her to the Emperor, dated October 27th, 1869, in which she expresses her anxiety about public affairs, and then continues in a tone which prepares us for the dominant spirit that led to her irretrievable ruin: "When we observe other nations we can judge better of the injustice of our own," she says. "I think however, in spite of all, that you must not be discouraged, but continue in the course you have inaugurated. It is right to keep faith in the concessions which have been granted. I hope that your speech will be in this spirit. The more strength may be wanted in the future, the more important is it to prove to the country that we have ideas and not only expedients. I speak thus, far away and ignorant of what has passed since my departure;

but I am thoroughly convinced that strength lies in the orderly sequence of ideas. I do not like surprises, and I am persuaded that a *coup d'état* cannot be made twice in one reign. I am talking in the dark, and to one already of my opinion, and who knows more than I can know. But I must say something, if only to prove what you know, that my heart is with you both, and that if in calm days my wandering spirit loves to roam in space, it is near you both I desire to be in times of care and doubt."

The Empress returned to Paris on December 5th. During her absence the Emperor had remained chiefly at Compiègne with the Prince, when to surround the boy with cheerful society, he invited some intimate friends there, and making a desperate effort to exert himself he not only joined in but sometimes led the amusements he got up for them. It was probably the reaction from this strain that left him in a lethargic state, seemingly indifferent to all things, in which the Empress found him. Could anything have roused him from this condition, it would have been the sensational scandal concerning a member of his family which filled all France in January, 1870. The chief figure in this was Prince Pierre Bonaparte, the second son of Prince Lucien, youngest brother of the great Napoleon. Pierre Bonaparte was therefore a cousin of the Emperor

and of Plon Plon. At this time in his fifty-fifth year, he was tall in stature, massive in build, and with features strongly resembling those of the first Emperor. He was however a man of violent temper, of abrupt manners, "a boor, a rude hunter of the mountains and forests which I have inhabited," as he described himself. Already he had killed a Greek brigand who had attacked him while out hunting, and had taken another life in his native Corsica in connection with a vendetta. Regarded as something of a savage, he had never been admitted to the Imperial Court, a fact that did not weaken his intense pride in the Emperor, and his loyalty to his family.

Therefore when a more than usually vicious article appeared in Henri Rochefort's journal, besprinkling the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial with mud, and douching Pierre Bonaparte with the same unsavoury liquid, he wrote to Rochefort saying, "Having insulted all the members of my family one after another, without sparing either women or children, you now insult me through the pen of one of your underlings," and he therefore sought satisfaction. As Rochefort had no desire to fight, the writer of the abusive article Paschal Grousset, afterwards a member of the Commune, sent two of his friends, Victor Noir, a youth of twenty, and Ulrich de Fonvielle, to arrange a duel

with Prince Pierre. They were accompanied to the door by Paschal Grousset, who waited outside while they were admitted to the Prince's sitting-room. In a few minutes the report of pistols was heard, and then the front door being flung open, Victor Noir stumbled into the street, and fell dead at the feet of Paschal Grousset. He was immediately followed by Ulrich de Fonvielle, who frantic with excitement declared that Pierre Bonaparte had shot at them. As if by magic the house was surrounded by a teeming, threatening crowd, through which the Prince brusquely and fearlessly pushed his way that he might give himself up to justice.

It is needless to add that the most violent use was made of the tragedy to stir the people against the Imperial family. Having been described in one of Rochefort's articles as a race of Herods, more cruel than Nero, more profligate than the Borgias, he continued by saying, "Here are eighteen years that France has been in the blood-stained hands of these cut-throats, who not satisfied with mowing down the Republicans with grape-shot in the streets entice them into filthy snares, to kill them within four stone walls. Frenchmen, can it be that you do not think you have had enough of them?" The remains of the unfortunate youth having been taken to his little room on the fifth floor of a house at Neuilly, were there exposed to view in a manner

more dramatic than reverent; and to see this well-advertised sight, over twenty thousand people toiled up five flights of stairs. On the melancholy morning of the third day, January 12th, 1870, the funeral took place. That it was made the occasion for a public demonstration against the Empire, was only to be expected. Though sleet and rain fell from dark skies, over a hundred thousand people, among them all the Republicans in Paris, assembled at Neuilly. The horses were taken from the hearse and drawn by the mob, while Victor Noir's brother was seized and mounted on their shoulders, to play a more conspicuous part as chief mourner. Over the grave revolutionary speeches were made by those who later became leaders of the Commune. Fired by what they heard, the people returned to Paris, singing the Marseillaise, and shouting sedition; and it was not until they reached the Palais de l'Industrie, that they were met by a regiment of hussars who managed to disperse them without riot or bloodshed.

Pierre Bonaparte was tried at Tours in the following March. His statement before the High Court was, that his visitors had assumed a threatening attitude to him and used abusive language, and that on his replying in the same manner, Victor Noir had struck him across the face with his cane, while Fonvielle had threatened him with his revolver,

On that he had fired in self defence. The doctor's testimony as to the mark left on the Prince's face, together with the fact that Victor Noir's sword-cane and Fonvielle's revolver case were found in Pierre Bonaparte's room, supported his story. Fonvielle declared that on seeing them the Prince flew into a passion, and before many words were exchanged, fired at them. As there were no witnesses of the scene, the High Court had to decide between these two versions, and after some deliberation acquitted the Prince of murder, but decreed that he should pay twenty-five thousand francs to Victor Noir's parents.

This scandal caused bitter pain to the Emperor, and at this perilous time did much to injure his dynasty. Prince Pierre, bitterly regretting what had happened, readily agreed to quit France. The fact that his elder brother Lucien was living quietly in London, induced him to decide on taking up his residence there; but Lucien hearing of this at once wrote to him, begging that he would do nothing of the kind. "To live as an English subject is an expensive affair," said he. "Besides if any misfortune happened to you here, they would hang you, and this would unsettle my life entirely, because as the brother of a hanged man, I should be expelled from my club."

As the Government was torn by opposing parties, the country turbulent with discontent, the Emperor,

in the hope of bringing peace to the nation and stability to his dynasty, appealed to the people to confirm by their vote their approval of his action in granting a legislative Government to France. Successive changes, he said, had altered the foundations of the plebiscitum, which could not be modified without a fresh appeal to the people without whose sanction everything done would be illegal. He therefore addressed himself to those who had overcome every obstacle to place him at their head, who for twenty-three years had added to his powers, and rewarded him by their affection. "Give me," said he in this pathetic entreaty, "yet another proof of your confidence. By voting affirmatively you will put down the threats of revolution; you will seat order and liberty upon a solid foundation; and you will render easier in the future the transmission of the crown to my son. Eighteen years ago you were almost unanimous in conferring the most extensive powers on me. Be now as strong in giving your adhesion to the transformation of the Imperial régime."

The result was that over seven millions voted in favour of the Imperial dynasty; while one million five hundred thousand voted against it. The sting in this lay in the fact that fifty thousand of these votes were recorded by the army. While the plebiscite was being taken, the wildest excitement was felt throughout France, the revolutionary party was most active in

its exertions, and a plot was discovered to assassinate the Emperor. The verdict of the nation was formally made known to him on May 21st, by the Legislative Body whom he received in Imperial state, surrounded by his family and the members of his household. Addressing him the President said: "In supporting the Empire by more than seven millions of suffrages, France says to you, 'Sire the country is with you; advance confidently in the path of all attainable progress, and establish liberty based on respect for the laws and the Constitution. France places the cause of liberty under the protection of your dynasty and of the great bodies of the State.'"

None knew better than the man to whom they were addressed, the emptiness of these high sounding words. An intimate view of his Majesty at this time, is given by Lord Malmesbury, who two days before the presentation of the address, but when the result of the plebiscite was known, was invited to a dinner at the Tuileries, given in honour of the Duc de Grammont, who had just been made Minister of Foreign Affairs. Lord Malmesbury was received by the Emperor with his usual kindness, and placed at the table beside the Empress, where he had the advantage of admiring her beautiful shoulders, and of hearing her views on the liberty given to the press, which had always been her *bête noire*. After dinner the English peer, who had not seen the Emperor for three

years, and whom he thought much altered in appearance and looking very ill, was invited by his Majesty to the smoking-room, "where he took me aside, and I had a remarkable conversation with him. I naturally began by congratulating him on his plebiscite, which was just counted up, but I found he was not satisfied, as some fifty thousand of the army had voted '*Non*.' He however explained that this had taken place in certain special barracks, where the officers were unpopular and the recruits numerous, and that three hundred thousand soldiers had voted for him.

"His tone," continues Lord Malmesbury, "was altogether more sedate and quiet than I found him formerly employing. No speculative and hypothetical cases were discussed by him. . . . The Emperor did not conceal in his conversation with me, his disappointment in regard to Italy, which had become free, and then was under one Sovereign; and he recognised that a great number of his own subjects considered that he had committed a terrible political error in being the cause of creating a strong and growing kingdom on the very frontier of France and in the Mediterranean. 'What would Italy do to show her gratitude?' he asked. The events of the following two months answered his question, 'Nothing.' My impression as to his having given a constitutional Government to France, was that it was more the result of bodily suffering and exhaustion from a deadly

disease than from any moral conviction; and that he felt, as he must have done, that the life left in him was short, and that his son would have a better chance of quietly inheriting his throne under a parliamentary and irresponsible régime. Perhaps he was right, if he had found able Ministers. . . . The result of my visit and conversation with the Emperor was one of extreme pain, for I saw that he was no longer the same man of sanguine energy and self-reliance, and had grown prematurely old and broken."

Bismarck having as yet concealed his intention of forcing a war upon France, no shadow of that danger darkened the nation at this time. On the contrary the Prime Minister on July 2nd, 1870, justified the vote for the reduction of the army, by saying that the Government felt no uneasiness whatever, for at no epoch was the peace of Europe more assured. The first movement towards provoking a war for which Prussia had been for some time preparing, was the sanction by her King of the offer made to his kinsman Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, of the throne of Spain left vacant by the downfall of Isabel. This candidature had been discussed in the spring of the previous year, when—in answer to the Emperor's objection to see a neighbouring country ruled by a monarch whose support of Prussia might be relied on, and whose sovereignty would upset the balance of power in Europe—Bismarck had declared that the

Prince's candidature would not be sanctioned by the King of Prussia.

This statement had been made by Bismarck at a time when he was not so fully prepared for war as now, in the first days of July, 1870. When ready to begin the drama that ended so tragically for France, a princeling without ambition or brains, insignificant, harmless, and in every way a pliable puppet in the strong hands of a master spirit, was pushed forward on the political stage, where he made his bow to Europe, saying he had accepted the crown of Spain. So secretly had the preliminaries of this act been kept, that the French Ambassador at Madrid remained unaware of it until at the end of a dinner given by Marshal Prim, Prime Minister of Spain, when the latter mentioned it casually to him; while Comte Benedetti, the French Ambassador at Berlin, received no official information of it whatsoever. The fact that Prince Leopold had accepted the Spanish throne, was therefore flashed on the French Government by means of the press on July 3rd.

The wildest excitement spread through the country. Bismarck, it was said, had thrown down the gauntlet to France, and the slumbering hatred of Germany felt by every subject of the Empire, was instantly roused. The Ministers who had taken office in the new Government were incompetent, excitable, and inexperienced men, who by their indiscreet speeches

and actions added to the popular feeling, which was furthermore blown to fury by an irresponsible press, especially that section of it which was opposed to Imperialism, and that in the hope of overturning it, violently clamoured for war.

Than the Duc de Grammont, who held the responsible position of Minister of War, no man could be more unfitted for the post. Since the days when he had figured as a diplomatist at the Court of Berlin, he had felt a bitter dislike to Bismarck, who had wounded his vanity by a cutting remark. Now he saw himself matched with this power behind a throne, for a contest between a cat and a mouse. Impetuous and imperious, he was from the first loud in his demands that Prince Leopold's acceptation of the Spanish throne should be cancelled by the King of Prussia ; demands that were alternated with threats.

Had diplomacy been used, it is probable that war would not have followed ; but diplomacy was flung to the winds by the Duc, who on July 4th, told Baron de Werther, the Prussian Ambassador to France, that she "would not tolerate any Prussian prince upon the Spanish throne." Two days later his rashness made another bound forward when he declared in the Chamber, that if Prince Leopold's candidature was not withdrawn, the Government would know how to fulfil its duty in the interests and honour of their country. While his colleagues

were enthusiastically applauding words that could only excite hostility, Baron de Werther was hastening to his Sovereign that he might explain to him the hostility that the Hohenzollern candidature excited in France. As a result of this and other representations, King William said that if Prince Leopold and his father would agree to retire, he would approve of their action. It may be mentioned that at the same time Bismarck quietly despatched troops to the Rhine frontier. The Powers of Europe including Russia, now intervened on behalf of peace; when Prince Antony of Hohenzollern withdrew his son's candidature to the Crown of Spain.

News of this important action first reached Paris by a telegram to the Spanish Ambassador to France, who received it in the Tribune of the Corps Diplomatique. He handed it to the Belgian Minister, who in turn passed it to the Prime Minister of France. Heedless in his joy, of the want of ceremony with which news on which so much depended was communicated to him, he hurried to the Emperor, crying out, "It is peace; it is peace." The official statement of the Prince's resignation was made on the following day, July 13th, but the announcement failed to satisfy the more fiery spirits in the French Government. In the first place the Prince had withdrawn at the instance of his father and not at that of the Prussian King; and in the second it was desired that his

Majesty should give France an assurance that he would not sanction the revival of this candidature at any future time. The Duc de Grammont therefore telegraphed to Comte Benedetti asking him to request the King to sanction officially the withdrawal of the Prince, and to promise that he should not again be put forward as a candidate for the Spanish sovereignty. His Majesty refused to give this guarantee, saying he must be free to act according to circumstances. The Duc de Grammont then sent another telegram to the French Ambassador, the exact words of which are, "'Tell him that we only ask him to forbid the Prince of Hohenzollern to renew his canditature. Let him say, 'I will forbid him,' and authorise you to write this to me, or charge his Ambassador to make it known to me and it will suffice."

The King was at this time drinking the waters at Ems, where he had been joined by the French Ambassador. On the morning of July 14th, while his Majesty was walking along the shady promenade on his way to drink his morning glass at the well, he was joined by Comte Benedetti who, as excited France was impatiently waiting for the result of his interview, requested that an audience might be given to him at his Majesty's earliest convenience, as he had an important point to urge. At this the King shook his head, saying he thought a further interview would be useless, as he had nothing to add to what

he had already stated. An hour afterwards however, he sent a note to the French Ambassador by an aide-de-camp, which said, "The King has consented to give his entire and unreserved approbation to the withdrawal of the Prince of Hohenzollern; he can do no more." This was all that could be obtained from him. Next day, as he was about to leave for France, Comte Benedetti met his Majesty who was going to Coblenz, when they parted with the uttermost friendliness at the railway station.

The King's refusal to give the required guarantee, was the last faggot flung on the fire of public feeling in France. Since the first news regarding Prince Leopold had reached it Paris had been working itself into a frenzy. Work was abandoned by day, and by night the cafés and restaurants, the boulevards and streets, were thronged by eager, excited people, who thrilled to the passionate oratory of the demagogues, and to the lurid appeals in the press, which censured the Government for not having already declared war on a country that had insulted them, and to which a severe lesson must be taught. Their restlessness and vehemence were kept at boiling pitch by the reports more or less garbled of the Cabinet Councils continually taking place. These meetings, disturbed by stormy scenes, by denunciations of the enemy, as Prussia was already called, were presided over by a passive and tragic figure. Calm in the

midst of excitement, his heavy lids half covering his dull weary eyes, his face ghastly from sleepless nights, his lips set to prevent the twitching of muscles rebellious under the excruciating agony he suffered, the Emperor sat there unable to control his Ministers, often unacquainted with what they had already done, desiring conciliation, and actively opposed by the Empress's party, which was utterly hostile to the peace it was his earnest desire to secure.

In this they seconded the determination of Bismarck, into whose hands they were playing. Aware of the menaces of the French press, and of the bitter feelings of the people, he endeavoured to increase the national rancour, lest King William's final message might pave the way to a better understanding between the Sovereigns. For this purpose, as he later mendaciously admitted, Bismarck caused an article to appear in the *Gazette de l'Allemagne du Nord*, misrepresenting in a manner humiliating to France, an account of the interviews between Comte Benedetti and the King, who, it was stated, had peremptorily refused an audience to the French Ambassador. The journal that published this article on July 13th, was distributed gratuitously in the streets of Berlin, while telegrams repeating its statements were flashed all over Europe. After this Bismarck knew it would be impossible for France to accept peace; but further evidence of his intention to force war on France, is

given in his statement to the English Ambassador at Berlin, and afterwards repeated to the English Minister of War, in reply to his request that a conciliatory policy be adopted towards France, that instead of making any concessions to her she must withdraw her demand for a guarantee as to the future; must apologise for the violence of her press; and disavow the speech made by the Duc de Grammont on the 6th of the month.

On July 14th three Cabinet Councils were held by the Emperor. At the second of these a proposal was made that the situation be submitted to a European congress. This was an echo of his Majesty's most ardent wish, and on hearing it expressed tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his sunken cheeks. The suggestion was drowned in a flood of opposition, and the last chance of saving France was lost. The third Council, held at night at St. Cloud, brought matters to a climax. An authoritative account of what happened there was given by the Duc de Grammont, to Lord Malmesbury, who says:

"Before the final resolve to declare war the Emperor, Empress, and Ministers went to St. Cloud. After some discussion, the Empress, a high-spirited and impressionable woman, made a strong and most excited address, declaring that 'war was inevitable if the honour of France was to be sustained.' She was immediately followed by Marshal Lebœuf who, in

the most violent tone, threw down his portfolio and swore that if war was not declared he would give it up and renounce his military rank." The continuation of this dramatic scene is given by "an intimate of the palace," Anna L. Bicknell, on good authority, which stated: "The Emperor positively refused to sign the declaration of war and left the room after the scene with the Empress and Marshal Lebœuf. The former showed great anger, and seizing the arm of one of the Ministers, she exclaimed against the apathy of the Emperor, adding: 'We will make him do it.' She followed the weary Emperor, who finally yielded to her pressing insistence."

On war being declared by France its capital burst into delirious rejoicings. Night after night during this breathless mid-July, the streets blazed with illuminations; day after day under fierce suns and brazen skies, troops marched to the railway stations, the music of their bands drowned by the vociferous cheers of the populace, and their cry "à Berlin; à Berlin." Completely ignorant of the strength of the enemy, of the want of discipline, weakness of numbers, and general unpreparedness of the French army, the Empress rejoiced in the prospect of "my little war," as she termed it, which, always impetuous in her judgments, and disdaining to recognise possibilities, she believed must end in triumph for France; and in this way re-establish the Empire which she knew was

tottering, and fix the Imperial dynasty more firmly in the loyalty of its subjects. Since she had secured her wishes, which were those of all France, her place at the Councils became more prominent, and on the 24th of the month, she gratified her dramatic instincts by inspecting the fleet at Cherbourg, and reading the declaration of war to the men.

Meanwhile the Emperor went through the ordeal of his duties calmly and wearily. On the 6th of the month he telegraphed to the famous English surgeon Mr. Prescott Hewett, whom he wished to consult, but whose visit he was obliged to postpone. To pain of body that made it impossible for him to mount a horse without enduring terrible agony was added mental depression. For he remembered that his efforts, made four years ago, to reorganise the army had been thwarted, as had also his design to have it increased and to dismiss many officers whom he suspected to be unfitted for their posts. He knew moreover that the infantry had not been given a sufficient supply of musketry, and had not been drilled in the use of the new breechloaders, and that other defects in his army were to be feared. But none of his doubts were shared by the nation, which intoxicated by vanity made certain of conquest.

Before leaving to join the army, where notwithstanding his sufferings he considered his presence was indispensable, he appointed the Empress Regent.

This act was far from popular; for notwithstanding her many charitable actions, the reforms she had effected in public institutions, her personal interest in hospitals, and her bravery in attending cholera patients, she was not beloved by the French people, not only on account of her nationality but because of the absence from her character of that mysterious sympathy whose presence in women much less worthy had endeared them to their subjects. Moreover it was felt that at a time when the nation was excited to the point of hysteria, and showing republican tendencies, the appointment of a strong man to steer the helm of State would have been better than that of an emotional and romantic woman. But the Emperor's obedience following in the path of her desires, her ambition to rule in his absence was granted.

On July 28th, 1870, the Emperor started from St. Cloud for the headquarters of his army at Metz, taking with him the Prince Imperial, then just entering his fifteenth year. That the boy should accompany him, was due to the precautionary measure of placing him in the care of the army in case of defeat, rather than trusting him to the mercies of his Majesty's Parisian subjects, of whose fickleness and faithlessness he entertained no illusions. Unable to endure the fatigue and excitement of the public ovation which his departure from Paris would have brought him, he had

decided to leave from St. Cloud, though this entailed a tedious cross-journey to his destination. Accordingly a passage was cleared through the park from the palace to the outskirts, past which the railway line ran. Here a platform was made and a waiting-room erected; and here it was that the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, his Majesty's military staff, and his Ministers, assembled early in the morning of a sultry day. Already the heat was intolerable, the air suffocating, the sky heavily over cast; for a long-threatened storm was close at hand, and the muttering of thunder and heavy raindrops were momentarily expected.

With spirits oppressed by this sunless day, their nerves strained by the electricity of the atmosphere, their minds haunted by the uncertainty of this war, and the conviction that defeat would be followed by the downfall of the Imperial dynasty, this crowd, brave in its fashionable toilettes, its brilliant uniforms, its decorations, made a show of gaiety whose superficiality deceived none of them, save perhaps the little Prince, who proud of the uniform of a sub-lieutenant of the Grenadier Guards, to which rank he had just been promoted, marched backwards and forwards, his hand on the hilt of his sword. The Empress, erect and sublimely heroic, the Emperor moving slowly, dull eyed, and with rouged cheeks, chatted with those around them until all being ready, the engine hissing

impatiently, his Majesty clasped his wife in a farewell embrace, and then quickly, unsteadily, got into his carriage, followed by his son, whose eyes were blinded by tears which his valorous heart strove to keep back.

The generals then took their places, brave words on their lips and ringing in their ears. Leaning from his carriage, the Emperor, scanning the faces of those he might never see again, caught sight of one of his aides-de-camp, to whom he called out, "Dumanoir, I did not say good-bye to you"; and he held out his shaking hand to this young man who had remained in the background. At the same instant the Empress, addressing her boy whose dim eyes were wistfully fixed on her, called out in a clear, unshaken voice, "Louis, do your duty." Then the signal for departure was given, and with cheers and cries of "Vive l'Empereur," from those on the platform, the train steamed away and was soon lost to sight behind a curve of the park, leaving no trace but a cloud of blue smoke on the dead air. Only then did the Empress break down and burst into tears.

CHAPTER VII

The Son of France is Presented to the Army—Beginning the War—A Baptism of Fire—Scenes in Paris—Prosper Mérimée's Fears—The State of the French Army—The Prince Becomes Ill—The Emperor is Urged to Return to the Capital—The Empress is Unwilling that he Should Leave the Army—Resignation of the Prime Minister—The Emperor's Humiliation and Suffering—He Parts from his Son—The Prince Escapes Across the Frontiers in Disguise—His Arrival in England—The Fatal Day at Sedan—The Emperor Surrenders his Sword—His Meeting with King William of Prussia—News of the Defeat Reaches the Capital—Conduct of the Mob—The Empress Refuses to Resign the Regency—Crowds Surround the Tuileries—Her Majesty's Danger—Flight from the Palace—Seeking a Refuge—Dr. Evans Smuggles her Majesty out of Paris—Embarking for England—Danger in Crossing the Channel—Arrival at Hastings—Hires a House at Chislehurst—The Emperor Comes to England—Lord Malmesbury's Account of his Visit to his Majesty—The Financial Condition of the Imperial Family—The Prince Imperial is Sent to Woolwich—The Emperor's Serious Illness and Death—The Prince Imperial and the French Visitors—He Leaves Woolwich and Settles at Chislehurst—His Desire to Serve in the British Army at Zululand—He Leaves Southampton for Natal—His Death and Burial.

ON reaching Metz, the Emperor proudly presented "the Son of France" to the army who received him with enthusiasm. Though one and all of these gallant troopers, elated by vanity and confident of success, were eager to begin the

attack and demolish the enemy, some days elapsed before a date was fixed for the fight. During that time the Prince, handsome, winning, proud of his popularity, a cheery word for ever on his lips, delighted in going about the camp on foot or on horseback, watching the preparations being made, talking with the men, and occasionally joining them at their meals in a spirit of good comradeship. Meanwhile the Emperor, in conferring with his generals and in inspecting the troops, became more than ever convinced of the unfitness of the army for the conflict before it; for not only was it wanting in organisation and numbers, but it was without sufficient ammunition or provisions, while not a single map of the French frontiers was available.

Too late to pause, nothing could be done but begin the war before the enthusiasm of the soldiers cooled under the knowledge of their wants, that gradually crept through their ranks. The first engagement took place on August 2nd, 1870, at Saarbrück, on Prussian territory. Short and sharp it began at eleven and ended at one, in a victory for the French. Though he must have suffered agonies in the saddle, the Emperor rode at the head of the troops. When the Prussians had been driven from the town, he was lifted from his horse by two generals, and assisted to the carriage which was in readiness to convey

him back to headquarters. No sooner was he seated in this by his son, who had ridden beside him during the engagement, than he flung his arms round the boy's neck and kissed his cheek, while tears started from his eyes.

On reaching Metz he at once wrote: "Louis has received his baptism of fire. He was admirably calm, and never lost his self-possession. . . . We were in the front; the balls and bullets fell at our feet. Louis has kept a ball that fell near him. Some of the soldiers wept on seeing how calm he remained."

The first flush of joy this victory brought to France was soon dispelled by news of the disasters that quickly followed. Overwhelming in number, well disciplined, invincible, the Prussians swept their enemy before them at Wissembourg, Wörth, Forbach, and Spickeren; scenes long memorable for the sickening carnage that had paved the way to victory. News of the national defeat was received in Paris, at first with surprise, and later with the wildest consternation. Indifferent to sleep, unable to eat, too restless to remain in their homes, their vanity wounded, their high expectations crushed, the people walked about the streets by night like mournful phantoms in some doomed city; but as day after day brought them tidings of fresh disaster their stupor gave place to anger, and as they read the telegrams posted at the newspaper offices, or listened to the

volcanic utterances of those who denounced the Emperor, the Empress, and the Government, their fierce oaths and fervid maledictions sounded as the mutterings of a coming storm.

Like her husband's subjects, the Empress had been stunned at news of the first defeat of the French army; then summoning her courage and determined to do her duty, she hurriedly left the palace of St. Cloud by night, and not without fear of being attacked on her way, drove to the Tuileries, which she reached at two o'clock on the morning of August 8th. A Council was immediately held which lasted until daybreak, at which it was resolved to call an assembly of the Legislative Body, and to take steps to protect the capital. As Regent, the Empress addressed the people. Having referred to the defeat they had suffered, she said: "Let there be but one party among us, that of France; let us follow but one banner, that of our honour. I shall be in your midst, and you will see me faithful to my duty; the first where danger threatens, the foremost to guard the banner of the Empire."

In fulfilment of these bombastic words the Empress desired to review the troops, and it was with some difficulty she was dissuaded from this intention by her advisers, who knew that the populace and soldiers alike would ridicule this theatrical display. Alert, dominating all, she gave private audiences to the

Ministers, consulted with the generals left in command of the army in Paris, and prepared for the reception of the wounded. The meeting of the Legislative Body, summoned for the 9th, was rent by violent scenes at a moment when calmness and unity were essential. A reflection of its spirit was seen outside the Chamber, where a dense and dangerous mob had gathered to listen to frenzied speeches against the Government, whose assembly it was ready to dash on with ferocity. Among other matters the Senators debated as to whether or not the Emperor should be called on to resign his post as head of the army to Marshal Bazaine.

Notwithstanding the reputation as a military commander which his Majesty had gained during the Italian campaign, no sooner had his present reverses set in than the army began to lose confidence in his guidance, and the discussion of the Legislative Body resulted in a decision that he should surrender the command of his troops. An order to this effect signed by the Regent and the Ministers, was brought to the Emperor by his successor Marshal Bazaine, a rough soldier whose bearing on this occasion helped to deepen the humiliation of his Majesty's deposition. It was borne by him without remonstrance or complaint, and henceforth he followed at the heels of his generals, to whom he could not but have felt himself an encumbrance. There is something

of stoic philosophy in the sentences with which he refers in his *Œuvres Posthumes* to his position. "Chief of the State," says he, "responsible to the French people, he was by the force of circumstances shorn of the rights he held from the nation, and condemned to be powerless while he saw under his eyes his army marching to an abyss." An impression of him at this time is given us by General Changarnier, a former opponent of his who had been arrested and imprisoned at the time of the *coup-a'état*, and who on being released resided in Belgium. Seeking the Emperor, he found him in his little bedroom at the headquarters at Metz. "My heart beat as he appeared," writes this visitor, "and tears came into my eyes. Unhappy Sovereign. His face betrayed cruel sufferings. He offered me his hand. 'Sire,' I said, 'I have come to ask your permission to let me die in the midst of your soldiers.' His usually impassive countenance betrayed violent emotion. He bowed and withdrew, leaving me with General Lebœuf."

Amid the tumult of Paris, the Regent continued active in holding councils, in receiving and despatching countless telegrams, in giving audiences to prefects, generals, deputies, and in preparing for a siege, which was thought possible but not probable. The shops and theatres with the exception of the cafés and restaurants were closed; provisions at double

the ordinary price were stored; the fortifications made ready; civilians were being drilled; cattle from the surrounding country were driven through the streets, left to graze in the Bois de Boulogne, or penned in the public squares; the hospitals overflowed with the wounded sent from the seat of war, their doors and passages crowded by those who brought gifts of linen and lint; and the Gardes Mobiles came marching into the capital, from whence foreigners had already flocked in thousands. Day by day, hour by hour, telegrams from headquarters were waited for with impatience, hope, and fear. The time passed in a sort of agony, as Prosper Mérimée, now a dying man, wrote in one of his last letters to Panizzi. The patriotic movement was grand, but he feared it was without intelligence; and there were two Governments which were far from helping each other. The Empress, he declared (on August 11th), "is as firm as a rock, although she makes no attempt to conceal the horror of her situation. I fully expect to hear of the Emperor's death, for he could only return here a conqueror, and victory is impossible. Nothing is in readiness; everything is wanting all at once. Disorder everywhere. If we had only generals and Ministers nothing would be lost, for there is assuredly plenty of enthusiasm and patriotism in the country. But in a time of anarchy the most favourable elements are

of no use. Paris is quiet, but, if as Jules Favre suggests, the *faubourgs* are supplied with arms we shall have a Prussian army of another sort upon us."

On August 4th, the Emperor and the Prince Imperial with a portion of the army retired from Metz, on which the enemy was advancing, to Verdun, from which they were promptly obliged to retreat to Gravelotte. That he might be in more direct communication with Paris, his Majesty moved from Gravelotte to Chalon, travelling in a cattle truck, unprotected under a fierce sun, without food, without drink, save for a mug of water shared between father and son. Here he found the remains of a routed division in a state of indescribable disorganisation; wounded, hungry, disheartened, and weary. Here also news was brought him by General Trochu, of the revolutionary spirit dominating the capital.

Already humiliated by his deposition from the head of the army, suffering intense pain unrelieved by the attendance of doctors or necessary appliances, struck to the heart by sight of the dead he had left on the scenes of the engagements, and by the suffering around him, another grief was added to his lot by the illness of the son he adored, who was almost the only thing left for him to love. At the first reverses the boy had gone about the disheartened camp with a brave air, striving to cheer the soldiers by assuring them that their losses would soon be retrieved, that the

chances of war must soon turn in their favour, and that they must never forget that they were led by a Napoleon. But with each succeeding loss his words became less cheery, and the sight of men dying in torture or dead by thousands filled him with such sickening horror, that years later in the peaceful security of his Chislehurst home, he would wake from terrible dreams crying out "Ah mon Dieu, ces pauvres soldats; ces pauvres soldats." Then came as a shameful blow the fact of his father's deposition. Loving him as he did the boy's feelings towards those responsible for the step can be imagined. Energy failed him, violent headaches distracted him, he could not sleep, the food offered him was distasteful, and his pulse beat feverishly. Refusing to remain in the camp, he insisted in riding by his father's side, anxious to share his dangers, though this brought him once more face to face with revolting sights of torn and tortured humanity. Fresh cause for sympathy with his father was soon forthcoming.

On reaching Chalon on the 17th, a council of war was held, when the marshals and generals, supported by Prince Napoleon, decided that it would be wisest for the Emperor to return to Paris, taking with him some troops under the command of Marshal MacMahon. This would relieve him from the embarrassment of his position, would rid the army of the encumbrance of his presence, and place him at the head of

his disorganised Government in his capital, where it was hoped his influence might quell the disturbances, and from where in case of final disaster he might better be able to make terms of peace with Prussia. To this the Emperor, suffering, and broken-spirited, readily agreed. He had however to count with the Empress who would not listen to such a proposal. Believing that his departure from the army would have a bad effect in the eyes of the nation, and that his entry into Paris might be the signal for the death-blow to himself or to his dynasty, she was determinately averse to his return.

Men of experience and wisdom who had served in the senate and in the field, might think that his proper place was at the head of his Government; but she a woman, far removed from the scene of war, and therefore unable to judge of circumstances—with that boundless confidence in self that egotism gives—felt certain she knew what was best for the nation and for her husband's dynasty. Her strong advocacy of her views gained her the support of some of the Ministers, but the opposition of others, headed by the Prime Minister, Emile Olivier, who declared that it was only by recalling him to Paris and by suddenly arresting the senators opposed to him, that the Emperor could preserve his seat on the throne. As the Prime Minister would not submit to the Empress's will, disagreements followed, and he resigned. His

ministry was succeeded by one far more hostile to the Emperor. Neither the dismissal nor the summoning of Parliament was within the power of the Regent, and was illegal without the consent of the Sovereign ; but though deploring such mischievous actions, he bore them with the philosophic calm of a fatalist, and without making complaint expressed his sympathy with the fallen Prime Minister. "You have given me so many proofs of devotion," he wrote to him on August 19th, "that I had become accustomed to reckon on you to smooth difficulties and to give direction, exempt from weakness, to public affairs. I hope, nevertheless, that our relations will remain as intimate as in the past."

General Trochu, who had just been appointed Governor of Paris and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in the capital, was then sent from Chalon to explain to the Empress the critical state of the French army, the embarrassment which the Emperor's presence caused his generals, as there was a continual risk of his being captured by the enemy, and to express their unanimous desire that he should return to Paris. In reply the Regent told him that she had already disagreed with Emile Olivier on the subject, and re-stated her views, which without much difficulty but with some theatrical display of hand-kissing and protests of devotion, were accepted by a man who had his own interests

in view, and who was soon to be branded as a traitor by the friends of the Emperor. Broken in spirit by physical suffering and mental distress, his Majesty submitted without protest to the will of the Regent. Henceforth it was only left for him to seek death, and this he did calmly, determinedly, persistently, but in vain.

This was a fate from which he desired to save his son who would not be separated from him. It had already been his wish that the boy should return to Paris, but this was not acceptable to the Empress. Now however that danger surrounded the Prince on all sides from the pursuing and victorious Prussian army his Majesty was determined to place his son in safety. Against this decision the boy pleaded and protested. His bitter grief at the idea of being separated from his father was not only shared by the latter, but was intensified in one who, seeking death, presumed that they should meet no more in life. At the hour of parting both sobbed unrestrainedly as they embraced again and again, until to end this painful scene the lad was taken away almost forcibly by Comte Clary, in whose charge he had been placed.

In his journey to Mézières, made in a market-cart, the Prince ran some danger of being arrested by the enemy, but he arrived safely and was comfortably housed. After travelling backwards and forwards, according to instructions received by telegram, it

was here that he was roused from sleep one night, to hear that the Prussian troops were close at hand, and to be hurried away from one town to another, danger following close in his track, not only from the Prussians, but still more from the violence of the Republicans, until at last, hunted but defiant, and racked by anxiety regarding his father, he allowed himself to be dressed in the despised blouse and cap of a peasant, and to be led through the back door of a friendly shelter given him at Maubeuge. Pale from illness and silent in his despair he walked side by side with his guardian, also disguised as a peasant, until arriving by unfrequented ways at a station some distance from the town, they entered a third-class carriage of a train that carried them beyond the frontiers of France. Stunned by sorrow he remained passive, seemingly unconscious of what was happening around him, as he was taken to Ostend; and it was only when sitting silently and motionlessly on the deck of the boat that was carrying him to England, he saw the last grey line of the French coast-line disappear in the distance, that burying his head in his arms, he burst into tears. He landed at Dover on September 8th (1870) after experiencing in six weeks such swift and sudden changes as seldom fall to the lot of man.

The end of the brief but fierce war was near at hand. Marshal Bazaine with the flower of the French

army, numbering about one hundred and seventy thousand men, was besieged in Metz. On September 1st the final battle began on the broken upland ground surrounding the fortified town of Sedan lying in a hollow. Here the Emperor had arrived the previous night on foot, followed by his aides-de-camp. As early as five in the morning, the booming of cannon announced that the engagement had begun. Waked by his servant from a sound sleep of exhaustion, his Majesty hastily dressed, drank a cup of coffee and ate a piece of dry bread. He was then assisted into the saddle, and with a determined expression on his weary face that showed the settled project of his mind, he rode forward. His way was slow, for the narrow winding streets were thronged by men hurrying to and fro in confusion ; by artillery waggons blocking the way ; by farmers' carts that had brought in provisions during the night ; by horses tied by their bridles to window-bars and door-posts, munching the hay flung to them, and neighing in fright and eagerness at the sound of cannon thundering in a distance that seemed to grow near and nearer every second.

Passing at last under the heavy arch of an ancient town-gate, the Emperor saw before him, spread over the wide semicircle of the surrounding hills, the opposing armies, his own more than twice outnumbered by the enemy. Engaged in a fierce fight, they stretched

over field, and garden, and farm, line after line, battalion after battalion, multicoloured, appalling, their arms and accoutrements flashing fiercely in the morning sun, the whole a vengeful, terrible sight like some apocalyptic vision, now and then hidden by the blue-grey clouds of cannon smoke, the signal of devastation and death. Riding towards the village of Bazeilles where the fight seemed most desperate, the Emperor met an ambulance carriage conveying Marshal Mac-Mahon who had been severely wounded, back to the town. Having exchanged a few words with this gallant man whose fate he envied, the Emperor hurried forward.

For the next five hours he remained in the saddle, unflinching under intense sufferings, always in the thickest of the fight, commanding and encouraging the men, whose blood boiling to madness struggled against overwhelming odds with heroic determination. But though persistently keeping in the forefront of danger, and exposed to a cross fire of artillery ; though a shell had burst at his feet, and four of his staff had been killed or wounded beside him, death passed him by. Hopelessly overcome the French were driven back and back from the battlefield, where fourteen thousand men were killed or wounded, until the retreating army exhausted by the prolonged fight, in need of food, disorganised by the merciless rain of shot and shell that fell upon them, flocked a de-

moralised mob through the one gate of the town opened to them, those who were unable to reach the town seeking refuge in the trenches. At three o'clock in the afternoon, General Wimpffen proposed to the Emperor that he should take what scattered troops he could collect and cut an exit through the enemies lines to Carignan ; but his Majesty refused to expose the men to further danger or to leave the army.

Every moment the enemy drew nearer, and the suffering within Sedan grew worse. Gaining the surrounding hills, the Prussians dropped shells into the defenceless town, the roofs of whose houses were blown to atoms, whose walls blazed. Civilians and soldiers rushed to and fro in wild confusion, seeking shelter and not knowing where to find it ; for buildings fell about their ears, the streets were literally ploughed by bombs, and those who escaped on the battlefield were killed in this merciless death-trap. Assured by three of his generals that further resistance was impossible, and unable any longer to endure the sight of the massacre of men, women and children going on around him, the Emperor took the responsibility of ordering the flag of truce to be hoisted on the citadel.

No sooner was this seen by the enemy than the King of Prussia sent an aide-de-camp to demand capitulation. The Emperor's position did not allow him to agree to this ; but believing that in surrendering himself—against whom it had often been stated the

war was made—he would obtain more advantageous terms for his troops, he wrote a note to King William, saying, "Having been unable to meet death at the head of my army, I surrender my sword to your Majesty." As this contained no mention of capitulation, the King wrote to the Emperor, and after expressing regret at the circumstances under which they corresponded, asked him to appoint an officer to confer with General de Moltke, on the subject. That evening General de Wimpffen went to the Prussian headquarters where hard terms were proposed to him. In the hope that his personal pleadings with the King might gain more mercy for his soldiers, the Emperor left Sedan next morning to visit the Prussian Sovereign. Assured that he would shortly be with them again, the Emperor did not bid farewell to his army or his generals. He was not allowed to return, nor was he permitted by Bismarck to see the King until the terms of capitulation had been signed by General de Wimpffen, as Commander-in-Chief of the French army.

This having been done, the Sovereigns came face to face in the upper room of the Château de Bellevue. When last they had met, three years previously, the Emperor had acted as host to the King on his visit to the Paris Exhibition, when the Empire had seemed at the zenith of its glory. Signs of his remembrance of that time were visible in King William's manner, while his words expressed sympathy with the unhappy

Sovereign, whose misfortunes he said were due to imprudent counsels. The interview which must have been painful to both, and during which the Emperor bore himself with calmness and dignity, lasted but fifteen minutes. Before it ended he was told that the palace of Wilhemshöhe, near Cassel, had been assigned to him as his residence. It was not unknown to him, as in the days of his youth he had visited the palace when it had belonged to his uncle Jerome, then King of Westphalia. During his interview with Bismarck and King William the consideration and respect due to a Sovereign had been shown to him, and were continued to be paid to him by those who surrounded him during the six months he spent at Wilhelmshöhe where he was allowed to retain a number of his suite. On reaching the palace in the gathering darkness of the evening of September 5th, he could not but have regarded it as a prison ; could not but have recalled the marvellous incidents in his life since he had played here as a happy child ; incidents that now culminated in his bitter humiliation, physical sufferings, and anxiety regarding the fate of his wife and child. As he passed wearily through the suite of apartments that ended in his bedroom, he suddenly halted, for from the wall above him his mother's eyes met his, looking down from her vivid portrait. In obedience to a wave of his hand, his suite fell back and left him alone.

The next act in this tragedy of the French nation, took place in Paris. Here it was known that a great battle at Sedan was imminent, but no news of its result reached the capital until the evening of September 2nd, when the Minister of the Interior hurrying to the Tuileries, sought the Empress, and handed her a private telegram. His harassed looks might have prepared her for the evil news it contained, but turning from fear she tore open the envelope and read its contents. Then with a cry she sank into a chair stunned by the blow. All along in the face of succeeding disasters, she had believed that some over-ruling power would turn the fortunes of war in favour of France. This hope was for ever dispelled by the crushing news of the surrender of the army, and the Emperor's humiliating fate. A word from the anxious Minister beside her, who knew what the telegram told, roused her to the vital importance of immediate action. It might yet be possible to save the capital from invasion, and to preserve the Imperial dynasty. A message was sent to General Trochu urging him to make the final defences for the protection of the city, and a Cabinet Council was summoned. Taking her seat at the head of this, her face deadly pale, her eyes glittering with suppressed excitement, her small, beautifully shaped hands twitching as they grasped the arms of her chair, the Empress, in the quickly spoken short sentences in which she habitually ex-

pressed herself, and with the foreign accent that became marked in moments of emotion, told them that the Emperor was a prisoner, and his army defeated. The news was heard with overwhelming grief. After various suggestions had been made it was decided to keep it secret until it was officially confirmed; that Parliament should be summoned for the following day; and meanwhile that a proclamation should be posted on the walls of Paris, calling on the inhabitants to defend it. When fears were expressed for her own safety, and measures of precaution spoken of, her Majesty begged that no matter what might happen the troops should not fire on the people.

Though rumours of the great disaster spread like wild-fire through Paris, it was not generally believed until it was confirmed by news from Sedan saying that a surrender had been signed, and that forty thousand French soldiers were made prisoners by the Prussians. For some unexplained reason this communication did not reach the Government until nine o'clock on the evening of Saturday, September 3rd. Abased and dejected at first by these tidings, the feelings of the great mass of the people quickly rebounded to insatiable fury and desire for vengeance. Pouring down in hundreds from Montmartre, Belleville, and Montparnasse, they surged through the streets, beside themselves with excitement and ready for desperate deeds. Without a leader, and without

any definitely shaped purpose, sullen and threatening, they swept along the Place de la Madeleine until they came to a house from whose balcony the Republican, Jules Simon, heated and gesticulating, was delivering himself of passionate oratory whose continued refrain was, "Down with the Empress. Abdication. Down with the Spaniard."

His words falling on eager ears were repeated and echoed again and again in chorus until they sounded like the blasts of a storm raging through a forest. In the intervals came lava-like words denouncing the iniquities of the Empire and the inefficiency of its head, and demanding the overthrow of his dynasty. The means to obtain this end, it was stated, would be made known to them on the following mid-day, when they were invited to meet the speaker and his colleagues at the Place de la Concorde. The dismissed mob then patrolled the streets, shrieking denunciations against the Emperor whom they blamed for their losses; and against the Empress whom they cursed for her interference in the affairs of the nation; only pausing in their ravings to break into wine cellars, where they quenched their thirst and further excited their passions.

They were still on the alert, determined on mischief, and furious at an early hour next morning; a dense, brutal-faced concourse, black under a sky of sapphire

blue that promised a day of sweltering heat. At six o'clock the Empress, who had scarcely slept the previous night, heard Mass in her private chapel, and then began the business of the day that was to end in overwhelming disaster for her. Ministers were received, telegrams were read, the Prefect of Police delivered his warnings, directions were given regarding the defence of the city, and scores of minor orders sent out. At noon she sat down with her suite to a breakfast for which she had no appetite. Before it was finished she was told that a deputation from the Corps Legislative had asked for an audience.

Without delay she went to them where they impatiently awaited her in the Blue Drawing-room. Anticipating further trouble she was determined to bear it with courage. Erect, with questioning eyes looking from a set, pallid face, she met the deputation, whose object was at once explained by its head, M. Buffet. During a stormy sitting of the Corps Legislative, which had begun at one o'clock that morning, Jules Favre had in a heated speech proposed that the Emperor should be deposed. To render this inoperative, and to meet half-way the general feeling that a change of Government was necessary in the present crisis, the friends of the Imperial dynasty suggested that the Empress should resign the Regency, and place the entire executive power in the hands of the Corps Legislative. This, M. Buffet declared, was

the last means of uniting the Parliament, the last hope of preserving the throne to the Emperor.

Before he had finished his suggestion, made with every deference and consideration, the Empress stopped him by absolutely refusing to act on it. Her abdication, she said, could not save France; the present was not the time for discussing political differences, but for uniting for defence; it would be as cowardly for her to desert her post, as for a captain to quit a ship threatened by a storm. In vain he and his colleagues argued in the hope of overcoming her obstinate determination; in vain her kinsman Ferdinand de Lesseps urged her to resign; in vain her First Chamberlain, Baron de Pier implored her to concede to the general wish, and to "save the country from a revolution which will be more dreadful than any France has known," the only concession she would make was, that if the Council of Regency sanctioned her abdication she would agree to it. It was explained that pressure of events left no time for consultation with the Council, but she yet refused to abdicate voluntarily.

At this point the audience was disturbed by the hurried entrance of one of the Corps Legislative, M. de Gardanes, who heated and breathless, in a few words told that the Chamber had been suddenly raided by a mob, its president dragged from his chair, its deputies dispersed, and a republic proclaimed. At

that M. Buffet, turning in despair to the Empress said, "It only now remains to provide for your Majesty's safety." At the same moment she could hear the dull roar of the mob mighty in number that gathered in the Place de la Concorde to hear the inflammatory speeches of Jules Simon and his friends; could hear that dull smouldering roar being suddenly rent by violent yells of "À bas l'Impératrice. La déchéance. À la guillotine. À la guillotine. Vive la République;" could see from the windows that terrible surging crowd bare-chested, sweltering in the sun, brazen women with streaming hair and uplifted arms waving blood-red flags, and men, intoxicated, vociferous, savage, drawing close and closer to the railings of the palace toward which they turned wild and hungry eyes. In the days of her glorious prosperity she had delighted to play the part of Marie Antoinette, and now it seemed as if the fate of that unhappy woman would also be hers.

As if to bring home with greater force the horror and peril of her position, word was momentarily sent her of ominous news. The carriage of the Princess d'Essling, the Grande Maîtresse of the Empress's Household, had been stopped on its way to the Tuileries and turned back; the portraits of their Majesties had been torn from the walls of the Hôtel de Ville and cut into ribbons, to the sounds of curses and laughter; the Imperial eagles had been hauled

down from the gates and the doorways of public offices and smashed to atoms; the troops joining the populace in the streets were loudest in shouting the strains of the Marseillaise.

Calm and unflinching she stood in the midst of her household, who distracted by fears for her safety and their own implored her to fly from the palace while there was time, but this advice she was unwilling to take. "I know how to die" she replied. Arguments and entreaties being useless, her equerries drew their swords and prepared to defend her, seeing which she told them no blood must be shed to save her. At that Pietri, the Prefect of Police, said quietly, "Is it your Majesty's wishes to cause a general massacre of your attendants?" The question startled her, and immediately sending for General Mellinet who commanded the few troops protecting the Tuileries, she asked if it were possible to defend the palace without causing bloodshed. She was assured that it was not. After a pause during which the lives of all present seemed to hang in the balance, she said in her calm even tones, "Then I will go; but all of you can bear witness that I have done my duty to the last."

The quick movement of those around her showed their intense relief. At the same instant the Princess Clotilde entered the room, grave and dignified as usual. Having heard of the Empress's peril, she had

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come to share it. At this act of devotion from one between whom and herself little sympathy had existed, tears rushed to her Majesty's eyes ; but equally heroic, she would not hear of the Princess remaining, and begged that she would leave Paris without delay. The Princess declared she had no fears, and probably would not have yielded to her Majesty's wish, had not Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and the Chevalier Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, arrived at that instant to offer their protection to the Empress. Believing that her Majesty was safe when guarded by them, the Princess Clotilde took her leave. To these diplomatists her Majesty had freely given her confidences in the past, much to the Emperor's displeasure and against his repeated warnings, and on their friendship she now relied. Its disinterestedness is not above suspicion, when it is considered that they desired to be rid of the Regent of a Government to which they had been accredited before acknowledging a Government with which they believed their respective Sovereigns would desire to keep friendly.

In a few words she bade good-bye to her household. To the few faithful ones who were unwilling to leave her, she said it was best for all that they should separate, and leave the palace as quietly as possible. The force of this advice was evident at that instant when a wild howl from outside cheered an urchin, who climbing the railings had fixed a red flag on one of

the pillars of the gate. At the same time, strengthened by excitement, the crowd broke down the railings and forced its way into the private gardens of the palace. Here it was met by General Mellinet who had returned to his post. Knowing how powerless he and his men would be in the face of that seething mob he strove to humour and to keep at bay, until the Empress had time to make her escape, these merciless ruffians whom he would gladly have sent to perdition. There was no need for disturbance, he told them, for the Empress had left the palace, and to prove his words and divert their intention from an immediate raid, he ordered the Imperial flag to be pulled down.

Meantime the Empress had gone to her own room, where kneeling before a crucifix she bowed her head in silence. Then rising she put on a plain straw bonnet and a long waterproof cloak, while she covered her face with a thick veil. Entering the corridor where the Ambassadors awaited her, she took Prince Metternich's arm, and followed by the Chevalier Nigra and Madame Lebreton, one of her ladies who had refused to leave her, she passed through a side wing of the Tuileries and entered a gallery connecting it with the Louvre. As she did the crashing of glass, the smashing of wood, and the hurried tramp of countless footsteps announced that the mob had broken into the palace, while the object of their search was made known by their cries of "À bas l'Impératrice.

À la guillotine. A la guillotine." Hearing this the Empress halted and said, "It is now too late to escape, leave me;" but Prince Metternich determinedly grasped her arm and urged her forward almost by force until they came to the door that led to the Louvre. On turning the handle this was found to be locked. It seemed as if fate had entrapped them, for to return was impossible. As they looked at each other in despair, a servant who had seen the direction they took, came hurrying forward with the key, which in another instant had turned in the lock and opened the door that admitted them to the Apollo gallery.

Hurrying through this they eventually came to a door opening on the small Place Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, which like the adjoining Place du Carrousel, was packed by a dense mass of wildly excited people. With every nerve strained, their minds anticipating the worst, they plunged into the crowd in which they were instantly submerged. But safety was not yet assured them, for Prince Metternich's carriage was not in its appointed place. Rushing forward to search for it, he left the ladies in charge of Nigra, who clutched her Majesty's arm. That he might see she was still fearless in that supreme moment, she said to him, as he related to the author of *Les Femmes des Tuileries*, "You are holding my arm, do you feel it tremble?" to which he answered in astonishment, "No madame, not at all."

Scarcely had he spoken when an urchin who had been watching them gave a triumphant yell, "Voilà l'Impératrice." Instantly and with marvellous presence of mind, Nigra gave him a violent blow on the ear, and catching hold of him dragged him away, saying angrily, "Ah rascal, so you would cry 'Vive les Prusses'? I will teach you a lesson" and he shook him wrathfully before delivering him to the furious mob who would not listen to the boy's wailing protestations. No sooner had Nigra quitted her side, than the Empress and her companion dived into the crowd, and coming out at its fringe, got into a waiting cab and gave a direction. With a shout to his horse the man drove rapidly away not drawing rein until they reached M. Besson's house in the Boulevard Haussmann. He was not at home. Not daring to enter in his absence lest the servants might betray them, they drove to the Marquis de Piennes's residence in the Avenue de Wagram. He also was from home.

In her hurried departure from the Tuileries, the Empress had forgotten her purse, and Madame Lebreton had but three francs. Lest a further drive might exceed this amount and cause a dispute with the driver, they paid him that sum, and were forced to seek another refuge on foot. Remembering that Dr. Evans, a dentist with a large and fashionable practice, lived comparatively near, they decided to call

on him and ask his protection. The fact of his being an American, would make his home a more secure hiding-place than that of any Frenchman could afford them.

As they hurried in the direction of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne where he lived, dreading further disappointment, and not knowing at what moment they might be recognised and molested, the tramp of a mighty throng, and the confused sound of thousands of voices were heard in the distance behind them. Diving into the friendly shelter of a porch, they shrank into its shadow, just as the frantic rabble turned a corner and swept passed them waving red flags, laughing exultingly, singing the Marseillaise, and crying "Long live the Republic." Suddenly those steady watchful eyes behind their black veil, flashed as they saw this crowd part and scatter to make way for an open carriage drawn by four horses and bearing the Imperial liveries, in which undismayed and dignified, sat the plain little Princess Clotilde driving in state to the Lyons railway station on her way to Italy. Seeing her whose boundless charity, devout, and retired life, led her to be called Saint Clotilde, this republican crowd not only allowed her to pass unharmed, but saluted her with cheers which she did not deign to acknowledge.

When this scene had passed from her burning eyes, and the street was quiet once more, the Empress and

her friend set out for Dr. Evans's house. Great must have been their relief to find that he was at home. At first there was some difficulty in seeing him, for not daring to declare who she was, the Empress bade the servant say two ladies wished to consult him. Word was returned that he was unable to see any one at that hour. A more pressing request was despatched to him, in response to which she and Madame Lebreton were shown into the consulting room off the hall, where after some time the dentist came to them. As he entered, the Empress turned and lifted her veil, when he started in surprise at sight of that familiar face, now expressing pain and horror. A few words were sufficient to explain her hapless condition, her danger, and for him to declare his readiness to aid her. His wife was absent at the little sea-bathing town of Deauville in Normandy, but he left nothing undone to secure the comfort and safety of her Majesty.

For that night at least she must remain in his house and take the rest for which her aching body craved. Next day they would face the difficulties of smuggling her out of Paris, which would then be alert in its search for her. To his suggestion that she should strive to make her escape by rail to Belgium or Switzerland, the Empress would not listen, believing that she must inevitably be recognised and that she would then be given up to her enemies. The idea then occurred to him of taking her by carriage to

Deauville, and from there across the Channel to England. To this she readily agreed. Braced to meet difficulties by a night's sound sleep, she rose early, eager to be quit of this accursed city whose horrible sounds and frightful scenes had burned themselves into her brain. After a night of orgies it had sunk into repose, and the streets, lit by the rising sun, were quiet and empty as the Empress with Madame Lebreton and Dr. Evans, entered a close carriage. Their nerves tightened with every pace that brought them to the guarded gate by which they hoped to leave Paris, and when a halt was called, the Imperial fugitive scarce drew breath. Putting his head out of the window, Dr. Evans who was well known, explained that he was taking an insane patient to an asylum at Neuilly, and begged that she might not be excited by examination or delay. This request being granted the carriage took its way, when for the first time since she had left the Tuileries, the Empress utterly broke down and cried bitter tears.

At every wayside inn where she stayed the precaution was taken of representing her as insane, and it was not without danger and difficulty that this journey, made in various carriages and taking over twenty-four hours, was accomplished. In the early noon of September 6th, they reached the furnished lodgings where Mrs. Evans was staying. She received her Majesty with all the respect due to her position,

and provided her with the necessary changes of clothing. No time was to be lost in getting the Empress out of France, for it was feared that her enemies might be even then on her track, intent on taking her back to Paris.

Inquiries as to vessels brought the welcome news that Sir John Burgoyne—whose uncle was well known to the Emperor—was on board his yacht, the *Gazelle* in the harbour. Immediately seeking him, Dr. Evans explained the situation to him and Lady Burgoyne. Their surprise was great, but not greater than their sympathy for the fugitive Empress whom they at once agreed to take to England. This could not be done without precautions. News of the downfall of the Empire and the disappearance of the Empress had reached the town, which forms part of Trouville. The Republic had then been proclaimed, rioting had followed, all business was suspended and drunken crowds paraded the streets. To receive her Majesty on board in daylight would be to run a desperate risk; and it was therefore agreed that she should not embark until midnight. Half an hour before that time the yacht was boarded and searched by the police. As the clock struck twelve, Sir John stepped on the quay and sauntered slowly forward as if to enjoy his cigar. Coming to an appointed place he saw two ladies veiled and cloaked walking towards him with a timid air. As they, to whom he was

unknown, would have passed him, he said in a low voice, "My name is Burgoyne" when he was answered by a little cry of relief from the Empress, who with tears in her eyes thanked him for the favour he was about to do her.

Cautiously, fearful of being followed, they gained the little yacht, where Lady Burgoyne was presented to the Empress who once more expressed her gratitude. Shaken by the excitement of the last few days she could not rest, or eat, or drink, but in short rapid sentences spoke of the horror of her last hours in the Tuileries, which would haunt her through life, and expressed her anxiety for her husband and son, sobs choking her meantime. Something in the arrangement of the cabin reminding her of the homely comfort of English life, she expressed her satisfaction at being under the protection of an English gentleman and his wife. As the tide did not allow of their leaving at once they were obliged to wait until morning. It broke ominously. Black clouds scudded across a sky of lurid grey, rain fell, and the winds, shrieking like furies, fled inland from the wrath of the sea whose anger they had roused. To remain was to court risk of the Empress's capture; to venture across the Channel was to face the danger of foundering. When the men were told who it was they had on board, and why it was she sought protection there, they did not hesitate to risk their lives in an attempt

to place her in safety, and in the teeth of a hurricane the little craft left the harbour, a mere cork tossed on the crests of the waves.

During their eighteen hours passage to the Isle of Wight, there were times when all on board believed they must perish. In the face of death the Empress resumed the courage and calmness that had deserted her for a short time. But in spite of waves that threatened to swamp, and winds that strove to capsize, the yacht, guided by her master who never left the deck the whole time, made her way unharmed into Ryde harbour in the early hours of the next morning, September 8th, 1870. Full of thankfulness for their marvellous escape, and with acknowledgments of her profound obligations to her hosts, the Empress took leave of them, and as soon as possible crossed to Portsmouth and from thence went to Hastings, where she was met by the Prince Imperial who she knew was staying there.

The publicity of life in an hotel at a crowded watering-place was distasteful to this suffering woman, and within two days of her landing she was able to escape from the unmannerly intrusions of the people, and to remove to a comparatively small but well furnished house at Chislehurst, conveniently situated between London and Dover. This had been placed at her disposal by Mr. Strode, an old friend of the Emperor's, but her Majesty would consent to reside there only

as a tenant. Here she was joined by some members of her former household, and by adherents of the Imperialist cause; and here it was she heard from day to day of the siege of Paris, and of the reign of terror of the Commune. In December she paid a brief private visit to the Emperor, who spent his days in reading and writing, and who bore his heavy misfortunes and his physical sufferings with a patience that surprised those around him and won their sympathy. What most afflicted him were the disasters that had befallen his soldiers, and the humiliation of France.

It was not till Paris had surrendered and a treaty of peace had been signed, that he was liberated from his kindly custodians. His arrival at Dover on March 20th, 1871, was welcomed by an immense crowd that shouted "Long live the Emperor; long live the Empress." Foremost in the mass of faces awaiting him, he sought those whom he loved best, and who in another moment he had clasped to his heart again and again. Those who enthusiastically cheered him, noted that he had grown grey, that the lines of his sallow face had deepened and multiplied and that he walked slowly like a man who moves towards death. As quietly as possible he was taken to Chislehurst, where devoted care and affection surrounded him. On April 3rd he received a visit from Queen Victoria, who had not forgotten their

old friendship, and who expressed her sympathy with his calamities.

Previous to this, and indeed on the day after his Majesty's arrival at Chislehurst, his old friend Lord Malmesbury waited on him. The intimate account he has left of that visit had best be given in his own words. Speaking of the Emperor, he says: "After a few minutes he came into the room alone, and with that remarkable smile which could light up his dark countenance, he shook me heartily by the hand. I confess that I never was more moved. His quiet and calm dignity and absence of all nervousness and irritability were the grandest examples of human moral courage that the severest stoic could have imagined. I felt overpowered by the position. All the past rushed to my memory; our youth together at Rome in 1829, his dreams of power at that time, his subsequent desperate attempts to obtain it; his prison, where I found him still sanguine and unchanged; his wonderful escape from Ham, and his residence in London, where in the riots of 1848 he acted the special constable like any Englishman; his election as President by millions in France in 1850; his further one by millions to the Imperial Crown; the part I had myself acted as an English Minister in that event, which had realised all his early dreams; the glory of his reign of twenty years over France, which he had enriched beyond belief, and adorned beyond all other

countries and capitals; his liberation of Italy—all these memories crowded upon me as the man stood before me whose race had been so successful and romantic, now without a crown, without an army, without a country or an inch of ground which he could call his own, except the house he hired in an English village.

"I must have shown, for I could not conceal what I felt, as again shaking my hand, he said: 'À la guerre, comme à la guerre. C'est bien bon de venir me voir.' In a quiet natural way he then praised the kindness of the Germans at Wilhelmshöhe, nor did a single complaint escape him during our conversation. He said he had been *trompé* as to the force and preparation of his army, but without mentioning names; nor did he abuse any one until I mentioned General Trochu, who deserted the Empress whom he had sworn to defend, and gave Paris up to the mob, when the Emperor remarked, 'Ah, voilà un drôle.' During half an hour he conversed with me as calmly as in the best days of his life, with a dignity and resignation which might be that of a fatalist, but could hardly be obtained from any other creed; and when I left him that was, not for the first time, my impression."

His life at Camden House Chislehurst, was spent in retirement. Rising early as had always been his habit, his first hours were given to his correspond-

ence or to reading; at midday he and his family, with some members of their little Court, sat down to the second breakfast; after which he walked about the grounds if the weather permitted or if not he sauntered up and down a long corridor, his companion generally being his son on whose shoulders he would lean as he talked to him of recent events, and of the unreliability of human nature, never censuring his enemies, making no complaint but always expressing his affection for the country and the people he had governed. In the evenings after dinner, the Empress or the Duc de Bassano, who had followed him into exile and yet acted as his Chamberlain, would read to him, or they talked of passing events and of the fate which the future had in store for France.

Aware that death was stealing close and closer to him, his Majesty had no hope of seeing himself on the throne; but this was a destiny which he believed lay in store for his son. To this idea he was led by signs of reaction in the nation; the result of suffering and humiliation, of calmer consideration and of unexpected revelations regarding the management of the war. To fit the Prince for his future high position was his father's earnest desire. From Wilhelmshöhe his Majesty had written to say that the boy's education should be continued just as when he had been in Paris; a wish which was faithfully

carried out under his old tutor, M. Filon, who had joined his pupil as soon as possible. On his arrival at Chislehurst the Emperor had superintended these studies, and personally instructed the lad in history.

A holiday was given the Prince in the autumn, when on September 11th (1871) he went to Torquay with his father, who had been ordered there by the doctors in the hope that the warmer climate of Devonshire would benefit him. Two days previously, on Saturday, September 9th, the Empress had left Camden House for Southampton, on her way to Spain; ostensibly to visit her mother, in reality to sell the estates she had inherited from her father, and to bring back with her the jewels, her own personal property, which on danger becoming visible, she had forwarded to the Comtesse de Montijo for safe keeping. For at this time the Imperial couple were sadly in need of money. Notwithstanding the splendid civil list allowed him, the Emperor had left France without a penny in his pocket. Throughout the twenty years of his reign, he had given with boundless generosity, not merely to his own family, and to his wife's mother, but in response to the innumerable appeals for help privately made, without the knowledge of any save his secretary. That he had given so much charity, would have remained unknown but for the memoranda preserved among his secret papers found in the Tuileries. From this we learn that he expended about one hundred and

forty thousand pounds a year in benevolent actions. Spread over the eighteen years of his reign, the sum amounted to millions. It may be added that he had given twenty four thousand pounds out of his private purse to relieve the sufferers from the inundations of the Sâone, the Rhone, and the Loire, in 1856 (the Empress giving twelve hundred pounds to the same cause), while, when he was yet a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe, he had sent every penny he could raise to relieve the French soldiers who were prisoners in Germany.

To Mrs. Evans and Lady Burgoyne, the Empress had been indebted for a change of clothing. More substantial relief came to her from the Duchesse de Mouchy (the Princess Anna Murat, cousin of the Emperor), who joined her Majesty at Hastings. When later on the Republican Government sent her such of her wardrobe and belongings as had escaped the pillage of her servants and the ravages of the revolutionary mob, they came as a relief to one who could no longer afford to purchase such luxuries. The Emperor was reluctant to have the Spanish property sold, and agreed to it only because it was necessary for their son's future. The same may be said regarding her Majesty's jewels, among which was a ring that had belonged to Josephine, that were sold in June, 1872, by Christie & Manson, and realised fifty thousand pounds. The sum secured by the sale

of land in the country parts of France originally bought by the Emperor, not as speculations, but for the purpose of testing experiments in which he was interested, was reserved as an income for his widow, the only thing it was in his power to leave her.

Though his Majesty's stay at Torquay greatly benefited his health, it was brought to a close at the end of five weeks, for two reasons; first, because he could not afford to remain longer, and secondly because he was anxious that his son, then in his sixteenth year, should begin his military education. Permission for the Prince to enter as a cadet at the Royal Military College at Woolwich, had already been asked of Queen Victoria, who not only willingly gave it but offered to have the preliminary examinations dispensed with in his case, a favour of which he was unwilling to avail himself. Her Majesty who liked this handsome, well built lad, furnished the rooms he was to occupy; the use of private apartments being the only privilege accepted by him his meals and lessons being shared by the other pupils. To part, at a time when probably but a few months of life were left him, with the son whom he worshipped, was a wrench to the Emperor's heart, but he submitted to it for his boy's sake.

The Prince therefore became a Woolwich cadet on October 21st, 1871. At first he was looked on by his

fellow cadets with that fine sense of scorn with which the average English lad regards a foreigner. His pronunciation of English was a subject for the laughter of those whose French possibly could not be understood, and watch was kept to detect and strangle all signs of royal airs. But the Prince's eagerness to place himself on a level with his surroundings, his unwillingness to receive any distinctive privilege, his good humour, and above all his pluck and skill in athletic sports, soon made him a general favourite and won him many friends. Ambitious of success that he knew would best please his father, he worked incessantly, arduously, so that although he had the disadvantage of listening to instructions in a foreign language, and had no preparation for the Woolwich course of studies, he passed his examinations creditably; and it may be stated here that eventually he came out seventh, out of a class of thirty five, which, had he been competing for a commission, would have gained him one in the Royal Artillery or the Royal Engineers.

When the Court was at Windsor, he was occasionally asked there, when his frank and gracious manner, his invariable cheerfulness and graceful bearing, won her Majesty's favour more and more. From Saturday till Monday morning were invariably spent by him with his parents at Chislehurst. The Christmas holidays of 1872 were clouded by anxiety for his father's health. Again and again his Majesty's medical

attendants, Sir Henry Thompson at their head, had advised him to undergo an operation; but the Emperor who had an intuitive horror of the surgeon's knife, would not listen to them. Eventually the Empress, now aware of his ailment, succeeded in doing what he feared and foresaw would be done when she became aware of its nature: she persuaded him to submit to an operation. The chief argument that gained his consent was that by this means his life might be prolonged sufficiently to clear and guide his son's way to the throne of France.

Once he had agreed to the operation, he appeared calm and cheerful, especially in the presence of his son, whom he could not bear out of his sight for any time, to whom he clung, whose face he watched, to whom he listened eagerly, admiringly, as if some inward fear told him their time together could not be long. On January 2nd, 1873, the first operation was performed by Sir Henry Thompson, the patient not being under chloroform, to which he had a decided objection. This and a second operation at a later date, were borne by him with the wonderful patience he had always shown under pain. Apparently they were successful; he had no fever, was not without appetite, and could sit up in bed. So well did he appear that it was considered unnecessary that the Prince should remain absent any longer from Woolwich, and accordingly on the 6th of the month, Loulou parted from his father who seemed

in good spirits, and spoke hopefully of being able to join the lad in his rides during his next holiday.

Two days later it was considered necessary that a third operation should be performed, which it was hoped might completely relieve the sufferer from further pain. For this the 9th of the month was selected. On the previous evening he was persuaded against his will to take a sleeping draught of which he strongly disapproved. During the night he was visited at intervals of about two hours by one or other of his doctors who found him sleeping peacefully. But when at about half-past nine in the morning, Sir Henry Thompson and Mr. Clover entered his room, they saw at once that a sudden change had taken place. The Empress was instantly summoned, but he failed to recognise her. It was evident that he was fast sinking. Fast as possible, messengers hurried to fetch the Prince and the Abbé Goddard. In a few minutes the priest arrived and amid choking sobs and answering prayers, administered Extreme Unction to the dying man, who now and then gave signs of consciousness. The ceremony being over the Empress, distracted by grief, bent above him. Opening his heavy eyes he looked at her tearful face as if striving to recognise her, and succeeding, endeavoured to kiss her hand. Then consciousness once more left him. Those around listened and waited in the heavy silence that presently was broken by muttered words,

"Étiez-vous à Sedan?" They were followed by a weary sigh in which his last breath left his body.

While yet stunned by grief and shock, those in the death chamber heard the sound of hurrying wheels on the frosty drive, and knowing what it meant, the Empress who had been sobbing and kneeling, rose to meet her son. Before she could reach the hall he had sprung from the carriage and was at the door, where to break the news a servant said gravely, "L'Empereur est bien mal." With a shaking voice he asked that the worst might be told him at once, and at the same instant his mother came towards him. A glance at her face answered him. As she opened her arms she said, "Ah Louis, you are all that is left me." With a cry of bitter grief he hurried to where lay the remains of him he loved best in the world, when he called out "Non, je ne le veux pas; je ne le veux pas." Then becoming calmer after this outburst, he knelt down and began aloud the prayers for the dead.

The embalmed body was laid in state before being taken on the 15th of the month to the little Catholic church at Chislehurst, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the repose of the Emperor's soul. This was attended by the Princes and Princesses of the Bonaparte family, by representatives of Royalty, by generals and statesmen who had served under the Imperial dynasty, and by French people of all ranks and from all parts of the country. To these were

added many English friends of the Emperor, and a crowd of strangers drawn there by respect or curiosity, the whole numbering over thirty thousand. When the Requiem Mass had ended and the Absolution had been pronounced, the remains of one whose strange eventful career as a Prince, a Carbonari, a prisoner, an exile, a President, an Emperor, a refugee, and a broken-hearted man, had outrivalled romance, were laid to rest in a *chapelle ardente* where they remained until the granite sarcophagus presented by Queen Victoria was ready to receive them.

Trying as this ordeal must have been to the Prince Imperial, another lay before him. On his return to Camden House it was thought advisable that he should hold a levée. At this, which was held in the large drawing-room, the Bonapartists of distinction passed before him, each expressing a word of sympathy, and a recognition of his position as head of his house and as heir to the French throne. After this, attended by his Chamberlain, and by his father's generals and senators who had remained loyal to him, this sad pale faced lad passed down the double line of Frenchmen which extended from the hall door to the lodge gates. With dignity, ease, and composure he thanked them for being there, shook hands with those nearest to him and listened gratefully to the hurried enthusiastic phrases they addressed to him. When eventually they united in a stirring cheer of

"Vive Napoleon IV.," he was deeply moved. Then steadying his voice he said, "My friends I thank you, but your Emperor is dead. Let us join in the cry of, 'Vive la France,'" and taking off his hat he led the cheers.

The Emperor's will was dated April 24th, 1865, when believing that his son would succeed him on the throne, no bequest was made to him, all his personal property being left to the Empress. "I trust my memory will be dear to her," he said in this brief document, "and that after my death she will forget the griefs I may have caused her. With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, which belonged to my mother; let him carefully preserve everything that comes to me from the Emperor my uncle, and let him be convinced that my heart and my soul remain with him. I make no mention of my faithful servants. I am convinced that the Empress and my son will never abandon them. I shall die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, which my son will always honour by his piety."

A vast difference lay between his personal property at the date of this will and at that of his death. His estate was sworn as under one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; "but it is right to state," said her Majesty's solicitors, "that this sum is subject to claims which will reduce the amount actually received by

the administratrix to about one half of the sum named."

Within three weeks of his father's death the Prince returned to Woolwich, where, believing he fulfilled the most earnest wishes of one for whom he was inconsolable, he studied hard in preparing for the examinations of the coming March. The few events in the remainder of his brief life are soon told. On March 16th, 1874, he reached his legal majority. The adherents of the Imperial dynasty seized on this event as an opportunity for expressing their loyalty to this youth whom they regarded as their future Sovereign. Preparations made throughout France for the celebration of his majority were so widespread and enthusiastic that the Republican Government forbade its officials of any grade to take part in them, and prohibited the railways from organising special trips to England for the occasion. For all that some twelve thousand French people left France for Chislehurst, which on the Prince's eighteenth birthday was decorated with flags, banners, and evergreens, and looked on this bright morning of early spring, an ideally beautiful English village.

The ceremonies of the day began with a Requiem Mass for the Emperor. Later came a reception in the park by the Prince who received deputations from various provinces in France, each carrying its banner and presenting its address. All of them expressed

their hope and confidence in seeing him fill the throne of France. In his reply he thanked them for their loyalty, and declared that when his country summoned him he was ready to assume the responsibility of governing it. Ringing cheers greeted him, he was saluted as Emperor, and assured that the majority of the French people were faithful to his cause.

From this emotional scene he returned to the routine of his duties at Woolwich where he remained until February, 1875, when his successful examinations gained him special mention in the report of Sir John Lintorn Simmons, Governor of the Royal Military Academy, and were celebrated by a dinner given to him by the officers of the Royal Artillery, at which his health and success were drunk with hearty good fellowship. After this he went to live quietly with his mother whose house was the recognised centre of the faction which worked incessantly for the restoration of the Imperial dynasty. Here she received and held council with those who laboured for that end, which both she and her son confidently believed would soon be gained. That the Prince's cause might be strengthened, she looked forward to a marriage for him with an English Princess.

His position had become one of extreme difficulty. Live as quietly as he would in this dull village of Chislehurst, every act or word of his was used to illustrate their own views and prejudices by his enemies and by

his friends across the Channel. To remain absolutely silent was impossible for one who was continually receiving distinguished French politicians, deputations from societies, letters and telegrams requiring replies from various societies, and who was the pivot on which turned a complicated scheme for the restoration of the Imperial dynasty. The presiding genius of this scheme was the Empress, who was confident of her return in triumph to France as the mother of its Emperor. Meantime she regarded her son as if he were yet a child, to be guided not merely through the political maze but in the turnings of social life, by her masterful will. Without any income save for the pocket money she allowed him, unable as a consequence to mix with those of his rank and age whom being a woman of the world she feared as dangerous examples, having his actions supervised, he though naturally dutiful, studious, and steady, became impatient of the restraint and discipline forced upon him; and though a deep affection existed between himself and his mother, it lacked that subtle sympathy which is frequently found wanting between those of closest kin, and without which intimate companionship is intolerable.

A tour round the world, suggested by a friend as a means of relieving this strain, was grasped at with delight by the Prince; but this was reduced to a visit to Florence and Rome in company with his mother,

and a tour in Sweden under the care of her secretary M. Franceschini Pietri. On his return a larger measure of liberty was allowed him ; he saw something of London society, was a frequent and welcome guest at Windsor Castle, and was constantly in touch with his Woolwich comrades.

The excitement caused in England in 1879 over the war in Zululand rose to a climax at news of the disaster to our troops at Isandlwana. The nation thrilled with desire to avenge the fallen heroes ; and fresh troops were instantly ordered abroad. Among these were many Woolwich cadets, companions and friends of the Prince, who catching their ardent spirit, their eagerness for a fight, determined to join them. In this way he would be able to contradict the stinging insults of a portion of the French press, which called him an idle pretender, a drawing-room soldier, a coward ; he would be able to make some return for the friendship and the refuge given to him by the nation for which he fought ; and were he able to gain distinction, he would best recommend himself to the people he desired to govern. His resolution was at first opposed by the Empress, whose fears for his safety were eventually overcome by those to whose counsels she trusted, and who pictured in glowing terms the influence which some valorous deed of his would have on the French nation which, a lover of chivalry and courage, would then no longer hesitate

to raise the Prince to the high niche he merited—the Imperial throne.

At first there was some difficulty about his proffered services being accepted by the War Office; for the late Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief, was unwilling to accept the responsibility of the danger the Prince would incur. Eventually it was decided that he should carry letters from his Royal Highness to Lord Chelmsford, who commanded the army in Natal, stating that it was left to his option either to attach the Prince to his staff or to appoint him as a first lieutenant of artillery. In this letter the Duke said, "He is a fine young fellow, full of spirit and pluck, and having many old fellow cadets friends in the artillery, he will doubtless find no difficulty in getting on. If you can help him in any other way, pray do so. My only anxiety on his account is that he is too go-a-head and plucky."

Preparations for his departure were hastily made. On the last day he spent in England he was commanded to Windsor to say farewell to the Queen, who regarded him with warm affection. That evening he summoned the members of his mother's household, and shaking hands with them said good-bye. All of them loved him, and cried at this parting, but choking down his own tears, he spoke to them cheerily of his return. A part of the night was spent by him in writing letters and in making a will in which he desired

friends and servants to be substantially remembered. This was placed in a little box, the key of which was entrusted to M. Pietri. Among the papers found in this box was a prayer written by his own hand but whether on this night or not cannot be said. As more than all that could be written, it reveals his character, some extracts from it are given as follows.

"My God, I give Thee my heart, but give me faith; for without faith there can be no real prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles from my path, but that Thou mayest permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Hear, O God, my prayer. . . . If Thou givest only a certain share of joy here below, take my share and bestow it on the most worthy, and may the most worthy be my friends. If Thou wouldst punish man, strike me. Misfortune is converted into happiness by the thought that those whom we love are happy. Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought that while I rejoice, those whom I love a thousand times better than myself, are suffering. . . . Grant, O God, that my heart be penetrated with the conviction that the dead whom I love shall see all my actions; so that my life may be worthy in their sight, and my inmost thoughts shall never make me blush."

Early in the grey damp morning of February 27th, the Prince, looking pale and grave, crossed the park and entered the sombre little church at Chislehurst where he heard Mass, received Holy Communion, and prayed beside his father's remains. Later, accompanied by the Empress, Madame Lebreton, the Duc de Bassano and other members of the household, he went to Southampton where he embarked on the *Danube*, one of the Union Steam Navigation boats which was chartered to carry troops to Africa. Here the depressing effects of leaden skies, drizzling rain, and an expanse of drab water, were set at defiance by the bustle and noise of soldiers hurrying briskly and cheerily backwards and forwards; by the neighing of frightened horses being swung into the hold; by the shouts of sailors, the scream of engine whistles and the sharp report of windlass wheels. The Prince, who was loudly cheered on stepping on board, was immediately surrounded by old Woolwich comrades, many of whom were sailing with him, while others had come to say farewell to him and other friends.

Laughter, loud voices and high spirits, were bravely intent on scaring away dark fears and oppressing sorrow. Predictions of a quick and joyous return were spoken by those who never came back. The poorest jokes were hailed with uproarious mirth. Suddenly this noisy vivacity was pierced by the whistle warning all visitors to leave the ship. With

an aching heart the Empress embraced her son for the last time in life. Voices abruptly dropped, hands were rung, faces kissed. Then amid the splashing of screw paddles, ringing cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs, the *Danube* moved heavily forward, a great dark blur cleaving grey mists, as seen through the blinding tears of those on shore.

On reaching Maritzburg, the Prince was attached by Lord Chelmsford to his staff. His bravery often reached to rashness, seeing which and bearing the Duke of Cambridge's words in mind, Lord Chelmsford gave written directions that the Prince was not to quit the camp without a written permission from his lordship. This order was not obeyed. On June 1st he accompanied Lieutenant Carey and six soldiers to make topographical sketches in the neighbourhood of Iteleiz. Here they were surprised by a band of Zulus, at first sight of whom word was given to mount, and flight followed headed by Lieutenant Carey. Those who rapidly passed him saw the Prince desperately striving to mount his frightened horse as he bolted. Though none attempted to help him, he might have escaped if the band uniting the holsters—apparently made of leather, but afterwards found to be of paper—had not given way. Deserted by his comrades he was left to his foes and died in fighting them face to face, seventeen assegai wounds being found in the front part of his body.

When it was sought for and found next morning, one of those present, Mr. Archibald Forbes says, he was lying on his back, his cheek touching the sward. "His hacked arms were lightly crossed over his lacerated chest, and his face, the features of which were nowise distorted but wore a faint smile that slightly parted the lips, was marred by the destruction of the right eye from an assegai stab." He had been stripped of all save a little gold chain from which hung a locket containing a portrait of his mother, and a reliquary enshrining a fragment of the true cross which originally had been given by Pope Leo III. to Charlemagne, and that had since then been worn by the French monarchs as a talisman. Regarding it as such, the Zulus had not dared to remove it.

Overwhelming regret was felt by the troops at the death of one who had made himself beloved by all with whom he had come in contact. News of the tragedy was telegraphed from Government House, Capetown, by Lady Frere to Sir Henry Ponsonby for the information of the Queen, who was then at Balmoral. When, at about half-past ten on the morning of June 19th, her Majesty was told that bad news had arrived, she asked in alarm what it was. In answer she was told "the young French Prince is killed." Stunned at first she could not fully grasp the meaning of the words, until the Princess Beatrice entering the room and crying bitterly, repeated them, when putting

her hands to her head she cried out, "No, no it cannot be true. It can't be." The telegram was then handed to her Majesty. In this Lady Frere said, that as her message would precede the press telegrams by an hour, she had begged Lord Sydney to break the news to the Empress before it could reach her abruptly from other quarters. He had accordingly gone to Camden House, but unwilling to inflict the blow of this terrible news on the afflicted mother, he asked her Chamberlain and friend the Duc de Bassano to prepare her for it. From this the Duc shrank, nor had Madame Lebreton the heart for such a task. Meantime all letters and newspapers were kept back from her Majesty, but a telegram addressed to her secretary was opened by her in his absence. Its reference to some calamity was attributed by her to a disaster to the British troops, and to explain what had happened she sent for her Chamberlain. His quivering face and air of profound grief must have startled her. In answer to a hurried question as to whether he had received any news from Zululand, he replied that he had just heard news, bad news. "Louis is ill?" she gasped. The Duc evasively mentioned that there had been an engagement. "Then he is wounded?" she said. On this being admitted she declared she would go to him at once, and ordered preparations to be made for their instant departure for London on their way to the

Cape. The Duc did not interrupt her, did not speak, until the silence succeeding her words and her frightened questioning stare were no longer endurable, when in a shaking voice he said, "Your Majesty would arrive too late." When the meaning of his words struck her, she gave a pitiful cry and would have fallen had he not caught her.

The body of the gallant young Prince was embalmed and sent to England, Every possible mark of sorrow, respect, and sympathy, were shown by the Royal Family of England and by the English nation at his funeral, when on July 12th, 1879, his remains were placed in the church beside those of his father. On leaving Camden House which had become intolerable because of its painful associations, the Empress removed the bodies of her husband and her son to the mausoleum she had built for them at Farnborough where she went to reside.

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V

THE TRAGEDY OF MAXIMILIAN

CHAPTER I

The Archduke Maximilian as a Boy—His Friendship with Napoleon—His Marriage with the Princess Charlotte of Belgium—His Appointment as Viceroy of Lombardy—The Castle of Miramare—Napoleon's Designs on Mexico—Maximilian is Offered its Sovereignty—The Silver Keys of the City—The Journey to Mexico and Entrance into its Capital—The Beginning of Maximilian's Rule—Ambition of the Empress—Views of the American Government—Its Request to Napoleon, who Agrees to Withdraw his Troops—Action of the Empress—Her Visit to Europe and Interview with the French Emperor—The Beginning of her Madness—Her Visit to the Pope and Refusal to Leave the Vatican—Her Malady becomes Incurable—Maximilian again Resolves to Abdicate—His Reasons for Remaining in Mexico—Insolence of Bazaine—Fighting the Republican Army—His Majesty is Betrayed and Imprisoned—He Refuses to Escape—He is Condemned to Death—Plans are again Made for his Escape—Why they Failed—Efforts Made to Save him—The Princess Salm-Salm Pleads for him—The Day of his Death—Farewell to Life—His Letter to the Empress.

THE man who in an evil hour accepted the Sovereignty of Mexico, Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, was the second son of the Archduke Franz Karl, and the brother of Francis Joseph Emperor of Austria. Previous to this supreme event, the incidents in his life were few. As a lad of fourteen he had entered the Austrian navy, and eight

years later became a rear-admiral and commander-in-chief. When he visited Paris in 1856, he was received with distinction at the Tuileries, where his upright figure, well marked features, frank blue eyes, and fair complexion led him to be considered an unusually handsome man. A certain dignity of bearing and exclusiveness of manner that never permitted familiarity even in his closest friends, and that begot respect rather than affection, were traceable to pride in his descent from the rulers of Imperial Rome, and to his implicit belief in the divine right of kings. In keeping with this was his exalted sense of honour, his loyalty to friends and his sense of duty; admirable qualities that were not incompatible with a certain weakness of will that undermined them and led to his undoing.

Though their characters had little in common, a friendship sprang up between himself and Napoleon, inimical to both; ending in estrangement, and overshadowed by tragedy. The Archduke's visit to the neighbouring Court of Belgium was also of importance to him, for there he saw the Princess Marie Charlotte Amélie, only daughter of Leopold King of the Belgians, by his second Consort the Princess Louise of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe. Even as a girl the Princess Charlotte showed an interest in political affairs, a desire to rule and an unwillingness to brook contradiction, a masculine energy and

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO

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strength of will that were admirably suited to bring about her husband's ruin. Though her marriage with Maximilian, which took place on July 27th, 1857, was the result of diplomacy, it eventually turned out a perfectly happy union.

Perhaps an important factor in this result was that immediately after his marriage Maximilian was appointed Viceroy of Lombardy, then under the rule of Austria. The Court which they set up at Milan was established with a splendour that vied with if it did not outshine that of Vienna. State receptions, magnificent balls, and ceremonies that impressed the imagination of the people by their display, rapidly succeeded each other; the young Archduchess and her husband as the representatives of Imperial Majesty, receiving the homage of its subjects. The cost of maintaining their position was considered outrageously extravagant by the Austrian Government; disagreements on the point arose; and though the Viceroy had done much towards making the yoke of a foreigner sit easily on the necks of the Italian people, he was obliged to resign his high position after enjoying it for only two years.

Full of resentment at this treatment, the Archduke and his wife left Milan for the retirement of their castle of Miramare near Trieste, which they had built for themselves. It would be impossible for imagination to picture a residence more romantic, more

beautiful than this, which entirely built of white marble, with minarets, pointed turrets, terraced roofs and mediæval battlements, stands glittering and fantastic on the edge of a rocky promontory surrounded by magnificent gardens, against a background of vine-clad hills and olive groves, above the ever varying blue of the Adriatic, and in sight of the snow covered Alps. But to the young Archduchess who had experienced the enthralling delight of ruling and reigning over a miniature Court, the glory of sea and sky, the colour of hillside and valley, the entrancing face of nature became intolerably monotonous. Better far the glare of candle light in state rooms thronged by those who had favours to ask of her grace, who intrigued and fawned with ever a smooth speech and a specious smile for those whose rule they tolerated and hated.

Unable to endure the seclusion of Miramare for any length of time, she visited Madeira and Vienna, where her presence at its Court did not render less unhappy the life of its Empress, whose extraordinary beauty and position she envied. Though her visits to these and other places banished discontent for a while, her energetic spirit fretted against inaction, and was overcome by grief and depression at the thought of talents like her own being left to rust when they were evidently fitted to rule. Presently a dazzling prospect was flashed upon her weary sight, when

Napoleon offered her husband the sovereignty of Mexico. The incidents that led to this may be briefly stated.

Three European Powers, England, France, and Spain had joined in a treaty to demand of the Mexican Republic protection for their respective subjects living there, and payment of sums formerly borrowed from their Governments by the Mexicans. An expedition in which each of these Powers joined sailed for Mexico; when its President, Juarez, acknowledged the debt, and promised the required protection. England and Spain then withdrew their troops, but the French army remained. So far as Napoleon was concerned, the expedition had been merely a pretext to gain the entrance of his troops into Mexico; for he had secretly determined to establish in that country a monarchy that would be subject to his control, that would enable him to check the power and prosperity of the United States, and by means of which he would be able to utilise certain shores of the Gulf of Mexico that once had belonged to France. His desire to establish a monarchy had been encouraged by the representations of Mexicans who, as enemies of the Republic, had been obliged to quit their country, and by the representatives of the Church whose immense properties had been confiscated by Juarez. Instead therefore of the French army being withdrawn, it was presently reinforced. Foreseeing its

object, Juarez opposed it, and war began. Being divided among themselves, the President's troops were overcome and he was obliged to withdraw from the capital. Marching towards the north, he reorganised his Government, and obstinately continued in his office as President during the harassing events of the next few years.

Now that the French army had virtually conquered Mexico, and that through its influence the Mexican people had agreed to adopt a monarchical, temperate and hereditary form of government under a Catholic Prince who should take the title of Emperor, Napoleon offered the Mexican crown to Maximilian. Knowing the unsettled state of that nation, where revolution had succeeded revolution for many years; aware of the strong feeling of the people when not coerced by French influence for a republican form of government; fearing the interference of the United States when relieved from the hardship of its civil war, and the determined character of Juarez, the Emperor of Austria strongly opposed the acceptance of the Mexican throne by his brother, whose weakness he probably was aware of. In this he was joined by their mother the Archduchess Sophie, who dreaded his attempt at ruling "a barbarous people." Other advisers pointed out the difficulties and dangers that would surround the Mexican sovereignty,—all of which were listened to with impatience by Maximilian's wife.

To succeed the Aztec Emperors, to rule over a splendid race, over a country whose history is lost in the midst of antiquity, and to restore to a venerated Church the plunder she deplored, was a position that left ambition nothing to desire. With a feminine disregard for difficulties that opposed her wishes, she scorned the counsel of the timid; and with characteristic self-confidence was certain she could direct her husband, vanquish his enemies, and establish his rule in Mexico. Caring little for pomp and state, and much for the beautiful home he had built for himself at Miramare, Maximilian felt reluctant to mount a throne poised on the crater of a volcano. Unable to accept or to decline, he eventually compromised by declaring that he would take the crown of Mexico only if it were offered to him by the unanimous votes of that country.

In reply to this, Napoleon wrote to Maximilian expressing astonishment at his hesitation. German princes, he said, were seated on thrones in all parts of the world except America, and the future belonged to them. As for himself he regarded the establishment of the Mexican empire as the "most brilliant page in the history of his reign." The stipulation which Maximilian mentioned did not present any difficulty to Napoleon's mind. A plebiscite taken in a country where French influence was now paramount resulted in a vote of two hundred and fifty against

twenty for a monarchical form of government, under an Emperor, being passed by the Assembly of Notables or Parliament in the city of Mexico. The instigation by which this was obtained was as little suspected by Maximilian as was the fact that the silver keys of Mexico, presented to him with stately ceremony, had been made by a Parisian goldsmith, then sent privately to Vera Cruz, and from there to the future Emperor. Maximilian was therefore led to believe that no grounds remained for his refusal of the Imperial crown, and his final consent to accept it was given on the understanding that France would promise its support to his empire.

Having resigned his rights to the Austrian throne in case his brother should die without an heir, he was solemnly crowned Emperor of Mexico in the castle of Miramare by members of the Assembly of Notables appointed for that purpose. Farewell visits were then paid by the Emperor and Empress to the English, French, Austrian, and Belgian Courts where they were received and fêted in a manner due to their rank. They then returned to Miramare, which with its walls of white rising sheer above blue seas, the splash of which alone disturbed its happy peace, must in the coming time have shone on them like a vision through the dark troubles that gathered around them. It was from here that on April 14th, 1864, they embarked for Mexico. Crowds of brown skinned,

emotional, verbose people from the neighbouring town of Trieste crowded round them to offer farewell addresses, to express bitter regrets at the departure from among them of kindly benefactors, to fling flowers before their lingering steps, and to pray for them with a fervour and sadness that brought tears to the gentle eyes of the Emperor.

It was remarked by the Countess Paula Kollonitz, who acted as lady-in-waiting to the Empress, that during the voyage her Majesty took little notice of the scenes through which they passed, though these included the Straits of Messina, the coast of Sicily, Naples with its glorious bay backed by the purple slopes of Vesuvius, the Balearic Isles, Gibraltar with its grey rock, or Corsica with its green valleys and snow covered mountains; she had no eyes for them, all her time being devoted to the study of maps and books referring to Mexico, to drawing up rules and regulations for her Court, to planning the ceremonies in which she was to be the centre. At these occupations she worked all day, on deck when possible, and occasionally far into the night by the dim light of lanterns.

On May 28th the Imperial party sighted the flat and arid coast of Vera Cruz, the hot-bed of yellow-fever, whose town is one of the most important sea-ports in the kingdom of Mexico. The reception which he met with here must have depressed the

Emperor and his Consort. Not a gun was fired, not a flag waved, not the slightest notice was taken of his arrival, until Rear-Admiral Bosse who commanded the French fleet, came on board his Majesty's ship apparently in very bad humour, to say that it had anchored in the most contagious spot, that to remain there during the night would be dangerous, and that the Emperor would incur a considerable risk in making his journey to the capital, as bands of conspirators were lying in wait to take him captive, General Bazaine who commanded the troops, "not having had time enough" to provide for his Majesty's safety.

Landing early next morning at Vera Cruz, the Imperial couple met with a chilling reception from the few of its eight thousand inhabitants who were drawn by curiosity to see them as they passed through the streets of white houses with heavily shuttered windows to the little station, where they took their places in a train whose seats were of plaited straw. Hurrying over the pestilential marshes, and passing the grave-yard where lay thousands of French soldiers who, sent here to conquer the country, had been stricken by yellow-fever, the Imperial party reached Lomalto where the railway line ended; and from whence the remainder of their route to the capital had to be taken in carriages. After a tedious journey, during which they had been wretchedly lodged and

had been fed on dishes not always appetising, they reached Santa Maria de Guadalupe, which is but an hour's drive from Mexico ; a city built upon a height, intersected by squares and public gardens, having innumerable churches, convents, and monasteries, and narrow streets whose square-built battered and dilapidated houses bore traces of the civil wars that had lasted over half a century.

It was arranged that their Majesties were to remain at Santa Maria de Gaudalupe until they made their state entrance into the capital on the 12th of June. A large number of the influential and better classes throughout the country, who had been harassed by endless civil wars, by the rapaciousness, treachery, misgovernment, and cruelty of the temporary victors, and had despaired of ever seeing a government of their own established in Mexico, hailed the Emperor as a ruler who would bring peace, stability, and prosperity to their distracted nation. They also felt grateful to one who had given up the security of his home, civilisation, and the society of his kindred to undertake a task that could not but prove difficult. For these reasons they were prepared to give him a hearty welcome among them, and in this they were joined by the Indian population, who saw in Maximilian the long predicted fair white man who was to cross the eastern seas to protect their grossly infringed rights, and to raise them from their oppressed condition.

On the day selected for the entry of their Majesties the city was bathed in the exhilarating light known only to such a climate. The green of triumphal arches spanned streets of yellow buildings, and from balconies, roofs, and windows, hung banners and cloths of brilliant hues, vivified against the impenetrable azure of the sky. All business was suspended that a general holiday might be enjoyed; and from an early hour the streets were thronged with men in the national costume of breeches and crimson sash, short, many buttoned jacket, and sombrera; by dark-eyed women of the people in skirts and shawls of gorgeous colours, flowers in their black hair, gold ornaments on their necks; by the French population in European costume; by the Indians who had gathered in great numbers, their lean bronzed figures sparsely covered by a loose cotton garment, sandals on their feet, on their heads great straw hats shading their sad, watchful, obliquely set eyes.

A great number of horsemen, gallant figures in saddles richly embroidered with silver and gold, whose horses' heads were decorated with ribbons and flowers, whose flanks were covered with goat skins, rode out of the city to meet their Majesties. A blare of trumpets, the booming of cannon, and the ringing of scores of church bells announced that the Imperial procession was near the city. Presently it entered under the dilapidated brickwork of the Gaudalupe

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gate, the Ayuntamiento, the Prefects, and the Ministers coming first, followed by an open carriage in which sat their Majesties, General Bazaine riding on one side, Count Bombelles, the Emperor's personal friend, on the other, behind them a brilliant crowd of adjutants, equerries, and officers, the carriages of the Household, long lines of cavalry, and the mounted escort who had gone out to meet them. Slowly the procession took its way through the principal streets, protected from the fierce glare of the sun by high houses from whose canopied balconies ladies leaned forward to fling into the Imperial carriage showers of white roses and purple violets together with coloured strips of paper on which were written verses in honour of the Sovereign and his consort.

Amid enthusiastic cheers, the music of bands, and the firing of guns, they passed through dense masses of rejoicing people until they reached the great square known as the Place d'Armes, on the north side of which stands the cathedral, built of porphyry, and ornamented by Doric and Ionic columns. Here in its deep porch crowded with companies of sculptured saints, stood awaiting them the Archbishop of Mexico, Monsignore Labastida, in mitre and cope, surrounded by his clergy, who led them into the dim cool interior, where a *Te Deum* was sung. From hence the Imperial couple went on foot to the neighbouring palace where they received the dignitaries of Mexico. Finally came

a state dinner and a display of fireworks that lasted far into the morning.

Without loss of time their Majesties devoted themselves to the requirements of their position. Beginning early in the morning—much to the surprise of his indolent ease-loving subjects—the Emperor held councils, attended committees, received the peoples of all races to hear their complaints, to strive to remedy their grievances, to investigate, to heal jealousies, to organise, and to endeavour to introduce order and discipline. On her part the Empress visited hospitals, schools, and institutions, giving an impulse in this direction to clergy and laity who marvelled at her energy. From works of charity she turned to the organisation of her Court; and never was she so happy as when with the Imperial diadem on her head, robed in cloth of gold, and wearing a mantle of crimson velvet and ermine, she sat upon the throne beside the Sovereign to receive the homage of their subjects. For a brief while her highest ambition was fulfilled, when, on the Emperor making a journey of inspection inland, she was appointed Regent, and in that capacity presided over Councils of State, held public audiences, and alone and unaided governed the nation, an office for which she did not doubt her ability. "For though naïve and inexperienced as a young girl," says her lady-in-waiting, the Countess Paula Kollonitz, her Majesty "could yet exhibit all

the energy and fearlessness of a man. All the youthful enthusiasm which in the ordinary conditions of life is lost in the sphere of sentiment was employed by her for the regeneration of Mexico, and for the fame of her Consort, in the hope that her name might one day appear in history as the noble wife of a great man."

No sooner was Maximilian seated on the throne, than the clergy, a large and influential body, demanded that he should restore to them their immense properties, which previous governments had confiscated. As during the recent civil wars these lands, which in many cases had belonged to the clergy individually rather than to the Church, had constantly changed hands, it was found impolitic and indeed impossible to comply with their wishes. Aggrieved by this they quickly fell away from, and ultimately used their power to weaken the rule of a Sovereign who disappointed them. Later came complaints of the heavy taxes levied to pay the large sums borrowed to establish the Empire. It was also believed that his Majesty showed special favour to the French officers, while those of the Mexican army were overlooked. Not only by superciliousness, disdain, and arrogance, but also by injustice, plunder, and hateful crimes, had the French troops, officers and men alike, made themselves obnoxious to the native population. As they were responsible for establishing and keeping the Emperor

on the throne, some reflection of the hatred in which they were held fell upon him; while on the other hand they, with Bazaine at their head, regarded Maximilian merely as a subservient instrument in the hands of their Emperor; a figure-head that came between them and the honour and glory due to their glorious selves. As a sample of the assumption of their commander, Bazaine, who had risen from the lowest ranks, it may be stated when he attended Mass he insisted on Royal honours being paid him and his wife, and that they should be met at the church porch by the priests and conducted by them under a canopy to their places; much to the vexation of the Empress.

Notwithstanding that bandits occasionally swooped down on peaceful citizens who ventured at distances from the capital, and that guerrilla bands of the Republican army now and then attacked the Imperial troops, some measure of success attended the new reign, until the close of the American civil war in May, 1865. The Government of the United States having a sympathy with the Republican form of government in Mexico, and believing that "the destinies of the American continent were not to be controlled permanently by any political arrangement made in the capitals of Europe," had never acknowledged the Imperial rule; and before Maximilian left Europe, had passed a resolution in its House of Representatives, condemning the invasion of Mexico,

and his establishment on its throne. A more important resolution was presently passed by the American Government.

President Juarez and his guerrilla bands having been driven over the Mexican border a decree was issued by Maximilian at the instigation of Bazaine, and drawn up partially by him, which was wholly foreign to his Majesty's humane character, and that was chiefly responsible for his death. This declared that no legal pretext any longer existed for resistance to the Empire, and that henceforth all insurgents wherever and whenever found would be treated as bandits, and shot within twenty-four hours of their capture. Such an edict, which Maximilian intended should be applied only to marauders, coming from a foreigner, raised a storm of indignation throughout Mexico, especially as advantage was taken of it to execute General Don José Maria Arteaga, General Salazar and other officers in high command, and of ancient families, who were fighting bravely against the rule of a foreign potentate. Resentment of this decree reached America, whose Government immediately passed a resolution stating, "That we contemplate the present state of affairs in the Republic of Mexico with the most profound solicitude; and that the attempt to subject one of the Republican governments of this continent by a foreign Power, and to establish on its ruins a monarchy sustained

solely by European bayonets, is opposed to the declared policy of the United States Government, offensive to our people, and contrary to the spirit of our institutions."

At the same time it entered into correspondence with Napoleon, who was assured that as the occupation of Mexico by his troops was inimical to the peace of the American continent, he was requested to recall them without delay. To this he was willing to consent on one condition; namely that the United States would regard the establishment of Maximilian's Empire with friendliness. The prompt answer to this was, that it was impossible to grant such a request. As the French troops made no sign of quitting Mexico, President Andrew Jackson despatched a special envoy, General Schofield, to Napoleon, with a courteous but stern proposition that left him no alternative but to withdraw his army from Mexico, or to engage in war with America.

As throughout his reign Napoleon was on the side of peace, and as the Mexican expedition—which had cost the nation immense expense, and the lives of thousands of brave soldiers who perished by plague and in battle—was unpopular, he agreed to recall his troops. At the same time he sent a special messenger to Maximilian, stating that he was no longer able to support him, and advising him to return to Europe. This counsel was seconded by

Bazaine, who saw that the native troops whom he had striven to organise, were neither strong enough nor sufficiently loyal to keep the Emperor on his throne. He therefore consented to abdicate, contrary to the wishes of his consort, who was humiliated and grieved at the thought of resigning her Imperial rank and retiring once more into insignificance. However, seeing the hopelessness of the situation he persevered in his resolution, but on the morning of July 7th, 1866, as he was about to sign his abdication, the door of his study was unceremoniously flung open, and the Empress flushed by excitement entered to entreat and to forbid him to sign his name to the deed.

An idea had occurred to her. Self confident, sure of success, she would travel to Europe, remind Napoleon of his promise of leaving his troops for six years in Mexico, and insist on his keeping his word; she would personally appeal to the Pope and secure his intervention; she would pay diplomatic visits to the Courts of Europe. With his usual weakness Maximilian yielded her an obedience that lost him his life. Her egotism leading her to believe that she had only to interfere to set all things right, she secretly set off next day for Europe and arrived in Paris after a rough passage, late in August, with a suite of Mexicans whose ugliness and dress startled and amused all beholders. As her arrival was unexpected, no reception had been prepared for her by Napoleon,

who was then staying with the Court at St. Cloud. The Empress was therefore obliged to drive in a common cab to the Grand Hotel, where without waiting to rest, and with feverish impatience, she sent to request an interview with the Emperor.

In reply she was told that his Majesty was unwell, but that his Minister of State would wait upon her. With the latter she spent many hours of a broiling day, arguing excitedly, demanding that Napoleon should keep his word and leave his troops for six years in Mexico, and asking for a further loan. As the Minister could not agree to her requests, she declared that she would see Napoleon. Early next morning accompanied by two of her ladies-in-waiting she drove to the palace of St. Cloud. Surrounded by their suite, the Emperor and Empress of the French met their visitor at the grand entrance. Seeing her care-worn expression and general air of distraction, Napoleon, always sympathetic to suffering, began to express his regret at her stormy and tedious journey, but was interrupted by a request that she might be taken to his private study where the object of her mission could be discussed.

She was therefore conducted to the little cabinet of the Empress, where she was alone with her host and hostess; her ladies-in-waiting remaining in the adjoining room. Here she hurriedly began to explain the difficulties of her husband's position, to rail at

his enemies, and to demand that Napoleon should keep his promise to Maximilian. Unable to see the necessity for the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, or for the prevention of war between France and America, and unwilling that her husband should abdicate, she pleaded, remonstrated, argued, until at last stirred to violent agitation she rose, drew herself proudly away from Napoleon, and in a voice that rose to a shriek, declared that her greatest humiliation was that she, the granddaughter of Louis Philippe, had condescended to ask a favour of an adventurer.

Then suddenly, distractedly, clasping her head with both hands, she swayed and would have fallen had not the Emperor caught her. The Empress knelt beside this unhappy woman, fanned her burning face, and bathed her throbbing temples with eau-de-Cologne. Her ladies-in-waiting were called, and water was brought. When presently the Empress Charlotte recovered her senses, she saw the Empress Eugenie holding a glass of water, which she immediately dashed from her hand, calling out to the Countess del Barrio, "Manuelita save me. Poison. Poison. Murder." Then once more she was seized by hysteria and relapsed into unconsciousness.

As soon as she recovered she hurried from the palace muttering unintelligible phrases, and during her drive back to Paris complained of severe head-

ache. On reaching her hotel doctors were summoned, and at their recommendation she was taken to Switzerland, the quiet and air of which they blandly hoped would restore her. There she remained for awhile, apparently recovering her sanity but still highly nervous, depressed, and sorely perplexed. One day when out driving she met a peasant who gazed open-mouthed at her; when in a whisper she declared she had seen through his clever disguise, and that he was none other than one of Juarez's generals who was waiting his opportunity to murder her. Insisting on leaving his neighbourhood, she hurried to Rome to claim protection from the Pope. And so it happened that the whole Papal Court was thrown into excitement one morning when she appeared in the prohibited bonnet, and insisted on taking her way to the apartments of his Holiness.

Her appearance and manner at once assured Pius IX. of her insanity, when shocked and sorrowful he strove to soothe her. For awhile he listened compassionately to her wandering statements, and then sent for Cardinal Antonelli and Dr. Seneleder. Both endeavoured to calm her and to take her away; but she absolutely declined to quit the Vatican, saying that if she did, the assassins who waited outside would kill her. A long day passed, evening came, and she still persisted in her refusal to leave. The Papal Court was alarmed at the prospect of one of

her sex remaining within its walls all night; but unwilling that force should be used, the Pope ordered that two beds should be placed in the library for the Empress and one of her ladies. Next day she was as firmly resolved as ever to remain in this place of refuge, until two nuns who had been sent for, induced her to visit their convent. She consented to go with them on the condition that one of them sat at either side of her in a closed carriage, while to escape identification she would cover her face with a handkerchief.

The unhappy woman had not been many hours at the convent before she became violent. With the greatest difficulty she was taken to her hotel, and before night came it was found necessary to place her in a strait-jacket. Relatives were telegraphed for, and she was taken to her beautiful home at Miramare, whose peace it was hoped would soothe and restore her distracted mind. For a brief while it seemed to have this effect, but presently her insanity—during which she never for a moment forgot her Imperial rank—took an aggressive and hopeless form, when she was removed to the castle of Laeken in Belgium.

News of her madness came as a crushing blow to her affectionate husband, who harassed on all sides, ill, and desponding, decided to leave the scene of his troubles. Fate decreeing that he should remain, this time selected Bazaine as its chief instrument in

detaining him. This rough soldier of fortune having enriched himself by means more ingenious than honourable, and having married a Mexican lady of good family, had set his heart on seeing himself Viceroy or President of the nation as successor to Maximilian, whose weakness he despised and whose power he strove to undermine. It was probably in the hope of getting rid of him, that Bazaine—who it will be remembered was afterwards tried by court-martial and condemned to death as a traitor to France for having surrendered Metz to the Prussians—offered to betray Maximilian to Porfirio Diaz, one of the Republican Generals. In an undated letter written by the latter to Romero, Minister of the Mexican Republic at Washington, and given by Lieutenant Seaton Schroeder in his book, *The Fall of Maximilian's Empire*, General Diaz writes, "General Bazaine through a third party offered to surrender to me the cities which they occupied, and also to deliver Maximilian, Marquez, Miramon, etc., into my hands, provided I would accede to a proposal which he made me, and which I rejected, as I deemed it not very honourable. Another proposition was also made me, by authority of Bazaine, for the purchase of six thousand muskets and four million percussion caps; and if I had desired it he would have sold me both guns and powder."

On receiving orders from Napoleon to withdraw himself and his troops from Mexico, before his plans

had matured, Bazaine's anger was furious, and vented itself on Maximilian. According to Lieutenant Schroeder, he accused his Majesty "of being the cause of the degradation of the French army and the humiliation of himself and his officers before the European world. Finally in an outburst of passion, he said to him that he was no Emperor but only a puppet set up by Napoleon and the army of France, and that as a puppet emperor he had caused the disgrace of his supporters."

Stung by these words—given on the authority of the Consuls at Vera Cruz "and other persons who seemed in a position to know the circumstances"—the Emperor resolved to show the world that he could defend his Empire independently of the French army. This resolution was fostered by the Abbé Fischer, a German priest who was one of his chief advisers, and by a couple of Mexican Generals, Marquez and Miramon, who had been exiles in Europe, but who now without fully understanding the position assured him the Mexican army would rally round him and promised that twenty million dollars would be forthcoming to support it. The last of the French troops were withdrawn in March, 1867. The Emperor then issued a manifesto, and rallying some eight thousand men around him, placed himself at their head and prepared to fight the Republican army. During the hopeless struggle which lasted eight weeks he

showed the greatest bravery, determination and fortitude.

Besieged in Querétaro, he was betrayed on the night of May 14th by one of his Generals, Miguel Lopez, who admitted the Republicans into the city. It was said that Lopez had intended that the Emperor should escape, and that opportunities were given him to do so, but disdaining to fly from his enemies he preferred to surrender his sword with dignity. Two of his Generals, Miramon and Mejia were also taken prisoners. His Majesty was lodged in a bare cell of the deserted convent of San Teresita. Here he was visited by an American lady the Princess Felix Salm-Salm, wife of an officer who having fought through the civil war of the United States, had at its termination offered his services to Maximilian, who made him his first aide-de-camp, and Chief of his Household. Brave, energetic, and loyal to his Majesty, she devoted herself to the lessening of his miseries and to planning his escape. Having with great difficulty and with promises of rich reward to those who could not resist the fascination of gold, made all ready for his departure, the Emperor with the insurmountable obstinacy that is so frequently a characteristic of weakness, refused to leave his prison on the evening when all was in readiness, because he had received word that Baron von Magnus the Prussian Minister, and the two lawyers who were to undertake his Majesty's defence

at his trial by court-martial, were to wait on him next day. Notwithstanding that those who planned his escape urged him to fly, and that the officers who had agreed to favour it dreaded detection, and might be led to change their minds, he seemed determined to take no step which possibly might avert his fate. A day later the plot to smuggle him away was discovered, and its principal promoter Prince Salm-Salm threatened with being shot.

His trial by court-martial took place on June 13th in the Iturbide Theatre at Querétaro, which was decorated with flags as if for a festival. The judges were six young captains, some of whom could neither read nor write, presided over by Lieut.-Colonel Plato Sanchez. Knowing that the trial would be a mockery of justice, the Emperor refused to be present, and while it was proceeding passed the time alone in his cell in reading the history of Charles I. of England. Three of the judges voted for the banishment of Maximilian and the two Generals Miramon and Mejia, three of them voted for the prisoners deaths, the casting vote which led to their execution being given by the President, who later on was shot by his own men.

Neither the Emperor nor his friends, with one or two exceptions, believed that this sentence would be carried out. The Ministers of the great Powers, mindful of their own importance and forgetful that

they had been accredited to Maximilian and not to the Republican Government, believed that their representations must carry weight with Juarez; that he would not brave the storm which the execution of the Emperor would raise in Europe; or incur the vengeance which those allied to the doomed man might take. Even before the trial, Queen Victoria and Napoleon had besought the interference of the American Government on Maximilian's behalf. But it soon became evident that no mercy was to be shown him.

The chief reasons for this were, that even after the withdrawal of the French troops, he had spilt Mexican blood in a hopeless and obstinate attempt to govern; that if pardoned, he might, notwithstanding all promises to the contrary, continue to style himself Emperor of Mexico, rally round him at his Court at Miramare all Mexicans disaffected to the Mexican Republic, and at some future day make another attempt upon the liberties of the country; and finally, that having issued the edict of October 3rd, 1865, which caused many brave men to be shot as robbers, he must suffer a like fate in atonement. Once more, therefore, the Prince and Princess Felix Salm-Salm plotted to secure the Emperor's escape. As the former was imprisoned with Maximilian, the greater part of the exertion and responsibility of the dangerous task fell on this brave and resolute woman. Her hope and reliance on effecting his Majesty's escape was placed,

not on the compassion of those responsible for his safe keeping, but on the fascination which she knew money had for them.

As the Emperor could raise but a comparatively small sum in gold, he gave two bills of one hundred thousand pesos each to be paid by the Imperial House of Austria on the day when he regained his liberty, to Colonel Villanueva, who had command of all the guards in the city, and to Colonel Palacios who had command of the guards of his Majesty's prison. All the gold he could obtain was to be distributed to their men. Putting no trust in the honour of princes, and fearful of their own future, the tempted Colonels desired to have the bills counter signed by the foreign Ministers by way of guaranteeing their security. At the request of the Emperor they were signed in his presence by the Austrian Minister, Baron von Lago, who then took them with him to obtain the signatures of the other Ministers.

As time passed and they were not returned, Maximilian sent his confidential friend, Dr. Basch, for them. The result is told by Prince Felix Salm-Salm in his *Diary in Mexico*. When the doctor delivered his message to Lago, the Minister "ran distractedly about his room, tearing his hair and crying out piteously, 'We cannot sign them. If we do we shall all be hanged.' The other Ministers were less excited. They requested the doctor to

represent to the Emperor that the two Colonels, if really willing to save him, would certainly be satisfied with his signature alone. Baron von Lago, who had already signed in presence of the Emperor, cut off his signature, and the doctor returned to his master with the mutilated bills and the answers of the Ministers, describing of course, the despair of Baron von Lago and his fear of being hanged."

As the refusal of the Ministers to sign the bills made their payment seem very doubtful to the Colonels, they declined to accept them if signed only by the Emperor. His death may therefore be attributed to the cowardly fears of the Ministers. It was now believed that nothing could save him, and that the sentence of death would be carried out on the appointed day, June 16th, 1867. The time fixed for the execution was three in the afternoon; but that hour had struck slowly and solemnly on the heavy air yet none came to disturb the Emperor who was speaking his farewell words, as he believed, to his confessor. An hour of intolerable suspense was allowed to pass before heavy footsteps were heard in the stone passage outside, and Colonel Palacios, described by Prince Salm-Salm as "the ferocious squinting hyena," entered the cell to say the execution had been deferred for three days.

This postponement, which could not but rouse hopes of life in the Emperor's mind, was owing to the

Prussian Minister, Baron Magnus, having pleaded with Juarez for delay, in the expectation that the interference of America and Europe might meantime be successful in saving Maximilian. His request had been granted merely that the President could not be charged with undue haste or unnecessary severity, and not that he had any intention of sparing the Emperor. Remembering the hour of unendurable strain he had suffered, his Majesty telegraphed on the 18th to Juarez, then at San Luis, pleading for the two Generals who had been sentenced to die with him. "I would desire," he said "that Miguel Miramon and Thomas Mejia, who suffered all the tortures and bitterness of death the day before last, might be spared, and that I, as I have already said when taken prisoner, may be the only victim."

At the same time Baron Magnus sent a message to the Minister, Lerdo de Tejada, in which he said, "I implore you in the name of humanity and of Heaven, not to make any further attempt against the Prince's life, and repeat how certain I am that my sovereign, his Majesty the King of Prussia, and all the monarchs of Europe who are related to the imprisoned Prince, his brother, the Emperor of Austria, his cousin the Queen of Great Britain, his brother-in-law the King of Belgium, and his cousin, the Queen of Spain, as also the Kings of Italy and Sweden will readily agree to give all possible guarantee

that none of the prisoners shall ever return to Mexican territory." The requests were not granted.

Before the last day came, his faithful friend, the Princess Felix Salm-Salm, made a final effort to save Maximilian. Gaining access at eight o'clock in the evening to Juarez, whom she found "pale and suffering," she petitioned with all her strength for his Majesty's life which she was told could not be granted. "When I heard these cruel words I became frantic with grief," she writes, "trembling in every limb and sobbing, I fell down on my knees and pleaded with words which came from my heart, but which I cannot remember. The President tried to raise me, but I held his knees convulsively and would not leave him before he had granted his life. I saw that the President was moved, he had tears in his eyes, but he answered with a low, sad voice, 'I am grieved, madam, to see you on your knees before me; but if all the kings and queens of Europe were in your place I could not spare that life. It is not I who take it, it is the people and the law; and if I should not do its will, the people would take it and mine also.'"

As she was led out through the ante-room she saw there over two hundred ladies, who had come to plead for the lives of the three condemned men. Among them was the wife of General Miramon leading her two little children. All was in vain. As early as three o'clock on the morning of his execution, the Emperor rose and made a careful

toilette. He then wrote some farewell letters, and at five o'clock heard Mass and received the Holy Communion, together with the two condemned Generals. At six o'clock Captain Gonzales entered the cell, when his Majesty quietly said, "I am ready." To the few servants who gathered round him crying and kissing his hands, he said, "Be calm, you see I am so. It is the will of God that I should die, and we cannot act against it." He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and the act was not forced on him. Walking firmly, composedly to the adjoining cells of the two Generals, he asked them if they were ready, and as they came forward he embraced them.

Attended by the Archbishop, by Abbé Fischer, by Pater Soria, Dr. Basch, officers and soldiers, the three condemned men moved along the grey narrow passages of the convent until coming to its great door, when the glory of early morning burst upon them. The Emperor looked wistfully at the cloudless sky, serene as that which had welcomed his entry into Mexico three brief years ago, then drew a long breath and said, "I always wished to die on such a day as this." A few hired carriages conveyed them to the scene selected for their execution, the Corro de la Campana, on the summit of a hill outside the city. There a company of soldiers had already formed three sides of a square; the fourth side being formed by a low wall against which the victims were to stand.

Before taking his place there, the Emperor took

out his watch and pressed a spring which concealed a portrait of the Empress, which he kissed. Then handing it to the Abbé Fischer he said, "Carry this souvenir to Europe to my dear wife, and if ever she be able to understand you, say that my eyes closed with the impression of her image, which I shall carry with me above." Unable to speak, the Abbé fell on his knees and rained tears on the hands of the man he had counselled to stay in Mexico. Very sadly the venerable Archbishop then advanced, and addressing the Emperor said, "Sire, give to Mexico without any exception, the kiss of forgiveness in my person; let your Majesty in this supreme moment accord pardon for all." At this the Emperor seemed shaken by emotion and unable to reply; but when the Archbishop advanced with open arms, he allowed himself to be embraced in silence. Then after a moment he regained his composure and in a firm voice said, "Tell Lopez that I forgive him his treachery; and tell all Mexico that I pardon its crime."

When about to take his place between the two Generals, he hesitated, and then turning to Miramon said, "A brave soldier must be honoured by his monarch even in his last hour, therefore permit me to give you the place of honour," and stepping aside he placed Miramon in the middle. Looking around at the soldiers and at the crowd which had gathered beyond them, sorrowful and silent save for

an occasional sob coming from some compassionate woman, he addressed them all in characteristic words. "Mexicans" he said, "persons of my rank and origin are destined by God either to be benefactors of the people or martyrs. Called by a great part of you, I came for the good of the country. Ambition did not bring me here. I came animated with the best wishes for the future of my adopted country, and for that of my soldiers, whom I thank, before my death, for the sacrifices they made for me. Mexicans, may my blood be the last which will be spilt for the welfare of the country; and if it should be necessary that its sons should still shed theirs, may it flow for its good, but never by treason. Viva independence. Viva Mexico.

Having finished, he turned to Don Diaz de Leon, who had charge of the troops and said, with a gracious bow, "A la disposicion de usted." Seven soldiers stepped forward, the Emperor straightened himself, and a signal was given followed by the sharp ring of musketry. When the cloud of blue smoke slowly cleared, the gallant handsome figure of the Emperor lay lifeless beside that of his companions. The bodies of the Generals were given to their unhappy families, that of the Emperor was taken back to the convent where it was embalmed. On its way across the city it passed through crowds, many of whom lamented loudly and bitterly Maximilian's fate, much to the

annoyance of the soldiers accompanying the remains. One officer going up to a woman, revolver in hand, said roughly, "Why do you cry?" and was answered "I am crying for my Emperor." At that he caught hold of her arm, when drawing out her dagger she stabbed him and disappeared. The remains of the Emperor were eventually placed in the crypt of the Capuchin church at Vienna, the last resting place of his Imperial race.

One of the letters he left for delivery was addressed to his wife. In this he said:

"My dearly beloved Carlotta,—

"If one day God permits you to recover and you read these lines, you will learn the cruelty of the ill fortune which has increasingly pursued me since your departure for Europe. You took with you all my soul. So many events and so many sudden blows have broken all my hopes, that death is for me a happy deliverance and not an agony. I fall gloriously as a soldier, as a king; vanquished but not dishonoured. If your sufferings be too great, if God call you speedily to rejoin me, I will bless the Divine hand which has so heavily pressed upon us. Adieu. Adieu.

Your poor Max."

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